Accessions
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The

WORKS

of

SHAKESPEARE,

Volume the second:

containing,

Measure for Measure;
The Comedy of Errors;
Much Ado about Nothing;
Love's Labour's lost.

LONDON:
Printed for J. *and* R. TONSON *in the Strand.*

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May, 1873

MEASURE

for

MEASURE.

Perſons represented.

Vincentio, *Duke of* Vienna.
Angelo, } *Noblemen of* Vienna; *Deputies*
Eſcalus, } *in the Duke's Abſence.*
Claudio, *a young Gentleman.*
Lucio, *a Fantaſtick:*
two other like Gentlemen.
Thomas, *and* Peter, *Friars.*
a Juſtice.
Provoſt.
Elbow, *a ſimple Conſtable.*
Froth, *a fooliſh Gentleman.*
Clown, Servant to Miſtreſs Overdone.
Abhorſon, *an Executioner.*
Barnardine, *a diſſolute Prisoner.*
Servant to Angelo.
a Meſſenger.

Isabella, *Siſter to* Claudio.
Mariana, *betroth'd to* Angelo.
Julietta, *belov'd of* Claudio.
Franciſca, *a Nun.*
Miſtreſs Overdone, *a Bawd.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Varrius, *and others, Attendants upon the Duke, and the Deputies; Guards, Officers, Citizens,* &c.

Scene, Vienna.

MEASURE for MEASURE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter Duke, ESCALUS, *and Attendants.*

Duke. *Eſcalus,*—

Esca. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would ſeem in me to affect ſpeech and diſcourſe;
Since I am not to know, that your own ſcience
Exceeds, in that, the liſts of all advice
My ſtrength can give you: Then no more remains,
But that to your ſufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's inſtitutions, and the terms
For common juſtice, you are as pregnant in
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember: There ‡ is our commiſſion,
From which we would not have you warp.—Call hither,
I ſay, bid come before us *Angelo.*— [*Exit an Attendant.*
What figure of us think you he will bear?

‡ am put to

For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, dress't him with our love;
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: What think you of it?

Esca. If any in *Vienna* be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is lord *Angelo.*

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Ange. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to the observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold: Thy self and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thy self upon thy virtues, they on thee:
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues: nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself, the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise:
Hold therefore, *Angelo:* [*tendering the Commission.*
In our remove, be thou at full our self;
Mortality and mercy in *Vienna*
Live in thy tongue and heart: Old *Escalus,*

Though firſt in queſtion, is thy ſecondary:
Take thy commiſſion.

Ange. Now, good my lord,
Let there be ſome more teſt made of my metal,
Before ſo noble and ſo great a figure
Be ſtamp'd upon't.

Duke. No more evasion:
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take ✝ your honours.
Our haſte from hence is of ſo quick condition,
That it prefers itſelf, and leaves unqueſtion'd
Matters of needful value: We ſhall write to you,
As time and our concernings ſhall impórtune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befal you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commiſſions.

Ange. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you ſomething on the way.

Duke. My haſte may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any ſcruple: your ſcope is as mine own;
So to inforce, or qualify the laws,
As to your ſoul ſeems good: Give me your hand;
I'll privily away: I love the people,
But do not like to ſtage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not reliſh well
Their loud applauſe, and aves vehement;
Nor do I think the man of ſafe diſcretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ange. The heavens give ſafety to your purposes!

Esca. Lead forth, and bring you back in happineſs!

Duke. I thank you: Fare you well.
[*Exeunt* Duke *and Attendants.*

Esca. I ſhall desire you, ſir, to give me leave
To have free ſpeech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have; but of what ſtrength and nature
I am not yet inſtructed.

Ange. 'Tis ſo with me: Let us withdraw together,
And we may ſoon our ſatiſfaction have
Touching that point.

Esca. I'll wait upon your honour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Street.*

Enter Lucio, *and two* Gentlemen.

Luci. If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to compoſition with the king of *Hungary*, why then all the dukes fall upon the king.

1. *Gen.* Heaven grant us it's peace, but not the king of *Hungary*'s!

2. *Gen.* Amen.

Luci. Thou conclud'ſt like the ſanctimonious pirate, that went to ſea with the ten commandments, but ſcrap'd one out of the table.

2. *Gen.* Thou ſhalt not ſteal?

Luci. Ay, that he raz'd.

1. *Gen.* Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the reſt from their functions; they put forth to ſteal: There's not a ſoldier of us all, that, in the thankſgiving before meat, does reliſh the petition well that prays for peace.

2. *Gen.* I never heard any ſoldier diſlike it.

Luci. I believe thee; for, I think, thou never waſt

where grace was ſaid.

2. *Gen.* No? a dozen times at leaſt.

1. *Gen.* What, in metre?

Luci. In any proportion? or in any language?

1. *Gen.* I think, or in any religion?

Luci. Ay! why not? Grace is grace, deſpight of all controverſy: As for example; Thou thy ſelf art a wicked villain, deſpight of all grace.

1. *Gen.* Well, there went but a pair of ſheers between us.

Luci. I grant; as there may between the liſts and the velvet: Thou art the liſt.

1. *Gen.* And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou'rt a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a liſt of *Engliſh* kerſey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a *French* velvet. Do I ſpeak feelingly now?

Luci. I think thou doſt; and, indeed, with moſt painful feeling of thy ſpeech: I will, out of thine own confeſſion, learn to begin thy health; but, whilſt I live, forget to drink after thee.

1. *Gen.* I think, I have done my ſelf wrong; have I not?

2. *Gen.* Yes, that thou haſt; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Enter Bawd, *at a diſtance.*

Luci. Behold, behold, where madam *Mitigation* comes! I have purchaſ'd as many diseases under her roof, as come to—

2. *Gen.* To what, I pray?

Luci. Judge.

2. *Gen.* To three thousand dolours a year.

1. *Gen.* Ay, and more.

Lucı. A *French* crown more.

1. *Gen.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me: but thou art full of error; I am ſound.

Lucı. Nay, not, as one would ſay, healthy; but ſo ſound, as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feaſt of thee.

1. *Gen.* How now? [*to the* Bawd.] Which of your hips has the moſt profound ſciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arreſted, and carry'd to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

2. *Gen.* Who's that, I pr'ythee?

Bawd. Marry, ſir, that's *Claudio*, ſignior *Claudio*.

1. *Gen.* *Claudio* to prison! 'tis not ſo.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis ſo: I ſaw him arreſted; ſaw him carry'd away; and, which is more, within these three days his head's to be chop'd off.

Lucı. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it ſo: Art thou ſure of this?

Bawd. I am too ſure of it: and it is for getting madam *Julietta* with child.

Lucı. Believe me, this may be: he promis'd to meet me two hours ſince; and he was ever preciſe in promise-keeping.

2. *Gen.* Beſides, you know it draws ſomething near to the ſpeech we had to ſuch a purpose.

1. *Gen.* But moſt of all agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucı. Away; let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt* Lucio, *and* Gentlemen.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the ſweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty,

Enter Clown.

I am cuſtom-ſhrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

Clow. Yonder man is carry'd to prison.

Bawd. Well, what has he done?

Clow. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clow. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Clow. No; but there's a woman with maid by him: You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clow. All houses in the ſuburbs of *Vienna* muſt be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what ſhall become of those in the city?

Clow. They ſhall ſtand for ſeed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But ſhall all our houses of resort in the ſuburbs be pull'd down?

Clow. To the ground, miſtreſs.

Bawd. Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What ſhall become of me?

Clow. Come; fear not you: good counſellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapſter ſtill: Courage; there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almoſt out in the ſervice, you will be conſider'd.

Bawd. What's to do here, *Thomas* tapſter? Let's withdraw.

Clow. Here comes ſignior *Claudio*, led by the provoſt to prison: and there's madam *Juliet*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame.*

Enter Provoſt, CLAUDIO, Juliet, *and Officers*; LUCIO, *and the two Gentlemen, following.*

CLAU. Fellow, why doſt thou ſhow me thus to the world? Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil diſposition, But from lord *Angelo* by ſpecial charge.

CLAU. Thus can the demi-god, authority, Make us pay down for our offence by weight. The words of heaven: On whom it will, it will; On whom it will not, ſo: yet ſtill 'tis juſt.

LUCI. Why, how now, *Claudio?* whence comes this reſtraint?

CLAU. From too much liberty, my *Lucio*, liberty: As ſurfeit is the father of much faſt, So every ſcope by the immoderate uſe Turns to reſtraint: Our natures do purſue, Like rats that raven down their proper bane, A thirſty evil; and, when we drink, we dye.

LUCI. If I could ſpeak ſo wisely under an arreſt, I would ſend for certain of my creditors: And yet, to ſay the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of impriſonment.—What's thy offence, *Claudio?*

CLAU. What, but to ſpeak of, would offend again.

LUCI. What is it? murder?

CLAU. No.

LUCI. Lechery?

CLAU. Call it ſo.

Prov. Away, ſir, you muſt go.

CLAU. One word, good friend:—*Lucio*, a word with you.

LUCI. A hundred, if they'll do you any good:—

Is lechery ſo look'd after?

Clau. Thus ſtands it with me,—Upon a true contráct,
I got poſſeſſion of *Julietta*'s bed;
You know the lady; ſhe is faſt my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
'Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
The ſtealth of our moſt mutual entertainment,
With character too groſs, is writ on *Juliet*.

Lucı. With child, perhaps?

Clau. Unhappily, even ſo.
And the new deputy now for the duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpſe of newneſs;
Or whether that the body publick be
A horſe whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the ſeat, that it may know
He can command, lets it ſtraight feel the ſpur:
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I ſtagger in: —But this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
Which have, like unſcour'd armour, hung by the wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacks have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freſhly on me: 'tis ſurely for a name.

Lucı. I warrant, it is: and thy head ſtands ſo tickle on thy ſhoulders, that a milkmaid, if ſhe be in love, may ſigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

Clau. I have done ſo, but he's not to be found.
I pr'ythee, *Lucio*, do me this kind ſervice:
This day my ſiſter ſhould the cloiſter enter,
And there receive her approbation:
Acquaint her with the danger of my ſtate;
Implore her, in my voice, that ſhe make friends
To the ſtrict deputy; bid herſelf aſſay him,
I have great hope in that: for in her youth
There is a prone and ſpeechleſs dialect,
Such as moves men; beſides, ſhe hath proſperous art,
When ſhe will play with reason and diſcourſe,
And well ſhe can perſuade.

Lucr. I pray ſhe may: as well for the encouragement of the like, which elſe would ſtand under grievous imposition; as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be ſorry ſhould be thus fooliſhly loſt at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Clau. I thank you, good friend *Lucio.*

Lucr. Within two hours,— [*Exit.*

Clau. Come, officer, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Cell.*

Enter Duke, *and Friar* Thomas.

Duke. No, holy father, throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a compleat bosom: why I desire thee
To give me ſecret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkl'd than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Friar. May your grace ſpeak of it?

Duke. My holy ſir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd;

And held in idle price to haunt aſſemblies,
Where youth, and coſt, and witleſs bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to lord *Angelo*
(A man of ſtricture, and firm abſtinence)
My abſolute power and place here in *Vienna*,
And he ſupposes me travel'd to *Poland*;
For ſo I have ſtrew'd it in the common ear,
And ſo it is receiv'd: Now, pious ſir,
You will demand of me, why I do this.

Friar. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have ſtrict ſtatutes, and moſt biting laws,
(The needful bits and curbs for head-ſtrong ſteeds)
Which for these fourteen years we have let ſleep;
Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch
Only to ſtick it in their children's ſight,
For terror, not to uſe; in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd: ſo our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themſelves are dead;
And liberty plucks juſtice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurſe, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Friar. It reſted in your grace
To unlooſe this ty'd-up juſtice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have ſeem'd,
Than in lord *Angelo*.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people ſcope,
'Twould be my tyranny to ſtrike, and gall them,
For what I bid them do: For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permiſſive paſs,

12 weeds 13 ſlip

And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on *Angelo* impos'd the office:
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home;
And yet my nature never in the sight,
To do it slander: And to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,
At our more leisure, shall I render you;
Only this one,—Lord *Angelo* is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: Hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

SCENE V. *The Entrance of a Nunnery.*

Enter ISABELL, *and* FRANCISCA *a Nun.*

ISAB. And have you nuns no farther priviledges?

FRAN. Are not these large enough?

ISAB. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, votarists of saint *Clare.*

LUCI. [*within*] Ho! Peace be in this place!

ISAB. Who's that which calls?

FRAN. It is a man's voice: Gentle *Isabella,*
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn:
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men,
But in the presence of the prioress:
Then if you speak, you must not show your face;

5 do in slander 24 the votarists

Or, if you ſhow your face, you muſt not ſpeak.
He calls again; I pray you, anſwer him. [*veils.*
Isab. Peace, and proſperity! Who is't, that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Luci. Hail, virgin, if you be; as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no leſs! Can you ſo ſtead me,
As bring me to the ſight of *Isabella*,
A novice of this place, and the fair ſiſter
To her unhappy brother *Claudio?*
Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me aſk;
The rather, for I now muſt make you know
I am that *Isabella*, and his ſiſter.
Luci. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.
Isab. Woe me! For what?
Luci. For that, which, if myſelf might be the judge,
He ſhould receive his puniſhment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.
Isab. Sir, make me not your ſtory.
Luci. Nay, 'tis true:
I would not (though 'tis my familiar ſin
With maids to ſeem the lapwing, and to jeſt,
Tongue far from heart) play with all virgins ſo:
I hold you as a thing enſky'd, and ſainted;
By your renouncement an immortal ſpirit;
And to be talk'd with in ſincerity,
As with a ſaint.
Isab. You do blaſpheme the good, in mocking me.
Luci. Do not believe it. Fewneſs and truth, 'tis thus:
Your brother and his lover have embrac'd:
As those that feed grow full; as bloſſoming time
Doth from the ſeedneſs the bare fallow bring

32 That from. *D°*, brings

To teeming foyson; even ſo her plenteous womb
Expreſſeth his full tilth and husbandry.
Isab. Some one with child by him? My cousin *Juliet?*
Luci. Is ſhe your cousin?
Isab. Adoptedly; as ſchool-maids change their names,
By vain though apt affection.
Luci. She it is.
Isab. O, let him marry her.
Luci. This is the point.
The duke is very ſtrangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myſelf being one,
In hand, and hope of action: but we do learn,
By those that know the very nerves of ſtate,
His givings-out were of an infinite diſtance
From his true-meant deſign: Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs lord *Angelo:* A man, whose blood
Is very ſnow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton ſtings and motions of the ſenſe;
But doth rebate and blunt it's natural edge
With profits of the mind, ſtudy and faſt.
He (to give fear to uſe and liberty,
Which have, for long, run-by the hideous law,
As mice by lions) hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy ſenſe your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arreſts him on it;
And follows cloſe the rigour of the ſtatute,
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Unleſs you have the grace by your fair prayer
To ſoften *Angelo:* and that's my pith
Of buſineſs betwixt you and your poor brother.
Isab. Doth he ſo ſeek his life?

14 giving-out 20 blunt his naturall

Luci. Has cenſur'd him
Already; and, as I hear, the provoſt hath
A warrant for his execution.
Isab. Alas, what poor ability's in me
To do him good?
Luci. Aſſay the power you have.
Isab. My power! Alas, I doubt,—
Luci. Our doubts are traitors;
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: Go to lord *Angelo*;
And let him learn to know, when maidens ſue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as truly theirs
As they themſelves would owe them.
Isab. I'll ſee what I can do.
Luci. But ſpeedily.
Isab. I will about it ſtraight;
No longer ſtaying, but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: ſoon at night
I'll ſend him certain word of my ſucceſs.
Luci. I take my leave of you.
Isab. Good ſir, adieu. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Hall in* Angelo's *Houſe.*

Enter Angelo, Escalus, *and a Juſtice;* Provoſt, *Officers, and others, attending.*

Ange. We muſt not make a ſcare-crow of the law;
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,

[9] makes

And let it keep one ſhape, 'till cuſtom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.
Esca. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death: Alas, this gentleman,
Whom I would ſave, had a moſt noble father:
Let but your honour know (whom I believe
To be moſt ſtrait in virtue) and conſider
This, In the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wiſhing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not ſome time in your life
Err'd in this point which now you cenſure him for,
And pull'd the law upon you.
Angе. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, *Eſcalus*,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, paſſing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the ſworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try: What's open made to juſtice,
That juſtice ſeises on: What know the laws,
That thieves do paſs on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we ſtoop, and take it,
Because we ſee it; but what we do not ſee,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not ſo extenuate his offence,
For I have had ſuch faults; but rather tell me,
When I that cenſure him do ſo offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he muſt dye.
Esca. Be it as your wisdom will.
Angе. Where is the provoſt?

9 That in 11 of our blood 21 knowes

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ange. See that *Claudio*
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confeſſor, let him be prepar'd;
For that's the utmoſt of his pilgrimage.
[*Exit* Provoſt.

Esca. Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some rise by ſin, and ſome by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of juſtice, anſwer none;
And ſome condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, *Officers*, &c.

Elbo. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a common-weal, that do nothing but use their abuſes in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

Ange. How now, ſir! What's your name? and what's the matter?

Elbo. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's conſtable, and my name is *Elbow*; I do lean upon juſtice, ſir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ange. Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elbo. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: but preciſe villains they are, that I am ſure of; and void of all prophanation in the world, that good chriſtians ought to have.

Esca. This comes off well· here's a wise officer·

Ange. Go to; What quality are they of? *Elbow* is your name? Why doſt thou not ſpeak, *Elbow?*

Clow. He cannot, ſir; he's out at elbow.

Ange. What are you, ſir?

9 of Ice, and anſwere

Elbo. He, ſir? A tapſter, ſir; parcel bawd; one that ſerves a bad woman; whose houſe, ſir, was, as they ſay, pluck'd down in the ſuburbs; and now ſhe profeſſes a hot-houſe, which, I think, is a very ill houſe too.

Esca. How know you that?

Elbo. My wife, ſir, whom I deteſt before heaven and your honour,—

Esca. How! thy wife?

Elbo. Ay, ſir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honeſt woman;—

Esca. Doſt thou deteſt her therefore?

Elbo. I ſay, ſir, I will deteſt my ſelf alſo, as well as ſhe, that this houſe, if it be not a bawd's houſe, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty houſe.

Esca. How doſt thou know that, conſtable?

Elbo. Marry, ſir, by my wife; who, if ſhe had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accus'd in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanneſs there.

Esca. By the woman's means?

Elbo. Ay, ſir, by miſtreſs *Overdone*'s means: but as ſhe ſpit in his face, ſo ſhe defy'd him.

Clow. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not ſo.

Elbo. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Esca. [*to* Ange.] Do you hear how he miſplaces?

Clow. Sir, ſhe came in great with child; and longing (ſaving your honours' reverence) for ſtew'd pruins; ſir, we had but two in the houſe, which at that very diſtant time ſtood, as it were, in a fruit-diſh, a diſh of ſome three-pence; your honours have ſeen ſuch diſhes; they are not *China* diſhes, but very

good diſhes.

Esca. Go to, go to; no matter for the diſh, ſir.

Clow. No, indeed, ſir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point: As I ſay, this miſtreſs *Elbow*, being, as I ſay, with child, and being great-belly'd, and longing, as I ſaid, for pruins; and having but two in the diſh, as I ſaid, maſter *Froth* here, this very man, having eaten the reſt, as I ſaid, and, as I ſay, paying for them very honeſtly; — for, as you know, maſter *Froth*, I could not give you three-pence again:

Froth. No, indeed.

Clow. Very well: you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the ſtones of the foreſaid pruins;

Froth. Ay, ſo I did, indeed.

Clow. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that ſuch a one, and ſuch a one, were paſt cure of the thing you wot of, unleſs they kept very good diet, as I told you;

Froth. All this is true.

Clow. Why, very well then:

Esca. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose: What was done to *Elbow*'s wife, that he hath cause to complain of? come me to what was done to her.

Clow. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Esca. No, ſir, nor I mean it not.

Clow. Sir, but you ſhall come to it, by your honour's leave: And I beſeech you, look into maſter *Froth* here, ſir; a man of fourſcore pound a year; whose father dy'd at *Hallowmas:* — Was't not at *Hallowmas*, maſter *Froth?*

Froth. All-hallond eve.

Clow. Why, very well; I hope, here be truths: — He, ſir, ſitting, as I ſay, in a lower chair, ſir, — 'twas in the bunch of grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to ſit, Have you not?

Froth. I have ſo; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clow. Why, very well then; I hope, here be truths.

Ange. This will laſt out a night in *Ruſſia*,
When nights are longeſt there: I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cauſe;
Hoping you'll find good cauſe to whip them all.

Esca. I think no leſs: Good morrow to your lordſhip.
[*Exit* Angelo.
Now, ſir, come on: What was done to *Elbow*'s wife, once more?

Clow. Once, ſir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elbo. I beſeech you, ſir, aſk him what this man did to my wife.

Clow. I beſeech your honour, aſk me.

Esca. Well, ſir; What did this gentleman to her?

Clow. I beſeech you, ſir, look in this gentleman's face: — Good maſter *Froth*, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpoſe: — Doth your honour mark his face?

Esca. Ay, ſir, very well.

Clow. Nay, I beſeech you, mark it well.

Esca. Well, I do ſo.

Clow. Doth your honour ſee any harm in his face?

Esca. Why, no.

Clow. I'll be ſuppos'd upon a book, his face is the worſt thing about him: Good then; If his face be the worſt thing about him, how could maſter *Froth* do

the conſtable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Esca. He's in the right, conſtable: What ſay you to it?

Elbo. Firſt, an it like you, the houſe is a reſpected houſe; next, this is a reſpected fellow; and his miſtreſs is a reſpected woman.

Clow. By this hand, ſir, his wife is a more reſpected perſon than any of us all.

Elbo. Varlet, thou ly'ſt; thou ly'ſt, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come, that ſhe was ever reſpected with man, woman, or child.

Clow. Sir, ſhe was reſpected with him before he marry'd with her.

Esca. Which is the wiser here? juſtice, or iniquity? — Is this true?

Elbo. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked *Hannibal!* I reſpected with her before I was marry'd to her? — If ever I was reſpected with her, or ſhe with me, let not your worſhip think me the poor duke's officer: — Prove this, thou wicked *Hannibal*, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Esca. If he took you a box o'the ear, you might have your action of ſlander too.

Elbo. Marry, I thank your good worſhip for it: What is't your worſhip's pleaſure I ſhall do with this wicked caitiff?

Esca. Truly, officer, because he hath ſome offences in him, that thou would'ſt diſcover if thou could'ſt, let him continue in his courſes, 'till thou know'ſt what they are.

Elbo. Marry, I thank your worſhip for it: — Thou

ſeeſt, thou wicked varlet, now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet, thou art to continue.

Esca. Where were you born, friend?

Froth. Here in *Vienna*, ſir.

Esca. Are you of fourſcore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, an't please you, ſir.

Esca. So.—What trade are you of, ſir?

Clow. A tapſter; a poor widow's tapſter.

Esca. Your miſtreſs's name?

Clow. Miſtreſs *Overdone*.

Esca. Hath ſhe had any more than one husband?

Clow. Nine, ſir; *Overdone* by the laſt.

Esca. Nine!—Come hither to me, maſter *Froth*: Maſter *Froth*, I would not have you acquainted with tapſters; they will draw you, maſter *Froth*, and you will hang them: Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worſhip: For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouſe, but I am drawn in.

Esca. Well; no more of it, maſter *Froth*: farewel.—Come you hither to me, maſter tapſter: What's your name, maſter tapſter?

Clow. *Pompey*.

Esca. What elſe?

Clow. *Bum*, ſir.

Esca. Troth, and your bum is the greateſt thing about you; ſo that, in the beaſtlieſt ſenſe, you are *Pompey* the great. *Pompey*, you are partly a bawd, *Pompey*, howſoever you colour it in being a tapſter; Are you not? come, tell me true; it ſhall be the better for you.

Clow. Truly, ſir, I am a poor fellow, that would live.

Esca. How would you live, *Pompey?* by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, *Pompey?* is it a lawful trade?

Clow. If the law would allow it, ſir.

Esca. But the law will not allow it, *Pompey*; nor it ſhall not be allow'd in *Vienna.*

Clow. Does your worſhip mean to geld and ſplay all the youth in the city?

Esca. No, *Pompey.*

Clow. Truly, ſir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then: If your worſhip will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Esca. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clow. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commiſſion for more heads: if this law hold in *Vienna* ten years, I'll rent the faireſt houſe in it after three-pence a bay: If you live to ſee this come to paſs, ſay, *Pompey* told you ſo.

Esca. Thank you, good *Pompey:* and, in requital of your propheſy, hark you,—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatſoever, no, not for dwelling where you do; if I do, *Pompey*, I ſhall beat you to your tent, and prove a ſhrewd *Cæsar* to you; in plain dealing, *Pompey*, I ſhall have you whipt: ſo, for this time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

Clow. I thank your worſhip for your good counſel; but I ſhall follow it, as the fleſh and fortune ſhall better determine.

Whip me? No, no: let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade.

Esca. Come hither to me, maſter *Elbow*; come hither, maſter conſtable: How long have you been in this place of conſtable?

Elbo. Seven year and a half, ſir.

Esca. I thought, by the readineſs in the office, you had continu'd in it ſome time; You ſay, ſeven years together?

Elbo. And a half, ſir.

Esca. Alas, it hath been great pains to you! they do you wrong to put you ſo oft upon't: Are there not men in your ward ſufficient to ſerve it?

Elbo. Faith, ſir, few of any wit in ſuch matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for ſome piece of mony, and go through with all.

Esca. Look you, bring me in the names of ſome ſix or ſeven, the moſt ſufficient of your pariſh.

Elbo. To your worſhip's houſe, ſir?

Esca. To my houſe: Fare you well.—What's o'clock, think you?

Juſt. Eleven, ſir.

Esca. I pray you, go home to dinner with me.

Juſt. I humbly thank you.

Esca. It grieves me for the death of *Claudio*:
But there's no remedy.

Juſt. Lord *Angelo* is ſevere.

Esca. It is but needful:
Mercy is not itſelf, that oft looks ſo;
Pardon is ſtill the nurſe of ſecond woe:
But yet,—Poor *Claudio!*—There's no remedy.—

Come, ſir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room in the ſame.*

Enter a Servant, *and* Provoſt.

Serv. He's hearing of a cauſe; he will come ſtraight: I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you do. [*Exit* Serv.] I'll know
His pleaſure; may be, he'll relent: Alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream!
All ſects, all ages ſmack of this vice; and he
To dye for it!

Enter ANGELO.

ANGE. Now, what's the matter, provoſt?

Prov. Is it your will *Claudio* ſhall dye to-morrow?

ANGE. Did not I tell thee, yea? had'ſt thou not order? Why doſt thou aſk again?

Prov. Leſt I might be too raſh:
Under your good correction, I have ſeen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

ANGE. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you ſhall well be ſpar'd.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.
What ſhall be done, ſir, with the groaning *Juliet?*
She's very near her hour.

ANGE. Diſpoſe of her
To ſome more fitter place; and that with ſpeed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the ſiſter of the man condemn'd,
Deſires acceſs to you.

ANGE. Hath he a ſiſter?

Prov. Ay, my good lord, a very virtuous maid ;
And to be ſhortly of a ſiſterhood,
If not already.

Ange. Well, let her be admitted.— [*Exit* Servant.
See you the fornicatreſs be remov'd ;
Let her have needful, but not laviſh means ;
There ſhall be order for it.

Enter Isabella, *and* Lucio.

Prov. Save your honour ! [your will ?

Ange. Stay a little while.—You're welcome : What's

Isab. I am a woful ſuitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.

Ange. Well, what's your ſuit ?

Isab. There is a vice, that moſt I do abhor,
And moſt desire ſhould meet the blow of juſtice ;
For which I would not plead, but that I muſt ;
For which I muſt not plead, but that I am
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.

Ange. Well ; the matter ?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to dye :
I do beſeech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces !

Ange. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it !
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done :
Mine were the very cypher of a function,
To find the faults, whose fine ſtands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O juſt, but ſevere law !
I had a brother then.— Heaven keep your honour !

Luci. Give't not o'er ſo : to him again, intreat him,
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown ;

You are too cold: if you ſhould need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I ſay.

Isab. Muſt he needs dye?

Ange. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ange. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ange. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
If ſo your heart were touch'd with that remorſe
As mine is to him?

Ange. He's ſentenc'd; 'tis too late.

Luci. You are too cold.

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do ſpeak a word,
May call it back again: Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed ſword,
The marſhal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half ſo good a grace
As mercy does:
If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have ſlipt, like him; but he, like you,
Would not have been ſo ſtern.

Ange. Pray you, be gone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were *Isabell!* ſhould it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be judge,
And what a prisoner.

Luci. Ay, touch him: there's the vein.

Ange. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,

And you but waſte your words.

Isab. Alas, alas!
Why, all the ſouls that were, were forfeit once;
And he, that might the vantage beſt have took,
Found out the remedy: How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, ſhould
But judge you, as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breath within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ange. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my ſon,
It ſhould be thus with him; he muſt dye to-morrow. [him;

Isab. To-morrow? o, that's ſudden! Spare him, ſpare
He's not prepar'd for death! Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of ſeason; ſhall we ſerve heaven
With leſs reſpect than we do miniſter
To our groſs ſelves? Good, good my lord, bethink you;
Who is it that hath dy'd for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Luci. Ay, well ſaid. [ſlept:

Ange. The law hath not been dead, though it hath
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If *he*, the firſt that did the edict infringe,
Had anſwer'd for his deed: now 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glaſs, that ſhews what future evils
(Or new, or by remiſſneſs new conceiv'd,
And ſo in progreſs to be hatch'd and born)
Are now to have no ſucceſſive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.

Isab. Yet ſhew ſome pity.

11 condemne 28 Either now, or 31 But here they

Ange. I ſhew it moſt of all, when I ſhow juſtice:
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a diſmiſſ'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, anſwering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be ſatiſſy'd;
Your brother dyes to-morrow; be content.

Isab. So you muſt be the firſt, that gives this ſentence;
And he, that ſuffers: O, it is excellent
To have a giant's ſtrength; but it is tyranous
To use it like a giant.

Luci. That's well ſaid.

Isab. Could great men thunder,
As *Jove* himſelf does, *Jove* would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting petty officer [der:—
Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but thun-
Merciful heaven,
Thou rather with thy ſharp and ſulphurous bolt
Split'ſt the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the ſoft myrtle: o, but man, proud man,
(Dreſt in a little brief authority;
Moſt ignorant of what he's moſt aſſur'd,
His glaſſy eſſence) like an angry ape,
Plays ſuch fantaſtic tricks before high heaven,
As makes the angels weep; who, with our ſpleens,
Would all themſelves laugh mortal.

Luci. O, to him, to him, wench: he will relent;
He's coming; I perceive't.

Prov. Pray heaven ſhe win him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with yourſelf:
Great men may jeſt with ſaints: 'tis wit in them;
But, in the leſs, foul prophanation.

Luci. Thou'rt i'the right, girl; more o'that.

29 with our ſelfe,

Isab. That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the ſoldier is flat blaſphemy.
Luci. Art avis'd o'that? more on't.
Ange. Why do you put these ſayings upon me?
Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itſelf,
That ſkins the vice o'the top: Go to your bosom;
Knock there; and aſk your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confeſs
A natural guiltineſs, ſuch as is his,
Let it not ſound a thought upon your tongue
Againſt my brother's life.
Ange. "She ſpeaks; and 'tis"
"Such ſenſe, that my ſenſe breeds with it." Fare you well.
Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.
Ange. I will bethink me: Come again to-morrow.
Isab. Hark how I'll bribe you: Good my lord, turn back.
Ange. How! bribe me?
Isab. Ay, with ſuch gifts, that heaven ſhall ſhare with you.
Luci. You had mar'd all elſe.
Isab. Not with fond ſhekles of the teſted gold,
Or ſtones, whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That ſhall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere ſun-rise; prayers from preserved ſouls,
From faſting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.
Ange. Well; come to me to-morrow.
Luci. Go to; 'tis well; away.
Isab. Heaven keep your honour ſafe!
Ange. "Amen:"
"For I am that way going to temptation,"

" Where prayers croſs."

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordſhip?

Ange. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. Save your honour!

[*Exeunt* Provoſt, Lucio, *and* Isabella.

Ange. From thee; even from thy virtue!—
What's this? what's this? Is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who ſins moſt? Ha!
Not ſhe; nor doth ſhe tempt: but it is I,
That lying, with the violet, in the ſun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous ſeason. Can it be,
That modeſty may more betray our ſenſe
Than woman's lightneſs? having waſte ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the ſanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What doſt thou? or what art thou, *Angelo?*
Doſt thou desire her foully, for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges ſteal themſelves. What, do I love her,
That I desire to hear her ſpeak again,
And feaſt upon her eyes? what is't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a ſaint,
With ſaints doſt bait thy hook! moſt dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To ſin in loving virtue: never could the ſtrumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once ſtir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite:——— Ever 'till now,
When men were fond, I ſmil'd, and wonder'd how.

[1] lying by the

SCENE III. *A Room in a Prison.*

Enter Duke, *habited like a Friar*; *and* Provoſt.

Duke. Hail to you, provoſt! ſo, I think, you are.

Prov. I am the provoſt: What's your will, good friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bleſt order,
I come to viſit the afflicted ſpirits
Here in the prison: do me the common right
To let me ſee them; and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may miniſter
To them accordingly. [ful.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were need-

Enter JULIET.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flames of her own youth,
Hath bliſter'd her report: She is with child;
And he that got it, ſentenc'd: a young man,
More fit to do another ſuch offence,
Than dye for this.

Duke. When muſt he dye?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.—
I have provided for you; [*to* Juli.] ſtay a while,
And you ſhall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the ſin you carry?

JULI. I do; and bear the ſhame moſt patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you ſhall arraign your con-
And try your penitence, if it be found, [ſcience;
Or hollowly put on.

JULI. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

JULI. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then, it ſeems, your moſt offenceful act

Was mutually committed.

Juli. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your ſin of heavier kind than his.

Juli. I do confeſs it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet ſo, daughter: But leſt you do repent
As that the ſin hath brought you to this ſhame,—
Which ſorrow is always toward ourſelves, not heaven;
Showing we would not ſpare heaven, as we love it,
But as we ſtand in fear,—

Juli. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the ſhame with joy.

Duke. There reſt.
Your partner, as I hear, muſt dye to-morrow,
And I am going with inſtruction to him:
So grace go with you! *Benedicite!* [*Exit.*

Juli. Muſt dye to-morrow!—O injurious love,
That reſpites me a life whose very comfort
Is ſtill a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Room in* Angelo's *Houſe.*

Enter Angelo.

Ange. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To ſeveral ſubjects: heaven hath my empty words;
Whilſt my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on *Isabell:* heaven is in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew it's name;
And in my heart, the ſtrong and ſwelling evil
Of my conception: The ſtate, whereon I ſtudy'd,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd und tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,

Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain : O place ! o form !
How often doſt thou with thy caſe, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tye the wiser ſouls
To thy falſe ſeeming ? Blood, thou art blood :
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
Enter Servant.
'Tis not the devil's creſt : — How now ? who's there ?
Serv. One *Isabell*, a ſiſter, desires acceſs to you.
Ange. Teach her the way. [*Exit* Serv.] O heavens !
Why does my blood thus muſter to my heart ;
Making both it unable for itſelf,
And diſpoſſeſſing all my other parts
Of neceſſary fitneſs ?
So play the fooliſh throngs with one that ſwoons ;
Come all to help him, and ſo ſtop the air
By which he ſhould revive : and even ſo
The general ſubject to a well-wiſh'd king
Quit their own part, and in obſequious fondneſs
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Muſt needs appear offence. —
Enter Isabella.
How now, fair maid ?
Isab. I am come to know your pleasure. [please me,
Ange. That you might know it, would much better
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.
Isab. Even ſo ? — Heaven keep your honour !
Ange. Yet may he live a while ; and, it may be,
As long as you, or I : Yet he muſt dye.
Isab. Under your ſentence ?
Ange. Yea.
Isab. When, I beſeech you ? that in his reprieve,

Longer, or ſhorter, he may be ſo fitted
That his ſoul ſicken not.

Ange. Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature ſtolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their ſawcy ſweetneſs, that do coin heaven's image
In ſtamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
Falſely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in reſtrained means
To make a falſe one.

Isab. 'Tis ſet down ſo in heaven, but not in earth.

Ange. Say you ſo? then I ſhall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, That the moſt juſt law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to ſuch ſweet uncleanneſs,
As ſhe that he hath ſtain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my ſoul.

Ange. I talk not of your ſoul; Our compell'd ſins
Stand more for number than account.

Isab. How ſay you?

Ange. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can ſpeak
Againſt the thing I ſay. Anſwer to this,—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a ſentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in ſin,
To ſave this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my ſoul,
It is no ſin at all, but charity.

Ange. Pleas'd you to do't, at peril of your ſoul,
Were equal poize of ſin and charity.

14 life, and to 20 then for accompt

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be ſin,
Heaven, let me bear it! you, granting of my ſuit,
If that be ſin, I'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your anſwer.
Ange. Nay, but hear me:
Your ſenſe purſues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or ſeem ſo craftily; and that's not good.
Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciouſly to know I am no better.
Ange. Thus wiſdom wiſhes to appear moſt bright,
When it doth tax itſelf: as these † black maſks
Proclaim an enſhield' beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could diſplay'd. — But mark me;
To be received plain, I'll ſpeak more groſs:
Your brother is to dye:
Isab. So.
Ange. And his offence is ſo, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain:
Isab. True.
Ange. Admit no other way to ſave his life,
(As I ſubſcribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loſs of queſtion) that you his ſiſter,
Finding yourſelf desir'd of ſuch a perſon,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to ſave him, but that either
You muſt lay down the treasures of your body
To this ſupposed, or elſe let him ſuffer;
What would you do?
Isab. As much for my poor brother, as myſelf:

8 crafty; 27 all-building 30 elſe to let

That is, Were I under the terms of death,
The impreſſion of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And ſtrip myſelf to death, as to a bed
That longing I have been ſick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to ſhame.

Ange. Then muſt your brother dye.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother dy'd at once,
Then that a ſiſter, by redeeming him,
Should dye for ever.

Ange. Were not you then as cruel as the ſentence
That you have ſlander'd ſo?

Isab. An ignominious ranſom, and free pardon,
Are of two houſes: lawful mercy, ſure,
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ange. You ſeem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather prov'd the ſliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

Isab. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we ſpeak not what we mean:
I ſomething do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ange. We are all frail.

Isab. Elſe let my brother dye,
If not a feodary, but only he,
Owe, and ſucceed to, weakneſs.

Ange. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glaſſes where they view themſelves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women? — Help, heaven! — men their creation mar
In profiting by them: Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are ſoft as our complexions are,

13 *Ifa.* Ignominy in ranſome 26 ſucceed thy weakneſſe

And credulous to falſe prints.
Ange. I think it well:
And from this teſtimony of your own ſex,
(Since, I ſuppose, we are made to be no ſtronger
Than faults may ſhake our frames) let me be bold,—
I do arreſt your words; Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one, (as you are well expreſſ'd
By all external warrants) ſhew it now,
By putting on the deſtin'd livery.
Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me intreat you, ſpeak the former language.
Ange. Plainly conceive, I love you.
Isab. My brother did love *Juliet*;
And you tell me, that he ſhall dye for it.
Ange. He ſhall not *Isabell*, if you give me love.
Isab. I know, your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which ſeems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.
Ange. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words expreſs my purpose.
Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And moſt pernicious purpose! Seeming! ſeeming!—
I will proclaim thee, *Angelo*, look for't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an out-ſtretcht throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.
Ange. Who will believe thee, *Isabell?*
My unſoil'd name, the auſtereneſs of my life,
My vouch againſt you, and my place i'the ſtate,
Will ſo your accusation overweigh,
That you ſhall ſtifle in your own report,

And ſmell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my ſenſual race the rein:
Fit thy conſent to my ſharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious bluſhes,
That baniſh what they ſue for; redeem thy brother,
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or elſe he muſt not only die the death,
But thy unkindneſs ſhall his death draw out
To ling'ring ſufferance: anſwer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me moſt,
I'll prove a tyrant to him: As for you,
Say what you can; my falſe o'erweighs your true.

[*Exit* ANGELO.

ISAB. To whom ſhould I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the ſelf-ſame tongue
Either of condemnation or approof!
Bidding the law make court'ſy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him ſuch a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his ſiſter ſhould her body ſtoop
To ſuch abhor'd pollution.
Then, *Iſabell*, live chaſt; and, brother, dye:
More than our brother is our chaſtity.
I'll tell him yet of *Angelo*'s requeſt;
And fit his mind to death, for his ſoul's reſt.

[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Prison.*

Enter Duke, *and* CLAUDIO; Provoſt, *at a diſtance, attending.*

Duke. So then you hope of pardon from lord *Angelo?*

CLAU. The miſerable have no other medicine,
But only hope:
I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to dye.

Duke. Be abſolute for death; either death, or life,
Shall thereby be the ſweeter. Reason thus with life,—
If I do loſe thee, I do loſe a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
Servile to all the ſkiey influences
That do this habitation, where thou keep'ſt,
Hourly affict: meerly, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,
And yet run'ſt toward him ſtill: Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations, that thou bear'ſt,
Are nurſ'd by baſeneſs: Thou'rt by no means valiant;
For thou doſt fear the ſoft and tender fork
Of a poor worm: Thy beſt of reſt is ſleep;
And that thou oft provok'ſt; yet groſly fear'ſt
Thy death, which is no more: Thou art not thyſelf;
For thou exiſt'ſt on many a thousand grains
That iſſue out of duſt: Happy thou art not;
For what thou haſt not, ſtill thou ſtriv'ſt to get;
And what thou haſt, forget'ſt: Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion ſhifts to ſtrange effects,
After the moon: If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;

17 That doſt this 27 exiſts

For, like an aſs, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'ſt thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee: Friend haſt thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee ſire,
The meer effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curſe the gout, ſerpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no ſooner: Thou haſt nor youth, nor age;
But, as it were, an after-dinner's ſleep,
Dreaming on both: for all thy bleſſed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsy'd eld; and when thou art old, and rich,
Thou haſt neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lye hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Clau. I humbly thank you.
To ſue to live, I find, I ſeek to dye;
And, ſeeking death, find life: Let it come on. [company!

Isab. [*within*] What, ho! Peace here; grace, and good

Prov. Who's there? Come in: the wiſh deserves a wel-
Enter Isabella. [come.

Duke. Dear ſir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Clau. Moſt holy ſir, I thank you.

Isab. My buſineſs is a word or two with *Claudio*. [ſiſter.

Prov. And very welcome.—Look, ſignior, here's your

Duke. Provoſt, a word with you. [*drawing him aſide.*

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me to ſtand where I may be conceal'd
Yet hear them ſpeak.

[*Exeunt* Duke, *and* Provoſt.

Clau. Now, ſiſter, what's the comfort?

6 ſarpego 13 what's yet in 29 v. *Note.*

Isab. Why, as all comforts are, moſt good indeed:
Lord *Angelo*, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his ſwift embaſſador;
Where you ſhall be an everlaſting ledger:
Therefore your beſt appointment make with ſpeed;
To-morrow you ſet on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but ſuch remedy, as, to ſave a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live;
There is a deviliſh mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you 'till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, juſt, perpetual durance; a reſtraint,
Though all the world's vaſtidity you had,
To a determin'd ſcope.

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In ſuch a one, as you, conſenting to't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. O, I do fear thee, *Claudio*; and I quake,
Leſt thou a feverous life ſhould'ſt entertain,
And ſix or ſeven winters more reſpect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'ſt thou dye?
The ſenſe of death is moſt in apprehenſion;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal ſufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dyes.

Claud. Why give you me this ſhame?

17 Through

Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderneſs? If I muſt dye,
I will encounter darkneſs as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There ſpake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou muſt dye:
Thou art too noble to conſerve a life
In baſe appliances. This outward-ſainted deputy,—
Whose ſettl'd visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew
As falcon doth the fowl,—is yet a devil;
His filth within being caſt, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Clau. The princely *Angelo?*

Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'ſt body to inveſt and cover
In princely gards! Doſt thou think, *Claudio*,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'ſt be free'd?

Clau. O heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give thee, for this rank offence,
So to offend him ſtill: This night's the time
That I ſhould do what I abhor to name,
Or elſe thou dy'ſt to-morrow.

Clau. Thou ſhalt not do't.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Clau. Thanks, dear *Isabell.*

Isab. Be ready, *Claudio*, for your death to-morrow.

Clau. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,

[21] giv't thee; from this

When he would 'force it? Sure, it is no ſin;
Or of the deadly ſeven it is the leaſt.

Isab. Which is the leaſt?

Clau. If it were damnable, he, being ſo wise,
Why, would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd? — O *Isabell!*

Isab. What ſays my brother?

Clau. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And ſhamed life a hateful.

Clau. Ay, but to dye, and go we know not where;
To lye in cold obſtruction, and to rot;
This ſenſible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted ſpirit
To bath in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewleſs winds,
And blown with reſtleſs violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worſe than worſt
Of those, that lawleſs and incertain thought,—
Imagine howling,—'tis too horrible!
The wearieſt and moſt loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradiſe
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas, alas!

Clau. Sweet ſiſter, let me live:
What ſin you do to ſave a brother's life,
Nature diſpenſes with the deed ſo far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O you beaſt!
O faithleſs coward! O diſhoneſt wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?

Is't not a kind of inceſt, to take life
From thine own ſiſter's ſhame? What ſhould I think?
Heaven ſhield, my mother play'd my father fair!
For ſuch a warped ſlip of wilderneſs
Ne'er iſſu'd from his blood. Take my defiance;
Dye; periſh: might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it ſhould proceed:
I'll pray a thouſand prayers for thy death,
No word to ſave thee.

Clau. Nay, hear me, *Isabell.*

Isab. O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy ſin's not accidental, but a trade:
Mercy to thee would prove itſelf a bawd:
'Tis beſt that thou dy'ſt quickly. [*going.*

Clau. O, hear me, *Isabella.*

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchſafe a word, young ſiſter, but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you diſpenſe with your leisure, I would by and by have ſome ſpeech with you: the ſatiſfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no ſuperfluous leisure; my ſtay muſt be ſtolen out of other affairs: but I will attend you a while. [*walks apart.*

Duke. Son, I have over-hear'd what hath paſſ'd between you and your ſiſter. *Angelo* had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an aſſay of her virtue, to practise his judgment in the diſpoſition of natures: ſhe, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial, which he is moſt glad to receive: I am confeſſor to *Angelo*,

and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourſelf to death: Do not falſify your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you muſt dye; go to your knees, and make ready.

Clau. Let me aſk my ſiſter pardon. I am ſo out of love with life, that I will ſue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: Farewel. [*Exit* Claudio.

Re-enter Provoſt.

Provoſt, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone: leave me a while with the maid; my mind promises with my habit, no loſs ſhall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. [*Exit* Provoſt.

Duke. The hand, that hath made you fair, hath made you good: the goodneſs, that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodneſs; but grace, being the ſoul of your complexion, ſhall keep the body of it ever fair. The aſſault, that *Angelo* hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my underſtanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I ſhould wonder at *Angelo*: How will you do to content this ſubſtitute, and to ſave your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother dye by the law, than my ſon ſhould be unlawfully born. But, o, how much is the good duke deceiv'd in *Angelo!* if ever he return, and I can ſpeak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or diſcover his government.

Duke. That ſhall not be much amiſs: yet, as the

[2] not ſatisfie your

matter now ſtands, he will avoid your accuſation; he made trial of you only. Therefore faſten your ear on my advisings; to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents itſelf: I do make myſelf believe, that you may moſt uprighteouſly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no ſtain to your own gracious perſon; and much please the abſent duke, if, peradventure, he ſhall ever return to have hearing of this buſineſs.

Isab. Let me hear you ſpeak farther: I have ſpirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my ſpirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodneſs never fearful. Have you not heard ſpeak of *Mariana* the ſiſter of *Frederick*, the great ſoldier, who miſcarry'd at ſea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her ſhould this *Angelo* have marry'd; was affianc'd to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the ſolemnity, her brother *Frederick* was wreck'd at ſea, having in that periſhed veſſel the dowry of his ſiſter. But mark how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman: there ſhe loſt a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever moſt kind and natural; with him the portion and ſinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-ſeeming *Angelo*.

Isab. Can this be ſo? Did *Angelo* ſo leave her?

20 She ſhould

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; ſwallow'd his vows whole, pretending, in her, diſcoveries of diſhonour: in few, beſtow'd her on her own lamentation, which ſhe yet wears for his ſake; and he, a marble to her tears, is waſhed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! — But how out of this can ſhe avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only ſaves your brother, but keeps you from diſhonour in doing it.

Isab. Shew me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her firſt affection; his unjuſt unkindneſs, that in all reason ſhould have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly: Go you to *Angelo*; anſwer his requiring with a plauſible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourſelf to this advantage, — firſt, that your ſtay with him may not be long; that the time may have all ſhadow and ſilence in it; and the place anſwer to convenience: This being granted in courſe, now follows all: we ſhall advise this wronged maid to ſtead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itſelf hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence: and here, by this, is your brother ſaved, your honour untainted, the poor *Mariana* advantaged, and the corrupt depu-

ty ſcaled: the maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleneſs of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof: What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and, I truſt, it will grow to a moſt proſperous perfection.

Duke. It lyes much in your holding up: Haſte you ſpeedily to *Angelo*; if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promise of ſatiſfaction: I will presently to ſaint *Luke*'s; there at the moated grange resides this dejected *Mariana:* at that place call upon me; and diſpatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Street before the Prison.*

Enter Clown, Elbow, *and Officers;* Duke *meeting them.*

Elbo. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and ſell men and women like beaſts, we ſhall have all the world drink brown and white baſtard.

Duke. O heavens! what ſtuff is here?

Clow. 'Twas never merry world, ſince, of two uſuries, the merrieſt was put down, and the worſer allow'd by order of law a fur'd lamb-ſkin gown to keep him warm; and fur'd with fox-ſkins too, to ſignify, that craft, being richer than innocency, ſtands for the facing.

Elbo. Come your way, ſir:—Bleſs you, good fa-

28 of Law; a fur'd gowne to keepe him warme; and fur'd with Foxe and Lamb-ſkins too,

ther friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father: What offence hath this man made you, ſir?

Elbo. Marry, ſir, he hath offended the law; and, ſir, we take him to be a thief too, ſir; for we have found upon him, ſir, a ſtrange pick-lock, which we have ſent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, ſirrah; a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou cauſeſt to be done,
That is thy means to live: Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back,
From ſuch a filthy vice: ſay to thyſelf,—
From their abominable and beaſtly touches
I drink, I eat, array myſelf, and live;
Canſt thou believe thy living is a life,
So ſtinkingly depending? Go, mend, mend.

Clow. Indeed, it does ſtink in ſome ſort, ſir: but yet, ſir, I would prove—

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for ſin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to priſon, officer;
Correction and inſtruction muſt both work,
Ere this rude beaſt will profit.

Elbo. He muſt before the deputy, ſir; he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whore-maſter: if he be a whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as ſome would ſeem to be,
Free from our faults, as from faults ſeeming free!

Enter Lucio.

Elbo. His neck will come to your waſte, a cord, ſir.

Clow. I ſpy comfort; I cry bail: here's a gentle-

14 eate away my 16 mend, goe mend 29 faults from

man, and a friend of mine.

Luci. How now, noble *Pompey?* what, at the wheels of *Cæsar?* art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of *Pigmalion*'s images, newly made woman, to had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutch'd? what reply? ha? what say'ſt thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' th' laſt rain? ha? what say'ſt thou, trot? is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? is it ſad, and few words? or how? the trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus! ſtill worſe!

Luci. How doth my dear morſel, thy miſtreſs? procures ſhe ſtill? ha?

Clow. Troth, ſir, ſhe hath eaten up all her beef, and ſhe is herſelf in the tub.

Luci. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it muſt be ſo: ever your freſh whore, and your powder'd bawd: an unſhun'd conſequence; it muſt be ſo: Art going to prison, *Pompey?*

Clow. Yes, faith, ſir.

Luci. Why, 'tis not amiſs, *Pompey:* farewel: go; ſay, I ſent thee thither. For debt, *Pompey?* or how?

Elbo. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Luci. Well, then imprison him: if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right; bawd is he, doubtleſs, and of antiquity too; bawd born. Farewel, good *Pompey:* Commend me to the prison, *Pompey:* You will turn good husband now, *Pompey*; you will keep the houſe.

Clow. I hope, ſir, your good worſhip will be my bail.

Luci. No, indeed, will I not, *Pompey*, it is not

the wear; I will pray, *Pompey*, to encreaſe your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more: Adieu, truſty *Pompey*.—Bleſs you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Luci. Doth *Bridget* paint ſtill, *Pompey?* ha?

Elbo. Come your ways, ſir, come.

Clow. You will not bail me then, ſir?

Luci. Then, *Pompey?* nor now.—What news abroad, friar; what news?

Elbo. Come your ways, ſir, come.

[*Exeunt* Clown, Elbow, *and Officers.*

Luci. Go to kennel, *Pompey*, go.—What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none; Can you tell me of any?

Luci. Some ſay, he is with the emperor of *Ruſſia*; other ſome, he is in *Rome:* But where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where: but whereſoever, I wiſh him well.

Luci. It was a mad fantaſtical trick of him, to ſteal from the ſtate, and usurp the beggery he was never born to: Lord *Angelo* dukes it well in his abſence; he puts tranſgreſſion to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Luci. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: ſomething too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and ſeverity muſt cure it.

Luci. Yes, in good ſooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well ally'd: but it is impoſſible to

extirpe it quite, friar, 'till eating and drinking be put down. They ſay, this *Angelo* was not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation; Is it true, think you?

Duke. How ſhould he be made then?

Luci. Some report, a ſea-maid ſpawn'd him: ſome, that he was begot between two ſtock-fiſhes: But it is certain, that, when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: and he is not a motion generative, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, ſir; and ſpeak apace.

Luci. Why, what a ruthleſs thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take away the life of a man? Would the duke that is abſent have done this? ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred baſtards, he would have pay'd for the nurſing a thousand: he had ſome feeling of the ſport; he knew the ſervice, and that inſtructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the abſent duke much detracted for women; he was not inclin'd that way.

Luci. O, ſir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not poſſible.

Luci. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his uſe was, to put a ducat in her clack-diſh: the duke had crotchets in him: He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, ſurely.

Luci. Sir, I was an inward of his: A ſly fellow was the duke: and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

3 after this downe- 21 detected 30 a ſhye fellow

Duke. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause?

Luci. No, pardon; 'tis a ſecret muſt be lock'd within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you underſtand,—The greater file of the ſubject held the duke to be wise:

Duke. Wise? why, no queſtion but he was.

Luci. A very ſuperficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or miſtaking; the very ſtream of his life, and the buſineſs he hath helmed, muſt, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation: let him be but teſtimony'd in his own bringings forth, and he ſhall appear, to the envious, a ſcholar, a ſtatesman, and a ſoldier: Therefore, you ſpeak unſkilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Luci. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Luci. Come, ſir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, ſince you know not what you ſpeak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are he may) let me desire you to make your anſwer before him: if it be honeſt you have ſpoke, you have courage to maintain it; I am bound to call upon you, and, I pray you, your name?

Luci. Sir, my name is *Lucio*; well known to the duke.

Duke. He ſhall know you better, ſir, if I may live to report you.

20 with deare love

Luci. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite: but, indeed, I can do you a little harm: You'll forſwear this again?

Luci. I'll be hang'd firſt: thou art deceiv'd in me, friar. But no more of this: Can'ſt thou tell if *Claudio* dye to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why ſhould he dye, ſir?

Luci. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-diſh. I would the duke, we talk of, were return'd again: this ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with continency; ſparrows muſt not build in his houſe-eaves, because they are lecherous: The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly anſwer'd, he would never bring them to light; 'Would he were return'd! marry, this *Claudio* is condemned for untruſſing. Farewel, good friar; I pr'ythee, pray for me. The duke, I ſay to thee again, would eat mutton on fridays; he's now paſt it: yea, and I ſay to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though ſhe ſmelt brown bread and garlick; ſay, that I ſaid ſo. Farewel.

[*Exit* Lucio.

Duke. No might nor greatneſs in mortality
Can cenſure ſcape; back-wounding calumny
The whiteſt virtue ſtrikes; What king ſo ſtrong,
Can tye the gall up in the ſlanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, Provoſt, Bawd, *and Officers.*

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour

[20] paſt it, yet (and I

is accounted a merciful man : good my lord.

Esca. Double, and treble admonition, and ſtill forfeit in the ſame kind ? this would make mercy ſwear and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it please your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one *Lucio*'s information againſt me : miſtreſs *Kate Keep-down* was with child by him in the duke's time, he promis'd her marriage ; his child is a year and a quarter old, come *Philip* and *Jacob* ; I have kept it myſelf, and ſee how he goes about to abuse me.

Esca. That fellow is a fellow of much licenſe : — let him be called before us. — Away with her to prison : — Go to ; no more words. [*Exeunt* Bawd, *and Officers.*] Provoſt, my brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd, *Claudio* muſt dye to-morrow ; let him be furniſh'd with divines, and have all charitable preparation : if my brother wrought by my pity, it ſhould not be ſo with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

Esca. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliſs and goodneſs on you !

Esca. Of whence are you ?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time : I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the ſee
In ſpecial buſineſs from his holineſs.

Esca. What news abroad i' the world ?

Duke. None, but that there is ſo great a fever on goodneſs, that the diſſolution of it muſt cure it :

novelty is only in requeſt; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of courſe, as it is vertuous to be conſtant in any undertaking: there is ſcarce truth enough alive, to make ſocieties ſecure; but ſecurity enough, to make fellowſhips accurſt: Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, ſir, of what diſposition was the duke?

Escal. One, that, above all other ſtrifes, contended eſpecially to know himſelf.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to ſee another merry, than merry at any thing which profeſſ'd to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove proſperous; and let me desire to know, how you find *Claudio* prepar'd? I am made to underſtand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He profeſſes to have received no ſiniſter measure from his judge, but moſt willingly humbles himſelf to the determination of juſtice: yet had he framed to himſelf, by the inſtruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have diſcredited to him, and now is he resolv'd to dye.

Escal. You have pay'd the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extreameſt ſhore of my modeſty; but my brother juſtice have I found ſo ſevere, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed juſtice.

Duke. If his own life anſwer the ſtraitneſs of his

[1] and as it

proceeding, it ſhall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath ſentenc'd himſelf.

Esca. I am going to visit the prisoner: Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt* Escalus, *and* Provoſt.

He, who the ſword of heaven will bear,
ſhould be as holy as ſevere;
pattern in himſelf to know;
grace to ſtand, and virtue go;
more nor leſs to others paying,
than by ſelf-offences weighing:
Shame to him, whose cruel ſtriking
kills for faults of his own liking!
twice treble ſhame on *Angelo*,
to weed my vice, and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
though angel on the outward ſide!
how may likeneſs made in crimes,
making practice on the times,
draw with idle ſpiders' ſtrings
moſt pond'rous and ſubſtantial things!
Craft againſt vice I muſt apply:
with *Angelo* to-night ſhall lye
his old betrothed, but deſpis'd;
ſo diſguise ſhall, by the diſguis'd,
pay with falſehood falſe exacting,
and perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Room in* Mariana's *Houſe.*

21 To draw

Enter MARIANA, *and a* Boy *who ſings.*

SONG. *Take, o, take those lips away,*
that ſo ſweetly were forſworn;
and those eyes, the break of day,
lights that do miſlead the morn:
but my kiſſes bring again,
bring again,
ſeals of love, but ſeal'd in vain.
ſeal'd in vain.

MARI. Break off thy ſong, and haſte thee quick away;
Here comes a man of comfort, [*Exit* Boy.] whose advice
Hath often ſtill'd my brawling diſcontent. —

Enter Duke.

I cry you mercy, ſir; and well could wiſh,
You had not found me here ſo musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me ſo,—
My mirth it much diſpleas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good: though musick oft hath ſuch a charm,
To make bad, good; and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquir'd for me here to-day? much upon this time, have I promis'd here to meet.

MARI. You have not been inquir'd after: I have ſat here all the day.

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. I do conſtantly believe you: the time is come, even now. I ſhall crave your forbearance a little; may be, I will call upon you anon for ſome advantage to yourſelf.

MARI. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.

What is the news from this good deputy?
Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,
Whose weſtern ſide is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this † bigger key:
This † other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promiſe to call on him,
Upon the heavy middle of the night.
Duke. But ſhall you on your knowledge find this way?
Isab. I have ta'n a due and wary note upon't;
With whiſpering and moſt guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did ſhow me
The way twice o'er.
Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her obſervance?
Isab. No, none; but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have poſſeſt him, my moſt ſtay
Can be but brief: for I have made him know
I have a ſervant comes with me along,
That ſtays upon me; whoſe perſuaſion is,
I come about my brother.
Duke. 'Tis well born up.
I have not yet made known to *Mariana*
A word of this: — What ho! within! come forth.
Re-enter Mariana.
I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.
Isab. I do deſire the like.
Duke. Do you perſuade yourſelf that I reſpect you?
Mari. Good friar, I know you do, and ‖ have found it.
Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,

‡ v. *Note.*

Who hath a ſtory ready for your ear:
I ſhall attend your leiſure; but make haſte,
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Wilt please you walk aſide?

[*Exeunt* Women.

Duke. O place and greatneſs, millions of falſe eyes
Are ſtuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with these falſe and moſt contrarious queſts
Upon thy doings! thousand 'ſcapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies!—Welcome: How agreed?

Re-enter Isabell, *and* Mariana.

Isab. She'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my conſent,
But my intreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to ſay,
When you depart from him, but, ſoft and low,
Remember now my brother.

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contráct:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no ſin;
Sith that the juſtice of your title to him
Doth flouriſh the deceit. Come, let us go:
Our corn's to reap; for yet our tilth's to ſow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room in the Prison.*

Enter Provoſt, *and* Clown.

Prov. Come hither, ſirrah: Can you cut off a man's head?

Clow. If the man be a batchelor, ſir, I can: but

9 eſcapes 26 our Tithes to

if he be a marry'd man, he's his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, ſir, leave me your ſnatches, and yield me a direct anſwer. To-morrow morning are to dye *Claudio* and *Barnardine:* Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to aſſiſt him, it ſhall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you ſhall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpity'd whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clow. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman: I would be glad to receive ſome inſtruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, *Abhorſon!* Where's *Abhorſon* there?

Enter ABHORSON.

Abho. Do you call, ſir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution: if you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and diſmiſs him: he cannot plead his eſtimation with you, he hath been a bawd.

Abho. A bawd, ſir? fie upon him! he will diſcredit our myſtery.

Prov. Go to, ſir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the ſcale. [*Exit* Provoſt.

Clow. Pray, ſir, by your good favour, (for, ſurely, ſir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look) do you call, ſir, your occupation a myſtery?

Abho. Ay, ſir, a myſtery.

Clow. Painting, ſir, I have heard ſay, is a myſtery; and your whores, ſir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a myſtery: but what myſtery there ſhould be in hanging, if I ſhould be hang'd, I can not imagine.

Abho. Sir, it is a myſtery.

Clow. Proof.

Abho. Every true man's apparel fits your thief: If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: ſo every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provoſt.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clow. Sir, I will ſerve him: for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftner aſk forgiveneſs.

Prov. You, ſirrah, [*to* Abho.] provide your block and your axe, to-morrow four o'clock.

Abho. Come on, bawd; I will inſtruct thee in my trade; follow.

Clow. I do desire to learn, ſir; and, I hope, if you have occaſion to use me for your own turn, you ſhall find me yare: for, truly, ſir, for your kindneſs, I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither *Barnardine* and *Claudio:*—

[*Exeunt* Clown, *and* Abhorson.

One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murtherer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

10 Theefe. *Clo.* If it 26 y'are.

Look, here's the warrant, *Claudio*, for thy death;
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou muſt be made immortal. Where's *Barnardine?*

Claud. As faſt lock'd up in ſleep, as guiltleſs labour,
When it lyes ſtarkly in the traveller's bones;
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him? [what noise?
Well, go, prepare yourſelf. [*Knocking within.*] But, hark!
Heaven give your ſpirits comfort!—[*Exit* Claud.] By and
I hope it is ſome pardon, or reprieve, [by:—
For the moſt gentle *Claudio.*—Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The beſt and wholeſomeſt ſpirits of the night
Invellop you, good provoſt! Who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, ſince the curfeu rung.

Duke. Not *Isabell?*

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for *Claudio?*

Duke. There's ſome in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not ſo, not ſo; his life is parallel'd
Even with the ſtroke and line of his great juſtice;
He doth with holy abſtinence ſubdue
That in himſelf, which he ſpurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he meal'd
With that which he corrects, then were he tirannous;
But this being ſo, he's juſt.—Now are they come.—
[*Knocking again:* Provoſt *goes to the Door.*
This is a gentle provoſt; Seldom, when
The ſteeled jailer is the friend of men.—
How now? what noise? that ſpirit's poſſeſt with haſte,

That wounds the unſhifting poſtern with these ſtrokes.

Prov. There muſt he ſtay, until the officer
Arise to let him in; he is call'd up. [*Speaking to one at the Door; after which he comes forward.*

Duke. Have you no countermand for *Claudio* yet,
But he muſt dye to-morrow?

Prov. None, ſir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provoſt, as it is,
You ſhall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily,
You ſomething know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand; no ſuch example have we:
Beſides, upon the very ſiege of juſtice,
Lord *Angelo* hath to the publick ear
Profeſſ'd the contrary.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Duke. This is his man.

Prov. And here comes *Claudio*'s pardon.

Meſſ. My lord hath ſent you this ‡ note; and by me this further charge, That you ſwerve not from the ſmalleſt article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumſtance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almoſt day.

Prov. I ſhall obey him. [*Exit* Meſſenger.

Duke. This is his pardon; purchaſ'd by ſuch ſin,
For which the pardoner himſelf is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is born in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy's ſo extended,
That, for the fault's love, is the offender friended.—
Now, ſir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord *Angelo*, belike, thinking me

[1] unſiſting [17] his Lords man

remiſs in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on: methinks, ſtrangely; for he hath not us'd it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. [reads.] *Whatſoever you may hear to the contrary, let* Claudio *be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon,* Barnardine: *for my better ſatisfaction, let me have* Claudio's *head ſent me by five: Let this be truly performed; with a thought, that more depends on it than we muſt yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will anſwer it at your peril.*

What ſay you to this, ſir?

Duke. What is that *Barnardine,* who is to be executed in the afternonn?

Prov. A *Bohemian* born; but here nurſt up and bred: one that is a priſoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it, that the abſent duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do ſo.

Prov. His friends ſtill wrought reprieves for him: And, indeed, his fact, 'till now in the government of lord *Angelo,* came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. It is now apparent?

Prov. Moſt manifeſt, and not deny'd by himſelf.

Duke. Hath he born himſelf penitently in priſon? how ſeems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken ſleep; careleſs, reckleſs, and fearleſs of what's paſt, preſent, or to come; inſenſible of mortality, and deſperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to eſcape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days intirely drunk: we have very oft awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and ſhew'd him a ſeeming warrant for it; it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provoſt, honeſty and conſtancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient ſkill beguiles me; but, in the boldneſs of my cunning, I will lay myſelf in hazard. *Claudio*, whom here † you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than *Angelo* who hath ſentenc'd him: To make you underſtand this in a manifeſted effect, I crave but four days reſpit; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courteſy.

Prov. Pray, ſir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack, how may I do it? having the hour limited; and an expreſs command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of *Angelo?* I may make my caſe as *Claudio*'s, to croſs this in the ſmalleſt.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my inſtructions may be your guide: Let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed, and his head born to *Angelo.*

Prov. Angelo hath ſeen them both, and will diſcover the favour.

Duke. O, death's a great diſguiser: and you may add to it,—Shave the head, and tye the beard; and ſay, it was the desire of the penitent to be ſo barb'd before

his death: you know, the courſe is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the ſaint whom I profeſs, I will plead againſt it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is againſt my oath.

Duke. Were you ſworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his ſubſtitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the juſtice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet ſince I ſee you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor perſuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you: Look you, ſir, here † is the hand and ſeal of the duke; You know the character, I doubt not, and the ſignet is not ſtrange to you?

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke; you ſhall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you ſhall find, within these two days he will be here: This is a thing that *Angelo* knows not: for he this very day receives letters of ſtrange tenor; perchance, of the duke's death; perchance, entering into ſome monaſtery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding ſtar calls up the ſhepherd: Put not yourſelf into amazement, how these things ſhould be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with *Barnardine*'s head: I will give him a preſent ſhrift, and advise him for a

better place. Yet you are amaz'd; but this † ſhall abſolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almoſt clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another Room in the ſame.*

Enter Clown.

Clow. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our houſe of profeſſion: one would think, it were miſtreſs *Overdone*'s own houſe, for here be many of her old cuſtomers. Firſt, here's young maſter *Raſh:* he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nineſcore and ſeventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in requeſt, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one maſter *Caper*, at the ſuit of maſter *Three-pile* the mercer, for ſome four ſuits of peach-colour'd ſatten, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young *Dizy*, and young maſter *Deep-vow*, and maſter *Copper-ſpur*, and maſter *Starve-lackey* the rapier and dagger man, and young *Drop-heir* that kill'd luſty *Pudding*, and maſter *Forth-right* the tilter, and brave maſter *Shoo-tye* the great traveller, and wild *Half-can* that ſtab'd *Pots*, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now for the lord's ſake.

Enter Abhorson.

Abho. Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hither.

Clow. Maſter *Barnardine!* you muſt rise and be hang'd, maſter *Barnardine.*

Abho. What ho, *Barnardine!*

Barn. [*within.*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noiſe there? what are you?

[21] *Forth-light*

Clow. Your friends, ſir; the hangman: You muſt be ſo good, ſir, to rise and be put to death.

Barn. Away, you rogue, away; I am ſleepy.

Abho. Tell him, he muſt awake, and that quickly too.

Clow. Pray, maſter *Barnardine*, awake 'till you are executed, and ſleep afterwards.

Abho. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clow. He is coming, ſir, he is coming; I hear his ſtraw ruſtle.

Abho. Is the axe upon the block, ſirrah?

Clow. Very ready, ſir.

Enter Barnardine.

Barn. How now, *Abhorſon?* what's the news with you?

Abho. Truly, ſir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barn. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clow. O, the better, ſir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may ſleep the ſounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abho. Look you, ſir, here comes your ghoſtly father; Do we jeſt now, think you?

Duke. Sir, Induced by my charity, and hearing
How haſtily you are to depart, I am come
To advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barn. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they ſhall beat out my brains with billets: I will not

conſent to dye this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, ſir, you muſt: and therefore, I beſeech you,
Look forward on the journey you ſhall go.

Barn. I ſwear, I will not dye to-day for any man's perſuasion.

Duke. But hear you,—

Barn. Not a word: if you have any thing to ſay to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day.

[*Exit* Barnardine.

Duke. Unfit to live, or dye: O gravel heart!—
After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

[*Exeunt* Clown, *and* Abhorson.

Enter Provoſt.

Prov. Now, ſir, how do you find the priſoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And, to tranſport him in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the priſon, father,
There dy'd this morning of a cruel fever
One *Ragozine*, a moſt notorious pirate,
A man of *Claudio*'s years; his beard, and head,
Juſt of his colour; What if we do omit
This reprobate, 'till he were well inclin'd,
And ſatiſfy the deputy with the viſage
Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudio?*

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!
Diſpatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by *Angelo:* See, this be done,
And ſent according to command; whiles I
Perſuade this rude wretch willingly to dye.

Prov. This ſhall be done, good father, presently.
But *Barnardine* muſt dye this afternoon:

And how ſhall we continue *Claudio*,
To ſave me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done,—Put them
In ſecret holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio*:
Ere twice the ſun hath made his journal greeting
To the under generation, you ſhall find
Your ſafety manifeſted.

Prov. I am your free dependant. [*gelo.*

Duke. Quick then, diſpatch, and ſend the head to *An-*
[*Exit* Provoſt.

Now will I write letters to *Angelo*,—
The provoſt he ſhall bear them,—whose contents
Shall witneſs to him, I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publickly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the conſecrated fount,
A league below the city; And from thence,
By cold gradation, and weal-balanc'd form,
We ſhall proceed with *Angelo*.

Re-enter Provoſt.

Prov. Here † is the head; I'll carry it myſelf.

Duke. Convenient is it: Make a ſwift return;
For I would commune with you of ſuch things,
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all ſpeed. [*Exit* Provoſt.

Isab. [*within.*] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of *Isabell*: She's come to know
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of deſpair,
When it is leaſt expected.

[7] To yond generation

Enter ISABELLA.

ISAB. Ho, by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

ISAB. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, *Isabell*, from the world;
His head is off, and sent to *Angelo*.

ISAB. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other:
In your close patience, daughter, shew your wisdom.

ISAB. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

ISAB. Unhappy *Claudio!* Wretched *Isabell!*
Injurious world! Most damned *Angelo!*

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.
Mark what I say; which you shall surely find,
By every syllable, a faithful verity:
The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your eyes;—
One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: already he hath carry'd
Notice to *Escalus* and *Angelo*;
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power: If you can, pace your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go;
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.

ISAB. I am directed by you.

Duke. This † letter then to friar *Peter* give;
'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company

† v. *Note.*

At *Mariana*'s houſe to-night. Her cause, and yours,
I'll perfect him withal; and he ſhall bring you
Before the duke; and to the head of *Angelo*
Accuse him home and home: For my poor ſelf,
I am combined by a ſacred vow,
And ſhall be abſent. Wend you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; truſt not my holy order,
If I pervert your courſe.—Who's here?

Enter Lucio.

Luci. Good even!
Friar, where is the provoſt?

Duke. Not within, ſir.

Luci. O pretty *Isabella*, I am pale at mine heart, to ſee thine eyes ſo red: thou muſt be patient: I am fain to dine and ſup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would ſet me to't: But, they ſay, the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, *Isabell*, I lov'd your brother: if the old fantaſtical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived.

[*Exit* Isabella.

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholding to your reports; but the beſt is, he lives not in them.

Luci. Friar, thou knoweſt not the duke ſo well as I do: he's a better woodman than thou tak'ſt him for.

Duke. Well, you'll anſwer this one day: Fare ye well.

Luci. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, ſir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Luci. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you ſuch a thing?

Luci. Yes, marry, did I: but I was fain to forſwear it; they would elſe have marry'd me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honeſt: Reſt you well.

Luci. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it: Nay, friar, I am a kind of bur, I ſhall ſtick.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Room in* Angelo's *Houſe.*

Enter Angelo, *and* Escalus.

Esca. Every letter he hath writ hath diſvouch'd other.

Ange. In moſt uneven and diſtracted manner: his actions ſhew much like to madneſs; Pray heaven, his wisdom be not tainted? And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

Esca. I gueſs not.

Ange. And why ſhould we proclaim it in an hour before his entring, that, if any crave redreſs of injuſtice, they ſhould exhibit their petitions in the ſtreet?

Esca. He ſhews his reason for that: to have a diſpatch of complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which ſhall then have no power to ſtand againſt us.

Ange. Well, I beſeech you, let it be proclaim'd: Betimes i' the morn, I'll call you at your houſe:

[21] re-liver

Give notice to ſuch men of ſort and ſuit
As are to meet him.

Esca. I ſhall, ſir: Fare you well.

Ange. Good night.— [*Exit* Escalus.

This deed unſhapes me quite, makes me unpregnant
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The law againſt it! But that her tender ſhame
Will not proclaim againſt her maiden loſs,
How might ſhe tongue me? Yet reason dares her? no;
For my authority bears a credent bulk,
That no particular ſcandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He ſhould have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous ſenſe,
Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge,
By ſo receiving a diſhonour'd life,
With ranſom of ſuch ſhame. 'Would yet he had liv'd!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not.

SCENE V. *Fields without the Gate.*

Enter Duke, *and Friar* Peter.

Duke. These † letters at fit time deliver me.
The provoſt knows our purpose, and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your inſtruction,
And hold you ever to our ſpecial drift;
Though ſometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth miniſter. Go, call at *Flavius'* houſe,
And tell him where I ſtay: give the like notice
To *Valentinus*, *Rowland*, and to *Craſſus*,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But ſend me *Flavius* firſt.

11 beares of a 28 *Flavia's* 30 *Valencius*

Friar. It ſhall be ſpeeded well. [*Exit.*

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. I thank thee, *Varrius*; thou haſt made good haſte:
Come, we will walk: There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle *Varrius.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Street near the Gate.*

Enter ISABELLA, *and* MARIANA.

ISAB. To ſpeak ſo indirectly, I am loth;
I would ſay the truth; but to accuse him ſo,
That is your part: yet I'm advis'd to do it;
He ſays, to 'vailful purpose.

MARI. Be rul'd by him.

ISAB. Beſides, he tells me, that, if peradventure
He ſpeak againſt me on the adverſe ſide,
I ſhould not think it ſtrange; for 'tis a physick,
That's bitter to ſweet end.

MARI. I would, friar *Peter*—

ISAB. O, peace; the friar is come.

Enter Friar Peter.

Friar. Come, I have found you out a ſtand moſt fit,
Where you may have ſuch vantage on the duke,
He ſhall not paſs you: Twice have the trumpets ſounded;
The generous and graveſt citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The duke is entring; therefore hence, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, The City Gate.

A State with Chairs under it: Crowds of Citizens, LUCIO, Provoſt, *Officers,* &c. *attending:*

MARIANA *veil'd*, ISABELL, *and Friar* Peter, *at their Stand.*
Enter, at opposite Doors, Duke, VARRIUS;
ANGELO, ESCALUS; *and their Trains.*

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met:—
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to ſee you.
ANG. ESC. Happy return be to your royal grace!
Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodneſs of your juſtice, that our ſoul
Cannot but yield you forth to publick thanks,
Fore-running more requital.
ANGE. You make my bonds ſtill greater. [it,
Duke. O, your desert ſpeaks loud; and I ſhould wrong
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves, with characters of braſs,
A forted residence, 'gainſt the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion: Give me your hand,
And let the ſubject ſee, to make them know
That outward courteſies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come, *Eſcalus*;
You muſt walk by us on our other hand;—
And good ſupporters are you.
Peter, *and* ISABELLA, *come forward.* [him.
Friar. Now is your time; ſpeak loud, and kneel before
ISAB. Juſtice, o royal duke! vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have ſaid, a maid!
O worthy prince, diſhonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
'Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me juſtice, juſtice, juſtice, juſtice! [brief;
Duke. Relate your wrongs; In what? By whom? be

[18] Give we your

Here is lord *Angelo* ſhall give you juſtice;
Reveal yourſelf to him.

Isab. O worthy duke,
You bid me ſeek redemption of the devil;
Hear me yourſelf; for that which I muſt ſpeak
Muſt either puniſh me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redreſs from you: hear me, o, hear me, here.

Ange. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a ſuitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by courſe of juſtice;

Isab. Courſe of juſtice!

Ange. And ſhe will ſpeak moſt bitterly, and ſtrange.

Isab. Moſt ſtrange, but yet moſt truly, will I ſpeak:
That *Angelo*'s forſworn; Is it not ſtrange?
That *Angelo*'s a murtherer; Is't not ſtrange?
That *Angelo* is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violater;
Is it not ſtrange, and ſtrange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times ſtrange.

Isab. It is not truer he is *Angelo*,
Than this is all as true as it is ſtrange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her:—Poor ſoul,
She ſpeaks this in the infirmity of ſenſe.

Isab. O prince, I do conjure thee, as thou believ'ſt
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madneſs; make not impoſſible
That which but ſeems unlike: 'tis not impoſſible,
But one, the wicked'ſt caitiff on the ground,
May ſeem as ſhy, as grave, as juſt, as abſolute,

[11] By courſe

As *Angelo*; even ſo may *Angelo*,
In all his dreſſings, charačts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain: believe it, royal prince;
If he be leſs, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badneſs.

Duke. By mine honeſty,
If ſhe be mad (as I believe no other)
Her madneſs hath the oddeſt frame of ſenſe,
Such a dependancy of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madneſs.

Isab. O gracious duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not baniſh reason
For inequality: but let your reason ſerve
To make the truth appear, where it ſeems hid;
And hide the falſe, ſeems true.

Duke. Many, that are not mad,
Have, ſure, more lack of reason.—What would you ſay?

Isab. I am the ſiſter of one *Claudio*,
Condemn'd upon the ačt of fornication
To loſe his head; condemn'd by *Angelo*:
I, in probation of a ſiſterhood,
Was ſent to by my brother; one *Lucio*
As then the meſſenger:

Luci. That's I, an't like your grace:
I came to her from *Claudio*, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with lord *Angelo*,
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to ſpeak.

Luci. No, my good lord;
Nor wiſh'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wiſh you now then;

Pray you, take note of it:
And, when you have a busineſs for yourſelf,
Pray heaven, you then be perfect.
Luci. I warrant your honour.
Duke. The warrant's for yourſelf; take heed to it.
Isab. This gentleman told ſomewhat of my tale:
Luci. Right.
Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To ſpeak before your time. — Proceed.
Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy:
Duke. That's ſomewhat madly ſpoken.
Isab. Pardon it;
The phraſe is to the matter.
Duke. Mended again: — Proceed.
Isab. In brief,— to ſet the needleſs proceſs by,
How I perſuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, and how I reply'd,
(For this was of much length) — the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and ſhame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaſt body
To his concupiſcible intemperate luſt,
Releaſe my brother; and, after much debatement,
My ſiſterly remorſe confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him: but the next morn betimes,
His purpoſe forfeiting, he ſends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.
Duke. This is moſt likely·
Isab. O, that it were as like as it is true! [thou ſpeak'ſt;
Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'ſt not what
Or elſe thou art ſuborn'd againſt his honour,
In hateful practice: Firſt, his integrity

25 againe; the matter: proceed 26 ſurfetting

Stands without blemiſh: next, it imports no reason,
That with ſuch vehemency he ſhould purſue
Faults proper to himſelf: if he had ſo offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himſelf,
And not have cut him off: Some one hath ſet you on;
Confeſs the truth, and ſay by whose advice
Thou cam'ſt here to complain.

Isab. And is this all?
Then, o you bleſſed miniſters above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance!—Heaven ſhield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!

Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone:—An officer!
To prison with her:—Shall we thus permit
A blaſting and a ſcandalous name to fall
On him ſo near us? This needs muſt be a practice:—
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, friar *Lodowick.*

Duke. A ghoſtly father, belike:—Who knows that *Lodo-*

Luci. My lord, I know him; 'tis a medling friar; [*wick?*
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he ſpake againſt your grace
In your retirement, I had ſwing'd him ſoundly.

Duke. Words againſt me? this' a good friar, belike!
And to ſet on this wretched woman here
Againſt our ſubſtitute!—Let this friar be found.

Luci. But yeſternight, my lord, ſhe and that friar
I ſaw them at the prison: a ſawcy friar,
A very ſcurvy fellow.

Friar. Bleſſ'd be your royal grace!
I have ſtood by, my lord, and I have heard

Your royal ear abus'd: Firſt, hath this woman
Moſt wrongfully accus'd your ſubſtitute;
Who is as free from touch or ſoil with her,
As ſhe from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no leſs.
Know you that friar *Lodowick*, which ſhe ſpeaks of?

Friar. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not ſcurvy, nor a temporary medler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my truſt, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, miſreport your grace.

Lucr. My lord, moſt villanouſly; believe it.

Friar. Well, he in time may come to clear himſelf;
But at this inſtant he is ſick, my lord,
Of a ſtrange fever: upon his meer requeſt,
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainſt lord *Angelo*) came I hither,
To ſpeak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and falſe; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whenſoever he's convented. Firſt, for this woman,
(To juſtify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and perſonally accus'd)
Her ſhall you hear diſproved to her eyes,
'Till ſhe herſelf confeſs it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it. —

Officers bear off ISABELLA; *and*
MARIANA *comes forward.*

Do you not ſmile at this, lord *Angelo?* —
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools! —
Give us ſome ſeats. — Come, couſin *Angelo*;
In this I will be partial; be you judge

32 I'll be impartiall

Of your own cause. — Is this the witneſs, friar?
Firſt, let her ſhew her face; and, after, ſpeak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not ſhew my face,
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you marry'd?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Widow then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. What, are you nothing then?
Neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Luci. My lord, ſhe may be a punk; for many of them
Are neither maid, widow, nor wife. [cauſe

Duke. Silence that fellow: — I would he had ſome
To prattle for himſelf.

Luci. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confeſs, I ne'er was marry'd;
And I confeſs, beſides, I am no maid:
I have known my husband; yet my husband knows not
That ever he knew me.

Luci. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of ſilence, 'would thou wert ſo too.

Luci. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witneſs for lord *Angelo.*

Mari. Now I come to 't, my lord:
She, that accuſes him of fornication,
In ſelf-ſame manner doth accuſe my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with ſuch a time,
When I'll depoſe I had him in mine arms,

With all the effect of love.

Ange. Charges ſhe more than me?

Mari. Not that I know of.

Duke. No? you ſay, your husband.

Mari. Why, juſt, my lord, and that is *Angelo*;
Who thinks, he knows that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows, he thinks, that he knows *Isabell*'s.

Ange. This is a ſtrange abuſe:—Let's ſee thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmaſk.—
This is that face, thou cruel *Angelo*,
Which, once thou ſwor'ſt, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was faſt belock'd in thine: this is the body
That took away the match from *Isabell*,
And did ſupply thee at thy garden-houſe
In her imagin'd perſon.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Luci. Carnally, ſhe ſays.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Luci. Enough, my lord.

Ange. My lord, I muſt confeſs, I know this woman;
And, five years ſince, there was ſome ſpeech of marriage
Betwixt myſelf and her: which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promised proportions
Came ſhort of composition; but, in chief,
For that her reputation was diſvalu'd
In levity: ſince which time, of five years,
I never ſpake with her, ſaw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble prince, [breath,
As there comes light from heaven, and words from
As there is ſenſe in truth, and truth in virtue,

I am affianc'd this man's wife, as ſtrongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But tuesday night laſt gone, in his garden-houſe,
He knew me as a wife: As this is true,
Let me in ſafety raise me from my knees;
Or elſe for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!

Ange. I did but ſmile till now;
Now, good my lord, give me the ſcope of juſtice,
My patience here is touch'd: I do perceive,
These poor informal women are no more
But inſtruments of ſome more mightier member,
That ſets them on: Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And puniſh them even to your height of pleasure. —
Thou fooliſh friar; and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone! think'ſt thou, thy oaths,
Though they would ſwear down each particular ſaint,
Were teſtimonies againſt his worth and credit
That's ſeal'd in approbation? — You, lord *Eſcalus*,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuſe, whence 'tis deriv'd. —
There is another friar, that ſet them on;
Let him be ſent for.

Friar. 'Would he were here, my lord; for he, indeed,
Hath ſet the women on to this complaint:
Your provoſt knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it inſtantly. — [*Exit* Provoſt.
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,

Do with your injuries as ſeems you beſt,
In any chaſtiſement: I for a while
Will leave you; but ſtir not you, 'till you have well
Determined upon these ſlanderers.

Esca. My lord, we'll do it throughly.— [*Exit* Duke. Eſcalus, *and* Angelo, *ſeat themſelves.* Signior *Lucio*, did not you ſay, you knew that friar *Lodowick* to be a diſhoneſt perſon.

Luci. *Cucullus non facit monachum:* honeſt in nothing, but in his cloths; and one that hath ſpoke moſt villanous ſpeeches of the duke.

Esca. We ſhall intreat you to abide here 'till he come, and inforce them againſt him:—We ſhall find this friar a notable fellow.

Luci. As any in *Vienna*, on my word.

Esca. Call that ſame *Isabell* here once again; [*to an Attendant.*] I would ſpeak with her:—Pray you, my lord, give me leave to queſtion; you ſhall ſee how I'll handle her.

Luci. Not better than he, by her own report.

Esca. Say you?

Luci. Marry, ſir, I think, if you handl'd her privately, ſhe would ſooner confeſs; perchance, publickly ſhe'll be aſham'd.

Re-enter Officers, with Isabella; *and* Provoſt, *with the* Duke *in his Friar's Habit.*

Esca. I will go darkly to work with her.

Luci. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Esca. Come on, miſtreſs; [*to* Isab.] here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have ſaid.

Luci. My lord, here comes the raſcal, I ſpoke of;

here with the provoſt.

Esca. In very good time: ſpeak not you to him, 'till we call upon you.

Luci. Mum.

Esca. Come, ſir; Did you ſet these women on to ſlander lord *Angelo?* they have confeſſ'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis falſe.

Esca. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Reſpect to your great place! and let the devil
Be ſometime honour'd for his burning throne: —
Where is the duke? 'tis he ſhould hear me ſpeak.

Esca. The duke's in us; and we will hear you ſpeak:
Look you ſpeak juſtly.

Duke. Boldly, at leaſt: — But, o, poor ſouls,
Come you to ſeek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redreſs: Is the duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjuſt,
Thus to retort your manifeſt appeal;
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Luci. This is the raſcal; this is he, I ſpoke of.

Esca. Why, thou unreverend, and unhallow'd friar!
Is't not enough, thou haſt ſuborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man; but, in foul mouth,
And in the witneſs of his proper ear,
To call him villain?
And then to glance from him to the duke himſelf;
To tax him with injuſtice? — Take him hence;
To the rack with him: — We'll towze you joint by joint,
But we will know this purpose: What, unjuſt?

Duke. Be not ſo hot; the duke
Dare no more ſtretch this finger of mine, than he

Dare rack his own; his ſubject am I not,
Nor here provincial: My buſineſs in this ſtate
Made me a looker-on here in *Vienna*;
Where I have ſeen corruption boil and bubble,
'Till it o'er-run the ſtew: laws for all faults;
But faults ſo countenanc'd, that the ſtrong ſtatutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's ſhop,
As much in mock as mark.

Esca. Slander to the ſtate:—
Away with him to prison.

Ange. What can you vouch againſt him, ſignior *Lucio?*
Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Luci. 'Tis he, my lord.—Come hither, goodman bald-pate; Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, ſir, by the ſound of your voice; I met you at the priſon, in the abſence of the duke.

Luci. O, did you ſo? And do you remember what you ſaid of the duke?

Duke. Moſt notedly, ſir.

Luci. Do you ſo, ſir? And was the duke a fleſh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You muſt, ſir, change perſons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, ſpoke ſo of him; and much more, much worſe.

Luci. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy ſpeeches?

Duke. I proteſt, I love the duke, as I love myſelf.

Ange. Hark how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuſes.

Esca. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal:—

Away with him to prison; — Where is the provoſt? — Away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him: let him ſpeak no more: Away with those giglots too, and with the other confederate companion.

Duke. Stay, ſir; ſtay a while. [*to the* Provoſt.

Angе. What, reſiſts he? — Help him, *Lucio.*

Luci. Come, ſir; come, ſir; come, ſir: foh, ſir: Why, you bald-pated, lying raſcal! you muſt be hooded, muſt you? ſhow your knave's visage, with a pox to you! ſhow your ſheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour! Will't not off?

[*pulls the Hood off, and diſcovers him.*

Duke. Thou art the firſt knave, that e'er made a Firſt, provoſt, let me bail these gentle three: — [duke. — Sneak not away, ſir; [*to* Luci.] for the friar, and you, Muſt have a word anon: — lay hold on him.

Luci. This may prove worſe than hanging. [down,

Duke. What you have ſpoke, [*to* Eſca.] I pardon; ſit you We'll borrow place of him; — Sir, by your leave.

[*thruſts* Angelo *from his Chair, and ſeats himſelf in it.*

Haſt thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? if thou haſt,
Rely upon it, 'till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Angе. O my dread lord,
I ſhould be guiltier than my guiltineſs,
To think I can be undiscernable,
When I perceive, your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my paſſes: Then, good prince,
No longer ſeſſion hold upon my ſhame,
But let my trial be mine own confeſſion;
Immediate ſentence then, and ſequent death,

Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, *Mariana:*—
Say, waſt thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ange. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go, take her hence, and marry her inſtantly.—
Do you the office, friar; which conſummate,
Return him here again:—Go with him, provoſt.

[*Exeunt* Provoſt, Friar, Angelo, *and* Mariana.

Esca. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his diſhonour,
Than at the ſtrangeneſs of—

Duke. Come hither, *Isabell:*
Your friar is now your prince; As I was then
Advertising, and holy to your buſineſs,
Not changing heart with habit, I am ſtill
Attorney'd at your ſervice.

Isab. O, give me pardon,
That I, your vaſſal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown ſovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, *Isabell:*
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, ſits at your heart;
And you may marvel, why I obſcur'd myſelf,
Labouring to ſave his life, and would not rather
Make raſh remonſtrance of my hidden power,
Than let him ſo be loſt: o moſt kind maid,
It was the quick celerity of his death,
Which I did think with ſlower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose: But, peace be with him!
That life is better life, paſt fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Re-enter Provoſt, Friar, Angelo, *and* Mariana.

10 of it.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-marry'd man, approaching here,
Whose ſalt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you muſt pardon
For *Mariana*'s ſake: But as he adjudg'd your brother,
(Being criminal, in double violation
Of ſacred chaſtity; and in promise breach,
Thereon dependant for your brother's life)
The very mercy of the law cries out
Moſt audible, even from his proper tongue,
An Angelo *for* Claudio, *death for death:*
Haſte ſtill pays haſte, and leisure anſwers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and *Measure* ſtill *for Measure.*—
Then, *Angelo*, thy fault's thus manifeſted;
Which though thou would'ſt deny, denies thee vantage:
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where *Claudio* ſtoop'd to death, and with like haſte;—
Away with him.

Mari. O my moſt gracious lord,
I hope, you will not mock me with a husband!

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband:
Conſenting to the ſafe-guard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; elſe imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choak your good to come: for his poſſeſſions,
Although by confiſcation they are ours,
We do enſtate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle my liege— [*kneels to him.*

[7] and of promiſe

Duke. You do but lose your labour;—
Away with him to death.—Now, ſir, [*to* Luci.] to you.
Mari. O my good lord!—Sweet *Isabell*, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you, all my life to do you ſervice.
Duke. Againſt all ſenſe you do impórtune her;
Should ſhe kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghoſt his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.
Mari. Isabell,
Sweet *Isabell*, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, ſay nothing, I'll ſpeak all.
They ſay, beſt men are molded out of faults;
And, for the moſt, become much more the better
For being a little bad: ſo may my husband.
O, *Isabell!* will you not lend a knee?
Duke. He dies for *Claudio*'s death.
Isab. Moſt bounteous ſir, [*kneels.*
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due ſincerity govern'd his deeds,
'Till he did look on me; ſince it is ſo,
Let him not dye: My brother had but juſtice,
In that he did the thing for which he dy'd:
For *Angelo*,
His act did not o'er-take his bad intent;
And muſt be bury'd but as an intent,
That periſh'd by the way: thoughts are no ſubjects;
Intents, but meerly thoughts.
Mari. Meerly, my lord.
Duke. Your ſuit's unprofitable; ſtand up, I ſay.—
I have bethought me of another fault:—

Provoſt, how came it *Claudio* was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded ſo.

Duke. Had you a ſpecial warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private meſſage.

Duke. For which I do diſcharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For teſtimony whereof, one in the prison,
That ſhould by private order elſe have dy'd,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is *Barnardine.*

Duke. I wiſh thou had'ſt done ſo by *Claudio.*
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.
[*Exit* Provoſt.

Esca. I am ſorry, one ſo learned and ſo wise
As you, lord *Angelo*, have ſtill appear'd,
Should ſlip ſo groſſly, both in the heat of blood
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ange. I am ſorry, that ſuch ſorrow I procure:
And ſo deep ſticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'Tis my deserving, and I do intreat it.

Re-enter Provoſt, *with* Barnardine; Claudio *behind, and* Julietta, *both muffl'd up.*

Duke. Which is that *Barnardine?*

Prov. This, my good Lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man:—
Sirrah, thou art ſaid to have a ſtubborn ſoul,

That apprehends no further than this world,
And ſquar'ſt thy life according: Thou'rt condemn'd:
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;
And pray thee take this mercy to provide
For better times to come:—Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand.—What muffl'd fellow's that?

Prov. This is another prisoner, that I ſav'd,
Who ſhould have dy'd when *Claudio* loſt his head;
As like almoſt to *Claudio*, as himſelf.

[*unmuffles, and diſcovers him.*

Duke. If he be like your brother, [*to* Isab.] for his ſake
Is he too pardon'd; And, for your lovely ſake,
Give me your hand, and ſay you will be mine,
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that.
By this, lord *Angelo* perceives he's ſafe;
Methinks, I ſee a quick'ning in his eye:—
Well, *Angelo*, your evil quits you well:
Look that you love your wife; her worth worth yours.—
I find an apt remiſſion in myſelf:
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon;—
You, ſirrah, [*to* Luci.] that knew me for a fool, a coward,
One all of luxury, an aſs, a madman;
Wherein have I deserved ſo of you,
That you extol me thus?

Luci. Faith, my lord, I ſpoke it but according to the trick: if you will hang me for it, you may; but I had rather it would please you I might be whip'd.

Duke. Whip'd firſt, ſir, and hang'd after.—
Proclaim it, provoſt, round about the city;
If any woman, wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him ſwear himſelf, there's one

23 ſo deſerv'd

Whom he begot with child) let her appear,
And he ſhall marry her: the nuptial finiſh'd,
Let him be whip'd, and hang'd.

Luci. I beſeech your highneſs, do not marry me to a whore! your highneſs ſaid even now, I made you a duke; good my lord, do not recompence me, in making me a cuckold!

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou ſhalt marry her.
Thy ſlanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits:—Take him to prison,
And ſee our pleasure herein executed.

Luci. Marrying a punk, my lord, is preſſing to death, Whiping, and hanging.

Duke. Sland'ring a prince deserves it.—
She, *Claudio*, that you wrong'd, look you reſtore.—
Joy to you, *Mariana!*—love her, *Angelo*;
I have confeſſ'd her, and I know her virtue.—
Thanks, good friend *Eſcalus*, for thy much goodneſs:
There's more behind, that is more gratulate.—
Thanks, provoſt, for thy care, and ſecrecy;
We ſhall imploy thee in a worthier place:—
Forgive him, *Angelo*, that brought you home
The head of *Ragozine* for *Claudio*'s;
The offence pardons itſelf.—Dear *Isabell*,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine:—
So bring us to our palace; where we'll ſhow
What's yet behind, that's meet you all ſhould know.

[*Exeunt.*

The

COMEDY

of

ERRORS.

Perſons represented.

Solinus, *Duke of* Epheſus.
Egeon, *an old Merchant of* Syracuſe.
Antiphilus Syracuſan, } *Twins, and Sons to*
Antiphilus Ephesian, } Egeon *and* Emilia.
Dromio Syracuſan, } *Twins likewise, and Atten-*
Dromio Ephesian, } *dants upon the Brothers.*
Doctor Pinch, *a Conjurer.*
Angelo, *a Goldſmith.*
Balthazar, *a Merchant.*
two other Merchants, Jailer,
Officer, Servant to Adriana.

Emilia, *Wife to* Egeon, *living an Abbeſs in* Epheſus.
Adriana, *Wife to* Antiphilus Ephesian:
Luciana, *her Siſter:*
Luce, *her Maid.*

Divers other Officers, Citizens, Guards, &c.

Scene, Epheſus.

The
COMEDY of ERRORS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Epheſus. *A publick Place.*

Enter Duke, *attended*; EGEON, *Jailer*, *Officers*, &c.

EGE. Proceed, *Solinus*, to procure my fall;
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of *Syracuſa*, plead no more;
I am not partial, to infringe our laws:
The enmity and diſcord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have ſeal'd his rigorous ſtatutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, ſince the mortal and inteſtine jars
'Twixt thy ſeditious countrymen and us,
It hath in ſolemn ſynods been decreed,
Both by the *Syracuſans* and ourſelves,
To admit no traffick to our adverſe towns:
Nay, more, If any, born at *Epheſus*,

Be ſeen at *Syracuſan* marts and fairs,
Again, if any, *Syracuſan* born,
Come to the bay of *Epheſus*, he dies,
His goods confiſcate to the duke's diſpose;
Unleſs a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ranſom him:
Thy ſubſtance, valu'd at the higheſt rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to dye.

Ege. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening ſun.

Duke. Well, *Syracuſan*, ſay, in brief, the cause
Why thou departed'ſt from thy native home;
And for what cause thou cam'ſt to *Epheſus*.

Ege. A heavier taſk could not have been impos'd,
Than I to ſpeak my griefs unſpeakable:
Yet, that the world may witneſs, that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my ſorrow gives me leave.
In *Syracuſa* was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increaſ'd
By proſperous voyages I often made
To *Epidamnum*, 'till my factor's death;
And he great ſtore of goods at random leaving
Drew me from kind embracements of my ſpouse:
From whom my abſence was not ſix months old,
Before herſelf (almoſt at fainting, under
The pleasing puniſhment that women bear)
Had made provision for her following me,
And ſoon, and ſafe, arrived where I was.

1 at any *Sira-* 26 randone

There had ſhe not been long, but ſhe became
A joyful mother of two goodly ſons;
And, which was ſtrange, the one ſo like the other,
As could not be diſtinguiſh'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the ſelf-ſame inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of ſuch a burthen, male twins, both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my ſons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two ſuch boys,
Made daily motions for our home-return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas, too ſoon.
We came aboard:
A league from *Epidamnum* had we ſail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragick inſtance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obſcured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which though myſelf would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the inceſſant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what ſhe ſaw muſt come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for faſhion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to ſeek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means was none.
The ſailors ſought for ſafety by our boat,
And left the ſhip, then ſinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter born,
Had faſten'd him unto a ſmall ſpare maſt,
Such as ſea-faring men provide for ſtorms;

To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilſt I had been like heedful of the other:
The children thus diſpos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Faſten'd ourſelves at either end the maſt;
Which floating ſtraight, obedient to the ſtream,
Was carry'd towards *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length the ſun, gazing upon the earth,
Diſperſ'd those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wiſh'd light,
The ſeas waxt calm, and we diſcovered
Two ſhips from far making amain to us,
Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidaurus* this:
But ere they came,—O, let me ſay no more;
Gather the ſequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off ſo;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Ege. O, had the gods done ſo, I had not now
Worthily term'd them mercileſs to us!
For, ere the ſhips could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently born upon,
Our helpful ſhip was ſplitted in the midſt,
So that, in this unjuſt divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to ſorrow for.
Her part, poor ſoul, ſeeming as burdened
With leſſer weight, but not with leſſer woe,
Was carry'd with more ſpeed before the wind;
And in our ſight they three were taken up
By fiſhermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length, another ſhip had ſeiz'd on us;

6 And floating 22 borne up upon

And, knowing whom it was their hap to ſave,
Gave helpful welcome to their ſhipwreckt gueſts;
And would have reft the fiſhers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very ſlow of ſail,
And therefore homeward did they bind their courſe.
Thus have you heard me ſever'd from my bliſs;
That by miſfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell ſad ſtories of mine own miſhaps.

Duke. And, for the ſake of them thou ſorrow'ſt for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

Ege. My youngeſt boy, and yet my eldeſt care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother; and importun'd me,
That his attendant (for his caſe was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name)
Might bear him company in the queſt of him:
Whom whilſt I labour'd of a love to ſee,
I hazarded the loſs of whom I lov'd.
Five ſummers have I ſpent in fartheſt *Greece*,
Roaming clean through the bounds of *Aſia*,
And, coaſting homeward, came to *Epheſus*;
Hopeleſs to find, yet loth to leave unſought
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here muſt end the ſtory of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapleſs *Egeon*, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire miſhap!
Now, truſt me, were it not againſt our laws,
Againſt my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not diſannul,

My ſoul ſhould ſue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And paſſed ſentence may not be recall'd
But to our honour's great diſparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
I'll therefore, merchant, limit thee this day
To ſeek thy help by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou haſt in *Epheſus*;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the ſum,
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to dye:—
So, jailer, take him to thy cuſtody.

Jai. I will, my lord.

Ege. Hopeleſs, and helpleſs, doth *Egeon* wend,
But to procraſtinate his lifeleſs end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The ſame.*

Enter Antiphilus Syracuſan, Dromio Syracuſan, *and a* Merchant.

Mer. Therefore give out, you are of *Epidamnum*,
Leſt that your goods too ſoon be confiſcate.
This very day, a *Syracuſan* merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the ſtatute of the town,
Dies ere the weary ſun ſet in the weſt.
There is † your money, that I had to keep.

A. S. Go, bear it † to the centaur, where we hoſt;
And ſtay there, *Dromio*, 'till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner time:
'Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return and ſleep within mine inn;

6 Therefore Marchant, Ile 10 if no,

For with long travel I am ſtiff and weary.
Get thee away.

D. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having ſo good a means.

[*Exit* DROMIO.

A. S. A truſty villain, ſir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jeſts.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, ſir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit,
I crave your pardon: ſoon at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward conſort you 'till bed-time;
My preſent buſineſs calls me from you now.

A. S. Farewel 'till then: I will go loſe myſelf,
And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Exit* Merchant.

A. S. He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean ſeeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unſeen, inquiſitive, confounds himſelf:
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In queſt of them, unhappy, loſe myſelf.

Enter DROMIO Ephesian.

Here comes the almanack of my true date. —
What now? How chance, thou art return'd ſo ſoon?

D. E. Return'd ſo ſoon? rather approach'd too late:

The capon burns, the pig falls from the ſpit;
The clock hath ſtrucken twelve upon the bell,
My miſtreſs made it one upon my cheek:
She is ſo hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no ſtomack;
You have no ſtomack, having broke your faſt;
But we, that know what 'tis to faſt and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

A. S. Stop in your wind, ſir: tell me this, I pray,
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

D. E. O, ſixpence, that I had o' we'nsday laſt,
To pay the ſadler for my miſtreſs' crupper;—
The ſadler had it, ſir, I kept it not.

A. S. I am not in a ſportive humour now;
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being ſtrangers here, how dar'ſt thou truſt
So great a charge from thine own cuſtody?

D. E. I pray you, jeſt, ſir, as you ſit at dinner:
I from my miſtreſs come to you in poſt;
If I return, I ſhall be poſt indeed,
For ſhe will ſcore your fault upon my pate.
Methinks, your maw, like mine, ſhould be your clock,
And ſtrike you home without a meſſenger.

A. S. Come, *Dromio*, come, these jeſts are out of ſeaſon,
Reſerve them 'till a merrier hour than this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

D. E. To me, ſir? why, you gave no gold to me.

A. S. Come on, ſir knave, have done your fooliſhneſs,
And tell me how thou haſt diſpos'd thy charge.

D. E. My charge was but to bring you from the mart
Home to your houſe, the phœnix, ſir, to dinner;

My miſtreſs, and her ſiſter, ſtays for you.

A. S. Now, as I am a chriſtian, anſwer me
In what ſafe place you have diſpos'd my money;
Or I ſhall break that merry ſconce of yours,
That ſtands on tricks when I am undiſpos'd:
Where is the thousand marks thou hadſt of me?

D. E. I have ſome marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my miſtreſs' marks upon my ſhoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both:
If I ſhould pay your worſhip those again,
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently. [thou?

A. S. Thy miſtreſs' marks! what miſtreſs, ſlave, haſt

D. E. Your worſhip's wife, my miſtreſs at the phœnix;
She that doth faſt, 'till you come home to dinner,
And prays, that you will hye you home to dinner.

A. S. What, will you flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you † that, ſir knave.

D. E. What mean you, ſir? for god's ſake, hold your
Nay, an you will not, ſir, I'll take my heels. [hands:
[*Exit* DROMIO.

A. S. Upon my life, by ſome device, or other,
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.
They ſay, this town is full of cozenage;
As nimble juglers that deceive the eye,
Dark working ſorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
Diſguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many ſuch like liberties of ſin:
If it prove ſo, I will be gone the ſooner.
I'll to the centaur, to go ſeek this ſlave;
I greatly fear, my money is not ſafe. [*Exit.*

---

† ore-wrought

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The ſame.*

Enter ADRIANA, *and* LUCIANA.

ADR. Neither my husband, nor the ſlave return'd,
That in ſuch haſte I ſent to ſeek his maſter!
Sure, *Luciana*, it is two o'clock.
LUC. Perhaps, ſome merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's ſomewhere gone to dinner.
Good ſiſter, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is maſter of his liberty:
Time is their maſter; and, when they ſee time,
They'll go, or come: if ſo, be patient, ſiſter.
ADR. Why ſhould their liberty than ours be more?
LUC. Because their buſineſs ſtill lies out o'door.
ADR. Look, when I ſerve him ſo, he takes it ill.
LUC. O, know, he is the bridle of your will.
ADR. There's none but aſſes will be bridl'd ſo.
LUC. Why, head-ſtrong liberty is laſh'd with woe.
There's nothing, ſituate under heaven's eye,
But hath his bound, in earth, in ſea, in ſky:
The beaſts, the fiſhes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' ſubject, and at their controuls;
Men, more divine, the maſters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild watry ſeas,
Indu'd with intellectual ſenſe and ſoul,
Of more pre-eminence than fiſh and fowl,
Are maſters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.
ADR. This ſervitude makes you to keep unwed.

[26] Man - - Maſter [27] Lord

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.
Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.
Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.
Adr. How if your husband start some otherwhere?
Luc. 'Till he come home again, I would forbear.
Adr. Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek, that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience would'st relieve me;
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-beg'd patience in thee will be left.
Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try:—
Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter Dromio Ephesian.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master yet at hand?
D. E. At hand? nay, he is at two hands with me,
That my two ears can witness. [mind?
Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his
D. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear:
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.
Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel
His meaning?
D. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I
Could too well feel his blows; and therewithal
So doubtfully, I could scarce understand them.
Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home?
It seems, he hath great care to please his wife.
D. E. Why, mistress, sure, my master is horn-mad.

21 and that 29 that I

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

D. E. I mean not, cuckold-mad;
But, ſure, he is ſtark mad.
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He aſk'd me for a thousand marks in gold:
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:
Your meat doth burn, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:
Will you come home, quoth I? *My gold*, quoth he;
Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, *is burn'd*; *My gold*, quoth he:
My miſtreſs, ſir,—quoth I; *Hang up thy miſtreſs;*
I know not of thy miſtreſs; out on thy miſtreſs,
Quoth he!

Luc. Quoth who?

D. E. Why, quoth my maſter:
I know, quoth he, *no houſe, no wife, no miſtreſs*;—
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my ſhoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou ſlave, and fetch him home.

D. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home:—
For god's ſake, ſend ſome other meſſenger.

Adr. Back, ſlave, or I will break thy pate acroſs.

D. E. And he will bleſs that croſs with other beating:
Between you I ſhall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant, fetch thy maſter home.

D. E. Am I ſo round with you, as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you do ſpurn me thus?
You ſpurn me hence, and he will ſpurn me hither;
If I laſt in this ſervice, you muſt caſe me in leather.
[*Exit* Dromio.

Luc. Fie, how impatience loureth in your face!

Adr. His company muſt do his minions grace,
Whilſt I at home ſtarve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then, he hath waſted it:
Are my diſcourſes dull, barren my wit?
If voluble and ſharp diſcourſe be mar'd,
Unkindneſs blunts it, more than marble-hard:
Do their gay veſtments his affections bait?
That's not my fault, he's maſter of my ſtate:
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures: My decayed fair
A ſunny look of his would ſoon repair:
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his ſtale.

Luc. Self-harming jealouſy! fie, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with ſuch wrongs diſpence:
I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
Or elſe, what lets it but he would be here?
Siſter, you know, he promis'd me a chain;—
'Would that alone alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!—
I ſee, the jewel, beſt enameled,
Will loſe his beauty; and though gold bides ſtill,
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold: and e'en ſo, man, that hath a name,
By falſhood and corruption doth it ſhame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping dye.

Luc. How many fond fools ſerve mad jealouſy!

SCENE II. *The ſame.*

24 v. *Note.*

Enter ANTIPHILUS Syracuſan.

A. S. The gold, I gave to *Dromio*, is lay'd up
Safe at the centaur; and the heedful ſlave
Is wander'd forth, in care to ſeek me out.
By computation, and mine hoſt's report,
I could not ſpeak with *Dromio*, ſince at firſt
I ſent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO Syracuſan.

How now, ſir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love ſtrokes, ſo jeſt with me again.
You know no centaur· you receiv'd no gold·
Your miſtreſs ſent to have me home to dinner·
My houſe was at the phœnix· Waſt thou mad,
That thus ſo madly thou didſt anſwer me?

D. S. What anſwer, ſir? when ſpake I ſuch a word?

A. S. Ev'n now, ev'n here, not half an hour ſince.

D. S. I did not ſee you ſince you ſent me hence,
Home to the centaur, with the gold you gave me.

A. S. Villain, thou didſt deny the gold's receipt,
And told'ſt me of a miſtreſs, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, hou felt'ſt I was diſpleas'd.

D. S. I am glad to ſee you in this merry vein:
What means this jeſt? I pray you, maſter, tell me.

A. S. Yea, doſt thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?
Think'ſt thou, I jeſt? Hold, take thou that, and that.
[*beating him.*

D. S. Hold, ſir, for god's ſake: now your jeſt is earneſt:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

A. S. Because that I familiarly ſometimes
Do uſe you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your ſaucineſs will jeſt upon my love,
And make a common of my ſerious hours.

When the ſun ſhines, let fooliſh gnats make ſport;
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.
If you will jeſt with me, know my aſpect,
And faſhion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your ſconce.

D. S. Sconce, call you it? ſo you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I muſt get a ſconce for my head, and inſconce it too, or I ſhall ſeek my wit in my ſhoulders. But, I pray, ſir, why am I beaten?

A. S. Doſt thou not know?

D. S. Nothing, ſir; but that I am beaten.

A. S. Shall I tell you why?

D. S. Ay, ſir, and wherefore; for, they ſay, Every why hath a wherefore. [fore,—

A. S. Firſt, why,— for flouting me: and then, where-For urging it the ſecond time to me.

D. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of ſeason?
When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhime nor reason.—
Well, ſir, I thank you.

A. S. Thank me, ſir? for what?

D. S. Marry, ſir, for this ſomething that you gave me for nothing.

A. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for ſomething. But ſay, ſir, is it dinner-time?

D. S. No, ſir; I think, the meat wants that I have.

A. S. In good time, ſir, what's that?

D. S. Baſting.

A. S. Well, ſir, then 'twill be dry.

D. S. If it be, ſir, I pray you, eat none of it.

A. S. Your reason?

D. S. Leſt it make you cholerick, and purchaſe me another dry baſting.

A. S. Well, ſir, learn to jeſt in good time; There's a time for all things.

D. S. I durſt have deny'd that, before you were ſo cholerick.

A. S. By what rule, ſir?

D. S. Marry, ſir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father time himſelf.

A. S. Let's hear it.

D. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

A. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

D. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the loſt hair of another man.

A. S. Why is time ſuch a niggard of hair to men, being, as it is, ſo plentiful an excrement?

D. S. Because it is a bleſſing that he beſtows on beaſts: And what he hath ſcanted them in hair, he hath given them in wit.

A. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

D. S. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to loſe his hair.

A. S. Why, thou didſt conclude hairy men plain-dealers without wit.

D. S. The plainer-dealer, the ſooner loſt: Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

A. S. For what reason?

D. S. For two; and ſound ones too.

A. S. Nay, not ſound, I pray you.

D. S. Sure ones then.

A. S. Nay, not ſure, in a thing falſing.

D. S. Certain ones then.

A. S. Name them.

D. S. The one, to ſave the money that he ſpends in tyring; the other, that at dinner they ſhould not drop in his porridge.

A. S. You would all this time have prov'd, there is no time for all things.

D. S. Marry, and did, ſir; namely, no time to recover hair loſt by nature.

A. S. But your reason was not ſubſtantial, why there is no time to recover.

D. S. Thus I mend it; Time himſelf is bald; and, therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

A. S. I knew, 'twould be a bald conclusion: —
But, ſoft! who waſts us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA, *and* LUCIANA.

ADR. Ay, ay, *Antiphilus*, look ſtrange, and frown;
Some other miſtreſs hath thy ſweet aſpects,
I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurg'd would'ſt vow,
That never words were muſick to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat ſweet-ſavour'd in thy taſte,
Unleſs I ſpake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, o, how comes it,
That thou art then eſtranged from thy ſelf?
Thy ſelf I call it, being ſtrange to me;
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear ſelf's better part.

[6] trying

Ah, do not tear away thy ſelf from me:
For know, my love, as easy may'ſt thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingl'd thence that drop again,
Without addition, or diminiſhing,
As take from me thy ſelf, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Should'ſt thou but hear, I were licentious?
And that this body, conſecrate to thee,
By ruffian luſt ſhould be contaminate?
Would'ſt thou not ſpit at me, and ſpurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the ſtain'd ſkin off my harlot brow,
And from my falſe hand cut the wedding ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know, thou canſt; and therefore, ſee, thou do it:
I am poſſeſt with an adulterate blot,
My blood is mingl'd with the crime of luſt;
For, if we two be one, and thou play falſe,
I do digeſt the poiſon of thy fleſh,
Being ſtrumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live unſtain'd, thou undiſhonoured.

A. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In *Epheſus* I am but two hours old,
As ſtrange unto your town, as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being ſcan'd,
Want wit in all one word to underſtand. [you;

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with
When were you wont to use my ſiſter thus?
She ſent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner.

A. S. By *Dromio?*

23 diſdain'd 28 Wants

D. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou didſt return from him,—
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,
Deny'd my houſe for his, me for his wife.

A. S. Did you converſe, ſir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the courſe and drift of your compáct?

D. S. I, ſir? I never ſaw her 'till this time.

A. S. Villain, thou ly'ſt; for ev'n her very words
Didſt thou deliver to me on the mart.

D. S. I never ſpake with her in all my life.

A. S. How can ſhe thus then call us by our names,
Unleſs it be by inſpiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus groſly with your ſlave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will faſten on this ſleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;
Whose weakneſs marry'd to thy ſtronger ſtate,
Makes me with thy ſtrength to communicate:
If ought poſſeſs thee from me, it is droſs,
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moſs;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion,
Infect thy ſap, and live on thy confusion. [theme:"

A. S. "To me ſhe ſpeaks; ſhe moves me for her
"What, was I marry'd to her in my dream?"
"Or ſleep I now, and think I hear all this?"
"What error drives our eyes and ears amiſs?"
"Until I know this ſure uncertainty,"
"I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy."

Luc. Dromio, go bid the ſervants ſpread for dinner.

20 ſtranger 31 the freed

D. S. O, for my beads! I croſs me for a ſinner.
This is the fairy land; — o ſpight of ſpights! —
We talk with goblins, ouphs, and elviſh ſprights:
If we obey them not, this will enſue,
They'll ſuck our breaths, or pinch us black and blue.
Luc. Why prat'ſt thou to thyſelf, and anſwer'ſt not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou ſnail, thou ſlug, thou ſot!
D. S. I am tranſformed, maſter, am not I?
A. S. I think, thou art, in mind, and ſo am I.
D. S. Nay, maſter, both in mind, and in my ſhape.
A. S. Thou haſt thine own form.
D. S. No, I am an ape.
Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an aſs.
D. S. 'Tis true; ſhe rides me, and I long for graſs.
'Tis ſo, I am an aſs; elſe it could never be,
But I ſhould know her as well as ſhe knows me.
Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye, and weep,
Whilſt man, and maſter, laughs my woes to ſcorn. —
Come, ſir, to dinner; — *Dromio*, keep the gate: —
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And ſhrive you of a thouſand idle pranks: —
Sirrah, if any aſk you for your maſter,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter. —
Come, ſiſter; — *Dromio*, play the porter well.
A. S. "Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?"
"Sleeping, or waking? mad, or well-adviſ'd?"
"Known unto theſe, and to myſelf diſguis'd!"
"I'll ſay as they ſay, and perſever ſo;"
"And in this miſt at all adventures go."
D. S. Maſter, ſhall I be porter at the gate?
A. S. Ay, and let none enter, leſt I break thy pate.

3 Goblins, Owles and Elves 7 thou *Dromio*, thou 8 I not?

Luc. Come, come, *Antiphilus*, we dine too late.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The ſame.*

Enter ANTIPHILUS Ephesian, DROMIO Ephesian; Angelo, *a Goldſmith, and* Balthazar, *a Merchant.*

A. E. Good ſignior *Angelo*, you muſt excuse us all;
My wife is ſhrewiſh, when I keep not hours:
Say, that I linger'd with you at your ſhop,
To ſee the making of her carkanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's † a villain, that would face me down,
He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold,
And that I did deny my wife and houſe: —
Thou drunkard, thou, what didſt thou mean by this?

D. E. You muſt ſay what you will, ſir, but I know what I know;
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to ſhow:
If the ſkin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own hand-writing would tell you what I think.

A. E. I think, thou art an aſs.

D. E. Marry, ſo it doth appear
By the wrongs I ſuffer, and the blows I bear.
I ſhould kick, being kick'd; and, being at that paſs,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an aſs.

A. E. You are ſad, ſignior *Balthazar:* Pray god, our cheer
May anſwer my good will, and your good welcome here.

Mer. I hold your dainties cheap, ſir, and your welcome dear.

A. E. O ſignior *Balthazar*, either at fleſh or fiſh,
A table-full of welcome makes ſcarce one dainty diſh.

Mer. Good meat, ſir, is common, that every churl affords.

A. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

Mer. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feaſt.

A. E. Ay, to a niggardly hoſt, and more ſparing gueſt:
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.—
But, ſoft, my door is lock'd;—Go, bid them let us in.

D. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn! [*knocking, and calling loud at the Door.*

D. S. [*within.*] Mome, malt-horſe, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch,
Either get thee from the door, or ſit down at the hatch:
Doſt thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'ſt for ſuch ſtore,

When one is one too many? go, get thee from the door.

D. E. What patch is made our porter? my maſter ſtays in the ſtreet.

D. S. Let him walk from whence he came, leſt he catch cold on's feet.

A. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

D. S. Right, ſir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

A. E. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not din'd to-day.

D. S. Nor to-day here you muſt not; come again when you may.

A. E. What art thou, that keep'ſt me out from the houſe I owe?

D. S. The porter for this time, ſir, and my name is *Dromio*.

D. E. O villain, thou haſt ſtolen both mine office and my name;

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame:
If thou hadſt been *Dromio* to-day in my place,
Thou would'ſt have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an aſs.

Mai. [*within.*] What a coil is there! *Dromio*, who are those at the gate?

D. E. Let my maſter in, *Luce*.

Mai. Faith, no, he comes too late,
And ſo tell your maſter.

D. E. O lord, I muſt laugh:—
Have at you with a proverb,—Shall I ſet in my ſtaff?

Mai. Have at you with another; that's,—When? can you tell?

D. S. If thy name be call'd *Luce*, *Luce*, thou haſt anſwer'd him well.

A. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I trow?

Mai. I thought to have aſk'd you.

D. S. And you ſaid, no.

D. E. So, come, help; well ſtrook; there was blow for blow.

A. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Mai. Can you tell for whose ſake?

D. E. Maſter, knock the door hard.

Mai. Let him knock 'till it ake.

A. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Mai. What needs all that, and a pair of ſtocks in the town?

Adr. [*within.*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

D. S. By my troth, your town is troubl'd with unruly boys. [before.

A. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come

Adr. Your wife, ſir knave! go, get you from the door.

D. E. If you went in pain, maſter, this knave would go ſore.

Gol. Here is neither cheer, ſir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Mer. In debating which was beſt, we ſhall part with neither.

D. E. They ſtand at the door, maſter, bid them welcome hither.

[6] I hope?

A. E. There is ſomething in the wind, that we cannot get in.

D. E. You would ſay ſo, maſter, if your garments were thin.
Your cake is warm within; you ſtand here in the cold:
It would make a man mad, to be ſo bought and ſold.

A. E. Go, fetch me ſomething, I'll break ope the gate.

D. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

D. E. A man may break a word with you, ſir; and words are but wind:
Ay, and break it in your face, ſo he break it not behind.

D. S. It ſeems thou want'ſt breaking; Out upon thee, hind!

D. E. Here's too much, out upon thee; I pray thee, let me in.

D. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fiſh have no fin.

A. E. Well, I'll break in;—Go, borrow me a crow.

D. E. A crow without feather; maſter, mean you ſo?—
For a fiſh without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, ſirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

A. E. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Mer. Have patience, ſir, o, let it not be ſo;
Herein you war againſt your reputation,
And draw within the compaſs of ſuſpect

5 cake here is 7 mad as a Bucke to

The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this,—Your long experience of her wisdom,
Her ſober virtue, years, and modeſty,
Plead on her part ſome cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, ſir, but ſhe will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made againſt you.
Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,
And let us to the tyger all to dinner:
And, about evening, come yourſelf alone,
To know the reason of this ſtrange reſtraint.
If by ſtrong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the ſtirring paſſage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that ſupposed by the common rout
Againſt your yet ungalled reputation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For ſlander lives upon ſucceſſion;
For ever hous'd, where it once gets poſſeſſion.
A. E. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
And, in deſpight of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent diſcourſe,—
Pretty, and witty; wild, and, yet too, gentle,—
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I proteſt, without desert)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
And fetch the chain,—by this, I know, 'tis made,—
Bring it, I pray you, to the porcupine,
For there's the houſe; that chain will I beſtow
(Be it for nothing but to ſpite my wife)
Upon mine hoſteſs there: good ſir, make haſte:—

2 of your wiſdome 4 on your part

Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elſewhere, to ſee if they'll diſdain me.
Gol. I'll meet you at that place ſome hour hence.
A. E. Do ſo; This jeſt ſhall coſt me ſome expence.

SCENE II. *The ſame.*

Enter LUCIANA, *and* ANTIPHILUS Syracuſan.

Luc. And may it be, that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? ſhall, *Antiphilus*,
Even in the ſpring of love, thy love-ſprings rot?
Shall love, in building, grow ſo ruinous?
If you did wed my ſiſter for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's ſake, use her with more kind-[neſs:
Or, if you like elſewhere, do it by ſtealth;
Muffle your falſe love with ſome ſhew of blindneſs:
Let not my ſiſter read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own ſhame's orator;
Look ſweet, ſpeak fair, become diſloyalty,
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:
Bear a fair preſence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach ſin the carriage of a holy ſaint;
Be ſecret falſe; What need ſhe be acquainted?
What ſimple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a baſtard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubl'd with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Though others have the arm, ſhew us the ſleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;

11 v, *Note.* 23 attaine 28 us not believe

Comfort my ſiſter, chear her, call her wife:
'Tis holy ſport, to be a little vain,
When the ſweet breath of flattery conquers ſtrife.
A. S. Sweet miſtreſs, (what your name is elſe, I know not;
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine)
Leſs, in your knowledge, and your grace, you ſhow not,
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think, and ſpeak;
Lay open to my earthy groſs conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, ſhallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Againſt my ſoul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Tranſform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then, well I know,
Your weeping ſiſter is no wife of mine;
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
O train me not, ſweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy ſiſter's flood of tears;
Sing, ſyren, for thy ſelf, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the ſilver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take them, and there lye;
And, in that glorious ſupposition, think
He gains by death, that hath ſuch means to dye:
Let love, being light, be drowned if he ſink!
Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason ſo?
A. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.
Luc. It is a fault that ſpringeth from your eye.
A. S. For gazing on your beams, fair ſun, being by.
Luc. Gaze where you ſhould, and that will clear your ſight.

24 take thee 27 if ſhe ſinke 32 when you

A. S. As good to wink, ſweet love, as look on night.
Luc. Why call you me love? call my ſiſter ſo.
A. S. Thy ſiſter's ſiſter.
Luc. That's my ſiſter.
A. S. No;
It is thy ſelf, mine own ſelf's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
My food, my fortune, and my ſweet hope's aim,
My ſole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.
Luc. All this my ſiſter is, or elſe ſhould be.
A. S. Call thy ſelf ſiſter, ſweet, for I aim thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou haſt no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Give me thy hand.
Luc. O, ſoft, ſir, hold you ſtill;
I'll fetch my ſiſter, to get her good will. [*Exit.*

Enter DROMIO Syracuſan.

A. S. Why, how now, *Dromio?* where run'ſt thou ſo faſt?
D. S. Do you know me, ſir? am I *Dromio?* am I your man? am I myſelf?
A. S. Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my man, thou art thyſelf.
D. S. I am an aſs, I am a woman's man, and beſides myſelf.
A. S. What woman's man? and how beſides thyſelf?
D. S. Marry, ſir, beſides myſelf, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.
A. S. What claim lays ſhe to thee?
D. S. Marry, ſir, ſuch claim as you would lay to your horſe; and ſhe would have me as a beaſt: not

[11] I am thee

that, I being a beaſt, ſhe would have me; but that ſhe, being a very beaſtly creature, lays claim to me.

A. S. What is ſhe?

D. S. A very reverent body; ay, ſuch a one, as a man may not ſpeak of, without he ſay, ſir-reverence: I have but lean luck in the match, and yet ſhe is a wondrous fat marriage.

A. S. What doſt thou mean, a fat marriage?

D. S. Marry, ſir, ſhe's the kitchen-wench, and all greaſe; and I know not what uſe to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a *Poland* winter: if ſhe lives 'till doomsday, ſhe'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

A. S. What complexion is ſhe of?

D. S. Swart, like my ſhoe, but her face nothing like ſo clean kept; For why? ſhe ſweats, a man may go over-ſhoes in the grime of it.

A. S. That's a fault, that water will mend.

D. S. No, ſir, 'tis in grain; *Noah*'s flood could not do it.

A. S. What's her name?

D. S. Nell, ſir: but her name and three quarters,—that's, an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

A. S. Then ſhe bears ſome breadth.

D. S. No longer from head to foot, then from hip to hip: ſhe is ſpherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

A. S. In what part of her body ſtands *Ireland?*

D. S. Marry, ſir, in her buttocks; I found it out

by the bogs.

A. S. Where *Scotland?*

D. S. I found it by the barrenneſs; hard, in the palm of the hand.

A. S. Where *France?*

D. S. In her forehead; arm'd, and reverted, making war againſt her heir.

A. S. Where *England?*

D. S. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteneſs in them: but I gueſs, it ſtood in her chin, by the ſalt rheum that ran between *France* and it.

A. S. Where *Spain?*

D. S. Faith, I ſaw it not; but I felt it, hot in her breath.

A. S. Where *America*, the *Indies?*

D. S. O, ſir, upon her nose, all o'er embelliſhed with rubies, carbuncles, ſaphires, declining their rich aſpect to the hot breath of *Spain*; who ſent whole armadoes of carracks to be ballaſted at her nose.

A. S. Where ſtood *Belgia*, the *Netherlands?*

D. S. O, ſir, I did not look ſo low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, lay'd claim to me; call'd me *Dromio*; ſwore, I was aſſur'd to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as, the mark of my ſhoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I amaz'd ran from her as a witch: And, I think, if my breaſt had not been made of faith, and my heart of ſteel, ſhe had tranſformed me to a curtail dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.

A. S. Go hye thee, presently, poſt to the road;—

20 ballaſt

An if the wind blow any way from ſhore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night: —
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk 'till thou return to me.
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.
D. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife.
[*Exit* DROMIO.
A. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She, that doth call me husband, ev'n my ſoul
Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair ſiſter,
Poſſeſt with ſuch a gentle ſovereign grace,
Of ſuch enchanting preſence and diſcourſe,
Hath almoſt made me traitor to my ſelf:
But, leſt my ſelf be guilty to ſelf wrong,
I'll ſtop mine ears againſt the mermaid's ſong.
Enter the Goldſmith.
Gol. Maſter *Antiphilus?*
A. S. Ay, that's my name.
Gol. I know it well, ſir: Lo, here is † the chain;
I thought to have ta'en you at the porcupine;
The chain unfiniſh'd made me ſtay thus long.
A. S. What is your will, that I ſhall do with this?
Gol. What please yourſelf, ſir; I have made it for you.
A. S. Made it for me, ſir! I beſpoke it not.
Gol. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have:
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And ſoon at ſupper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.
A. S. I pray you, ſir, receive the money now,

For fear you ne'er ſee chain, nor money, more.
Gol. You are a merry man, ſir; fare you well.
[*Exit* Goldſmith.
A. S. What I ſhould think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is ſo vain,
That would refuse ſo fair an offer'd chain.
I ſee, a man here needs not live by ſhifts,
When in the ſtreets he meets ſuch golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for *Dromio* ſtay;
If any ſhip put out, then ſtraight away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The ſame.*

Enter a Merchant, Goldſmith, *and an* Officer.

Mer. You know, ſince pentecoſt the ſum is due,
And ſince I have not much impórtun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To *Perſia*, and want gilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present ſatiſfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.
Gol. Even juſt the ſum, that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by *Antiphilus:*
And, in the inſtant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock
I ſhall receive the money for the ſame:
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his houſe,
I will diſcharge my bond, and thank you too.
Enter Antiphilus Ephesian, *and* Dromio Ephesian.
Off. That labour may you ſave; ſee, where he comes.
A. S. While I go to the goldſmith's houſe, go thou

And buy a rope's end; that will I beſtow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.—
But, ſoft, I ſee the goldſmith:—get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

D. E. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope!
[*Exit* DROMIO.

A. E. A man is well holp up, that truſts to you·
I promised your presence, and the chain;
But neither chain, nor goldſmith, came to me:
Belike, you thought, our love would laſt too long,
If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

Gol. Saving your merry humour, here's the † note
How much your chain weighs to the utmoſt carat,
The fineneſs of the gold, and chargeful faſhion;
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I ſtand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, ſee him presently diſcharg'd;
For he is bound to ſea, and ſtays but for it.

A. E. I am not furniſh'd with the present money;
Beſides, I have ſome buſineſs in the town:
Good ſignior, take the ſtranger to my houſe,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Diſburſe the ſum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance, I will be there as ſoon as you.

Gol. Then you will bring the chain to her yourſelf?

A. E. No; bear it with you, leſt I come not time enough.

Gol. Well, ſir, I will; Have you the chain about you?

A. E. An if I have not, ſir, I hope, you have;
Or elſe you may return without your money.

Gol. Nay, come, I pray you, ſir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide ſtays for the gentleman,

† and their confederates

And I, to blame, have held him here too long.
A. E. Good lord, you use this dalliance, to excuse
Your breach of promise to the porcupine;
I ſhould have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a ſhrew, you firſt begin to brawl.
Mer. The hour ſteals on; I pray you, ſir, diſpatch.
Gol. You hear how he impórtunes me; the chain—
A. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.
Gol. Come, come; you know, I gave it you even now;
Either ſend the chain, or ſend me by ſome token.
A. E. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath!
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me ſee it.
Mer. My buſineſs cannot brook this dalliance:
Good ſir, ſay, whe'r you'll anſwer me, or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.
A. E. I anſwer you! what ſhould I anſwer you?
Gol. The money that you owe me for the chain.
A. E. I owe you none, 'till I receive the chain.
Gol. You know, I gave it you half an hour ſince.
A. E. You gave me none; you wrong me much to ſay ſo.
Gol. You wrong me more, ſir, in denying it:
Conſider how it ſtands upon my credit.
Mer. Well, officer, arreſt him at my ſuit.
Off. I do;—
And charge you in the duke's name to obey me.
Gol. This touches me in reputation:—
Either conſent to pay the ſum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.
A. E. Conſent to pay thee that I never had!
Arreſt me, fooliſh fellow, if thou dar'ſt.
Gol. Here is thy † fee; arreſt him, officer:—
I would not ſpare my brother in this caſe,

If he ſhould ſcorn me ſo apparently.
Off. I do arreſt you, ſir; you hear the ſuit.
A. E. I do obey thee, 'till I give thee bail: —
But, ſirrah, you ſhall buy this ſport as dear
As all the metal in your ſhop will anſwer.
Gol. Sir, ſir, I ſhall have law in *Epheſus*,
To your notorious ſhame, I doubt it not.
Enter DROMIO Syracuſan.
D. S. Maſter, there is a bark of *Epidamnum*,
That ſtays but 'till her owner comes aboard,
And then ſhe bears away: Our fraughtage, ſir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balſamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ſhip is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they ſtay for nought at all,
But for their owner, maſter, and your ſelf.
A. E. How now, a madman! why, thou peeviſh ſheep,
What ſhip of *Epidamnum* ſtays for me?
D. S. A ſhip you ſent me to, to hire waftage.
A. E. Thou drunken ſlave, I ſent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpoſe, and what end.
D. S. A rope! you ſent me for a rope's end as ſoon;
You ſent me to the bay, ſir, for a bark.
A. E. I will debate this matter at more leiſure,
And teach your ears to liſt me with more heed.
To *Adriana*, villain, hye thee ſtraight:
Give her this † key, and tell her, in the deſk,
That's cover'd o'er with *Turkiſh* tapeſtry,
There is a purſe of ducats; let her ſend it;
Tell her, I am arreſted in the ſtreet,
And that ſhall bail me: hye thee, ſlave; be gone. —
On, officer, to prison 'till it come.

[21] then ſir ſhe

[*Exeunt* Mer. Gol. Officer, *and* ANTIPHILUS.

D. S. To *Adriana?* that is where we din'd;
Where *Dowzabel* did claim me for her husband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compaſs.
Thither I muſt, although againſt my will;
For ſervants muſt their maſters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The ſame.*

Enter ADRIANA, *and* LUCIANA.

ADR. Ah, *Luciana*, did he tempt thee ſo?
Might'ſt thou perceive auſterely in his eye,
That he did plead in earneſt, yea, or no?
Look'd he or red, or pale; ſad, merrily?
What observation mad'ſt thou in this caſe,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

LUC. Firſt, he deny'd you; you had in him no right.

ADR. He meant, he did me none: the more my ſpight.

LUC. Then ſwore he, that he was a ſtranger here.

ADR. And true he ſwore, though yet forſworn he were.

LUC. Then pleaded I for you.

ADR. And what ſaid he?

LUC. That love, I beg'd for you, he beg'd of me.

ADR. With what perſuaſion did he tempt thy love?

LUC. With words, that in an honeſt ſuit might move.
Firſt, he did praiſe my beauty; then, my ſpeech:

ADR. Did'ſt ſpeak him fair?

LUC. Have patience, I beſeech.

ADR. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me ſtill;
My tongue, though not my heart, ſhall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and ſere,
Ill-fac'd, worſe body'd, ſhapeleſs every where;
Vicious, ungentle, fooliſh, blunt, unkind;

[13] pale, or ſad or merrily

Stigmatical in making, worſe in mind.
Luc. Who would be jealous then of ſuch a one?
No evil loſt is wail'd when it is gone.
Adr. Ah, but I think him better than I ſay;
And yet would herein others' eyes were worſe:
Far from her neſt the lapwing cries away:
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curſe.
Enter Dromio Syracuſan. [haſte.
D. S. Here, go; the deſk, the purſe; ſweet now, make
Luc. How haſt thou loſt thy breath?
D. S. By running faſt.
Adr. Where is thy maſter, *Dromio?* is he well?
D. S. No, he's in *Tartar* limbo, worſe than hell:
A devil in an everlaſting garment hath him,
One whose hard heart is button'd up with ſteel;
A fiend, a fury, pitileſs, and rough;
A wolf, nay, worſe, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a ſhoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The paſſages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;
One that, before the judgment, carries poor ſouls to hell.
Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?
D. S. I do not know the matter; he is 'reſted on the caſe.
Adr. What, is he arreſted? tell me, at whose ſuit?
D. S. I know not, at whose ſuit he is arreſted, well;
But he's in a ſuit of buff, which 'reſted him, that can I tell:

16 a Fairie 31 but is in

Will you ſend him, miſtreſs, redemption, the money
in his deſk?

Adr. Go fetch it, ſiſter.—This I wonder at,
[*Exit* Luciana.
That he, unknown to me, ſhould be in debt:—
Tell me, was he arreſted on a band?

D. S. Not on a band, but on a ſtronger thing;
A chain, a chain; Do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

D. S. No, no, the bell: 'tis time, that I were gone;
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock ſtrikes
one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

D. S. O yes, If any hour meet a ſerjeant, he turns
back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly doſt thou
reason?

D. S. Time is a very bankrout, and owes more than
he's worth to ſeason.
Nay, he's a thief too; Have you not heard men ſay,
That time comes ſtealing on by night and day?
If time be in debt, and theft, and a ſerjeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Re-enter Luciana.

Adr. Go, *Dromio*, there's the money, bear it ſtrait;
And bring thy maſter home immediately.—
Come, ſiſter: I am preſſ'd down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame.*

Enter Antiphilus Syracuſan.

A. S. There's not a man I meet, but doth ſalute me

[22] If I be

As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, ſome invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindneſſes;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in his ſhop,
And ſhow'd me ſilks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And *Lapland* ſorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO Syracuſan.

D. S. Maſter, here's the ✝ gold you ſent me for: What, have you got rid of the picture of old *Adam* new apparel'd?

A. S. What gold is this? What *Adam* doſt thou mean?

D. S. Not that *Adam*, that kept the paradiſe; but that *Adam*, that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's-ſkin that was kill'd for the prodigal; he that came behind you, ſir, like an evil angel, and bid you forſake your liberty.

A. S. I underſtand thee not.

D. S. No? why, 'tis a plain caſe: he that went, like a baſe-viol, in a caſe of leather; the man, ſir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and reſts them; he, ſir, that takes pity on decay'd men, and gives them ſuits of durance; he that ſets up his reſt to do more exploits with his mace, than a *Maurice* pike.

A. S. What, thou mean'ſt an officer?

D. S. Ay, ſir, the ſerjeant of the band; he that brings any man to anſwer it, that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and ſays,

[28] a Moris Pike

God give you good reſt!

A. S. Well, ſir, there reſt in your foolery. Is there any ſhip puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

D. S. Why, ſir, I brought you word an hour ſince, that the bark, Expedition, put forth to-night; and then were you hinder'd by the ſerjeant, to tarry for the hoy, Delay: Here † are the angels that you ſent for to deliver you.

A. S. The fellow is diſtract, and ſo am I;
And here we wander in illusions:
Some bleſſed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cou. Well met, well met, maſter *Antiphilus*.
I ſee, ſir, you have found the goldſmith now:
Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

A. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not!

D. S. Maſter, is this miſtreſs *Satan?*

A. S. It is the devil.

D. S. Nay, ſhe is worſe, ſhe is the devil's dam; and here ſhe comes in the habit of a light wench: and thereof comes, that the wenches ſay, *God damn me*; that's as much as to ſay, *God make me a light wench.* It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn; Come not near her.

Cou. Your man and you are marvelous merry, ſir. Will you go with me; we'll mend our dinner here?

D. S. Maſter, if you do, expect ſpoon-meat; ſo beſpeak a long ſpoon.

A. S. Why, *Dromio?*

D. S. Marry, he muſt have a long ſpoon, that muſt

† meate, or beſpeake

must eat with the devil. [ping?

A. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of sup-
Thou art (as you are all) a sorceress:
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cou. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd,
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

D. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone; but she, more covetous,
Would have a chain: —
Master, be wise; an if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cou. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain;
I hope, you do not mean to cheat me so.

A. S. Avaunt, thou witch! —Come, *Dromio*, let us go.

D. S. Fly pride, says the peacock; Mistress, that you know. [*Exeunt* DROMIO, *and* ANTIPHILUS.

Cou. Now, out of doubt, *Antiphilus* is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself:
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain;
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason, that I gather he is mad,
(Besides this present instance of his rage)
Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance:
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now, to hye home to his house,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatick,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce

My ring away: This courſe I fitteſt choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The ſame.*

Enter ANTIPHILUS Ephesian, *and the* Officer.

A. E. Fear me not, man, I will not break away;
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, ſo much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'reſted for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day;
And will not lightly truſt the meſſenger,
That I ſhould be attach'd in *Epheſus:*
I tell you, 'twill ſound harſhly in her ears.

Enter DROMIO Ephesian, *with the Rope's End.*

Here comes my man; I think, he brings the money.—
How now, ſir? have you that I ſent you for?

D. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

A. E. But where's the money?

D. E. Why, ſir, I gave the money for the rope.

A. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

D. E. I'll ſerve you, ſir, five hundred at the rate.

A. E. To what end did I bid thee hye thee home?

D. E. To a rope's end, ſir; and to that end am I
Return'd.

A. E. And to that end, ſir, I will welcome you.
[*beating him.*

Off. Good ſir, be patient.

D. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adverſity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

D. E. Nay, rather perſuade him to hold his hands.

A. E. Thou whoreſon, ſenſeleſs villain!

D. E. I would I were ſenſeleſs, ſir, that I might not

feel your blows.

A. E. Thou art ſenſible in nothing but blows, and ſo is an aſs.

D. E. I am an aſs, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have ſerved him from the hour of my nativity to this inſtant, and have nothing at his hands for my ſervice, but blows: When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am wak'd with it, when I ſleep; rais'd with it, when I ſit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcom'd home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my ſhoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lam'd me, I ſhall beg with it from door to door.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *and the* Courtezan, *with Doctor* PINCH, *and Aſſiſtants.*

A. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

D. E. Miſtreſs, *reſpice finem*, reſpect your end; or, rather, the propheſy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's end.*

A. E. Wilt thou ſtill talk? [*beats him.*

Cou. How ſay you now? is not your husband mad?

ADR. His incivility confirms no leſs.—
Good doctor *Pinch*, you are a conjurer,
Eſtabliſh him in his true ſenſe again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

LUC. Alas, how fiery and how ſharp he looks!

Cou. Mark, how he trembles in his extaſy!

PIN. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulſe.

A. E. There is my † hand, and let it feel your ear.

PIN. I charge thee, *Sathan*, hous'd within this man,
To yield poſſeſſion to my holy prayers,

And to thy ſtate of darkneſs hye thee ſtraight;
I conjure thee by all the ſaints in heaven!
A. E. Peace, doating wizard, peace; I am not mad.
Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor diſtreſſed ſoul!
A. E. You minion you, are these your cuſtomers?
Did this companion with the ſafron face
Revel and feaſt it at my houſe to-day,
Whilſt upon me the guilty doors were ſhut,
And I deny'd to enter in my houſe?
Adr. O, husband, god doth know, you din'd at home;
Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these ſlanders, and this open ſhame. [thou?
A. E. I din'd at home!—Thou villain, what ſay'ſt
D. E. Sir, ſooth to ſay, you did not dine at home.
A. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I ſhut out?
D. E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you ſhut out.
A. E. And did not ſhe herſelf revile me there?
D. E. Sans fable, ſhe herſelf revil'd you there. [me?
A. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and ſcorn
D. E. Certes, ſhe did, the kitchen veſtal ſcorn'd you.
A. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?
D. E. In verity, you did;—my bones bear witneſs,
That ſince have felt the vigour of his rage.
Adr. Is't good, to ſooth him in these contraries?
Pin. It is no ſhame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.
A. E. Thou haſt ſuborn'd the goldſmith to arreſt me.
Adr. Alas, I ſent you money to redeem you,
By *Dromio* here, who came in haſte for it.
D. E. Money by me? heart and good will you might,
But, ſurely, maſter, not a rag of money.
A. E. Went'ſt thou not to her for a purſe of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.
Luc. And I am witneſs with her, that ſhe did.
D. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witneſs,
That I was ſent for nothing but a rope!
Pin. Miſtreſs, both man and maſter is poſſeſt;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They muſt be bound, and lay'd in ſome dark room.
A. E. Say, wherefore did'ſt thou lock me forth to-
And why doſt thou deny the bag of gold? [day?—
Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.
D. E. And, gentle maſter, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confeſs, ſir, that we were lock'd out.
Adr. Diſſembling villain, thou ſpeak'ſt falſe in both.
A. E. Diſſembling harlot, thou art falſe in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathſome abject ſcorn of me:
But with these nails I'll pluck out those falſe eyes,
That would behold in me this ſhameful ſport.
[*flying at his Wife: Aſſiſtants, and Doctor, interpose; and, with much ſtrugling, bind him, and* Dromio.
Adr. O, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.
Pin. More company; the fiend is ſtrong within him.
Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!
A. E. What, will you murther me?—Thou jailer, thou,
I am thy priſoner; wilt thou ſuffer them
To make a reſcue?
Off. Maſters, let him go;
He is my priſoner, and you ſhall not have him.
Pin. Go bind this man, for he is frantick too.
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peeviſh officer?
Haſt thou delight, to ſee a wretched man
Do outrage and diſpleasure to himſelf?

17 theſe falſe

Off. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.
Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee;
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.—
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house.—O most unhappy day!
A. E. O most unhappy strumpet!
D. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.
A. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?
D. E. Will you be bound for nothing thus? be mad,
Good master, cry, The devil!
Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!
Adr. Go, bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.—
[*Exeunt* Pinch *and Aff. with* Ant. *and* Dro.
Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?
Off. One *Angelo*, a goldsmith; Do you know him?
Adr. I know the man: What is the sum he owes?
Off. Two hundred ducats.
Adr. Say, how grows it due?
Off. Due for a chain, your husband had of him.
Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.
Cou. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,
(The ring I saw upon his finger now)
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.
Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.—
Come, jailer, bring me where the goldsmith is;
I long to know the truth hereof at large.
Enter Antiphilus Syracusan, *with his Sword drawn, and* Dromio Syracusan.
Luc. God for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked ſwords; Let's call more
To have them bound again. [help,

Off. Away, they'll kill us.

[*Exeunt* Officer, *and the Women, haſtily.*

A. S. I ſee, these witches are afraid of ſwords.

D. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

A. S. Come, to the centaur; fetch our ſtuff from thence: I long, that we were ſafe and ſound aboard.

D. S. Faith, ſtay here this night, they will ſurely do us no harm; you ſee, they ſpeak us fair, give us gold: methinks, they are ſuch a gentle nation, that, but for the mountain of mad fleſh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to ſtay here ſtill, and turn witch.

A. S. I will not ſtay to-night for all the town; Therefore away, to get our ſtuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, The ſame.

Enter Goldſmith, *and* Merchant.

Gol. I am ſorry, ſir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I proteſt, he had the chain of me,
Though moſt diſhoneſtly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man eſteem'd here in the city?

Gol. Of very reverent reputation, ſir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Enter Antiphilus Syracuſan, *and* Dromio Syracuſan.

Mer. Speak ſoftly; yonder, as I think, he walks.

[10] you ſaw

Gol. 'Tis ſo; and that ſelf chain about his neck,
Which he forſwore, moſt monſtrouſly, to have.
Good ſir, draw near to me, I'll ſpeak to him. —
Signior *Antiphilus*, I wonder much,
That you would put me to this ſhame and trouble;
And not without ſome ſcandal to yourſelf,
With circumſtance, and oaths, ſo to deny
This chain, which now you wear ſo openly:
Beſide the charge, the ſhame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honeſt friend;
Who, but for ſtaying on our controverſy,
Had hoiſted ſail, and put to ſea to-day:
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

A. S. I think, I had; I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, ſir, and forſwore it too.

A. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forſwear it? [*ſir.*

Mer. These ears of mine, thou know'ſt, did hear thee,
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'ſt
To walk where any honeſt men resort.

A. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus;
I'll prove mine honour, and mine honeſty,
Againſt thee presently, if thou dar'ſt ſtand. [*draws.*

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain. [*draws too.*

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, *and Others.*

ADR. Hold, hurt him not, for god's ſake; he is mad: —
Some get within him, take his ſword away;
Bind *Dromio* too, and bear them to my houſe.

D. S. Run, maſter, run; for god's ſake, take a houſe;
This is ſome priory; in, or we are ſpoil'd.

[*Exeunt* ANTIPHILUS, *and* DROMIO, *to the Priory.*

Adriana, *and her Company, crowd about the Gate:*
Enter, to them, the Abbeſs.

Abb. Be quiet, people; Wherefore throng you hither?
Adr. To fetch my poor diſtracted husband hence:
Let us come in, that we may bind him faſt,
And bear him home for his recovery.
Gol. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.
Mer. I am ſorry now, that I did draw on him.
Abb. How long hath this poſſeſſion held the man?
Adr. This week he hath been heavy, ſour, ſad,
And much much different from the man he was;
But, 'till this afternoon, his paſſion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.
Abb. Hath he not loſt much wealth by wreck at ſea?
Bury'd ſome dear friend? Hath not elſe his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love;
A ſin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing?
Which of these ſorrows is he ſubject to?
Adr. To none of these, except it be the laſt;
Namely, ſome love, that drew him oft from home.
Abb. You ſhould for that have reprehended him.
Adr. Why, ſo I did.
Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly as my modeſty would let me.
Abb. Haply, in private.
Adr. And in aſſemblies too.
Abb. Ay, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copie of our conference:
In bed, he ſlept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the ſubject of my theme;
In company, I often glanc'd at it;
Still did I tell him, it was vile and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it, that the man was mad:
The venom'd clamour of a jealous woman
Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:
And thereof comes it, that his head is light.
Thou say'st, his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation bar'd, what doth ensue,
But moody and dull melancholy, kins-
woman to grim and comfortless despair;
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast.
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wild.—
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall priviledge him from your hands,
'Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,

2 venome clamors 13 Kinsman 21 wildly,

And will have no attorney but my ſelf;
And therefore let me have him home with me.
Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him ſtir,
'Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
With wholſome ſyrops, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.
Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here:
And ill it doth beſeem your holineſs,
To ſeparate the husband and the wife.
Abb. Be quiet, and depart, thou ſhalt not have him.
[*Exit* Abbeſs.
Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.
Adr. Come, go; I will fall proſtrate at his feet,
And never riſe, until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in perſon hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbeſs.
Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I am ſure, the duke himſelf in perſon
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death and ſorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.
Gol. Upon what cauſe?
Mer. To ſee a reverend *Syracuſan* merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay,
Againſt the laws and ſtatutes of this town,
Beheaded publickly for his offence.
Gol. See, where they come; we will behold his death.
Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he paſs the abbey.
Enter Duke, *attended*; Egeon *bare-headed*,

[23] of depth

Headsman, Officers, Guards, &c.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,
If any friend will pay the ſum for him,
He ſhall not dye, ſo much we tender him.

Adr. Juſtice, moſt ſacred duke, againſt the abbeſs!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be, that ſhe hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, *Antiphilus*, my husband,—
Whom I made lord of me, and all I had,
At your important letters,—this ill day
A moſt outrageous fit of madneſs took him;
That deſperately he hurry'd through the ſtreet,
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he)
Doing diſpleasure to the citizens
By ruſhing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and ſent him home,
Whilſt to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what ſtrong eſcape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him:
And here his mad attendant and himſelf,
Each one with ireful paſſion, with drawn ſwords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chac'd us away; 'till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we purſu'd them;
And here the abbeſs ſhuts the gates on us,
And will not ſuffer us to fetch him out,
Nor ſend him forth, that we may bear him hence:
Therefore, moſt gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and born hence for help.

[22] And with his

Duke. Long ſince thy husband ſerv'd me in my wars;
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou did'ſt make him maſter of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, ſome of you, knock at the abbey gate,
And bid the lady abbeſs come to me:
I will determine this, before I ſtir.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O miſtreſs, miſtreſs, ſhift and ſave yourſelf!
My maſter and his man are both broke looſe,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have findg'd off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pails of puddl'd mire to quench the hair:
My maſter preaches patience, and the while
His man with ſcissars nicks him like a fool;
And, ſure, unleſs you ſend ſome present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy maſter and his man are here;
And that is falſe, thou doſt report to us.

Ser. Miſtreſs, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almoſt, ſince I did ſee it.
He cries for you; and vows, if he can take you,
To ſcorch your face, and to diſfigure you:

[*Cry within.*

Hark, hark, I hear him, miſtreſs; fly, be gone. [halberds.

Duke. Come, ſtand by me, fear nothing:—Guard with

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband!—Witneſs you,
That he is born about invisible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, paſt thought of human reason.

Enter Antiphilus Ephesian, *and* Dromio Ephesian.

15 patience to him, and

A. E. Juſtice, moſt gracious duke, o, grant me juſtice!
Even for the ſervice that long ſince I did thee,
When I beſtrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep ſcars to ſave thy life; even for the blood
That then I loſt for thee, now grant me juſtice!

Ege. Unleſs the fear of death doth make me dote,
I ſee my ſon *Antiphilus*, and *Dromio*.

A. E. Juſtice, ſweet prince, againſt that woman there,
She whom thou gav'ſt to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and diſhonour'd me,
Even in the ſtrength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That ſhe this day hath ſhameleſs thrown on me.

Duke. Diſcover how, and thou ſhalt find me juſt.

A. E. This day, great duke, ſhe ſhut the doors upon me,
While ſhe with harlots feaſted in my houſe.

Duke. A grievous fault:—Say, woman, didſt thou ſo?

Adr. No, my good lord; myſelf, he, and my ſiſter,
To-day did dine together: So fall my ſoul,
As this is falſe, he burthens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor ſleep on night,
But ſhe tells to your highneſs ſimple truth!

Gol. O perjur'd woman!—They are both forſworn,
In this the madman juſtly chargeth them. [*to* Mer.

A. E. My liege, I am advised what I ſay;
Neither diſturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-raſh, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldſmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witneſs it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,

[19] So befall

Promising to bring it to the porcupine,
Where *Balthazar* and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to ſeek him: in the ſtreet I met him;
And, in his company, that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldſmith ſwear me down,
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, god he knows, I ſaw not: for the which,
He did arreſt me with an officer.
I did obey; and ſent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I beſpoke the officer,
To go in perſon with me to my houſe;
To which he yielded: By the way, we met
My wife, her ſiſter, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates: along with them
They brought one *Pinch*; a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
A meer anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare jugler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy hollow-ey'd ſharp-looking wretch,
A living dead-man: this pernicious ſlave,
Forſooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulſe,
And with no face, as 'twere, out-facing me,
Cries out, I was poſſeſt: Then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dankiſh vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
'Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in ſunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beſeech
To give me ample ſatiſfaction

For these deep ſhames and great indignities.
Gol. My lord, in truth, thus far I witneſs with him,
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.
Duke. But had he ſuch a chain of thee, or no?
Gol. He had, my lord; and, when he ran in here,
These people ſaw the chain about his neck.
Mer. Beſides, I will be ſworn, these ears of mine
Heard you confeſs, you had the chain of him,
After you firſt forſwore it on the mart,
And, thereupon, I drew my ſword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.
A. E. I never came within these abbey walls,
Nor ever didſt thou draw thy ſword on me:
I never ſaw the chain, ſo help me heaven;
And this is falſe, you burthen me withal.
Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think, you all have drunk of *Circe*'s cup.
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he could not plead ſo coldly:—
You ſay, he din'd at home; the goldſmith here
Denies that ſaying:—Sirrah, what ſay you?
D. E. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the porcupine.
Cou. He did; and from my finger ſnatch'd that ring.
A. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.
Duke. Saw'ſt thou him enter at the abbey here?
Cou. As ſure, my liege, as I do ſee your grace.
Duke. Why, this is ſtrange:—Go call the abbeſs hi-
I think, you are all mated, or ſtark mad. [ther:—
[*Exit One to the Abbeſs.*
Ege. Moſt mighty duke, vouchſafe me ſpeak a word;
Haply, I ſee a friend will ſave my life,

And pay the ſum that may deliver me.
Duke. Speak freely, *Syracuſan*, what thou wilt.
Ege. Is not your name, ſir, call'd *Antiphilus?*
And is not that your bondman *Dromio?*
D. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, ſir
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I *Dromio*, and his man, unbound.
Ege. I am ſure, you both of you remember me.
D. E. Ourſelves we do remember, ſir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not *Pinch*'s patient, are you, ſir? [well.
Ege. Why look you ſtrange on me? you know me
A. E. I never ſaw you in my life, 'till now.
Ege. O, grief hath chang'd me, ſince you ſaw me laſt;
And careful hours, with time's deforming hand,
Have written ſtrange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, doſt thou not know my voice?
A. E. Neither.
Ege. *Dromio*, nor thou?
D. E. No, truſt me, ſir, nor I.
Ege. I am ſure, thou doſt.
D. E. Ay, ſir,
But I am ſure, I do not; and whatſoever
A man denies, you are now bound to believe him.
Ege. Not know my voice! O time's extremity,
Haſt thou ſo crack'd and ſplitted my poor tongue,
In ſeven ſhort years, that here my only ſon
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In ſap-conſuming winter's drizl'd ſnow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life ſome memory,

15 deformed

My waſting lamps ſome fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little uſe to hear:
All these old witneſſes, I cannot err,
Tell me, thou art my ſon *Antiphilus*.

A. E. I never ſaw my father in my life.

Ege. But ſeven years ſince in *Syracuſa*, boy,
Thou know'ſt, we parted: but, perhaps, my ſon,
Thou ſham'ſt to acknowledge me in misery.

A. E. The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witneſs with me, that it is not ſo;
I ne'er ſaw *Syracuſa* in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, *Syracuſan*, twenty years
Have I been patron to *Antiphilus*,
During which time he ne'er ſaw *Syracuſa*:
I ſee, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter Abbeſs, *with* Antiphilus Syracuſan, *and* Dromio Syracuſan.

Abb. Moſt mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd:
[*all gather to ſee them.*

Adr. I ſee two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these † men is genius to the other;
And ſo of † these: Which is the natural man,
And which the ſpirit? who deciphers them?

D. S. I, ſir, am *Dromio*; command him away.

D. E. I, ſir, am *Dromio*; pray, let me ſtay.

A. S. Egeon, art thou not? or elſe his ghoſt.

D. S. O, my old maſter! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will looſe his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty:—
Speak, old *Egeon*, if thou be'ſt the man
That had'ſt a wife once, call'd *Emilia*,
That bore thee at a burthen two fair ſons?

O, if thou be'ſt the ſame *Egeon*, ſpeak;
And ſpeak unto the ſame *Emilia!*
Ege. If I dream not, thou art *Emilia:*
If thou art ſhe, tell me, where is that ſon,
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?
Abb. By men of *Epidamnum*, he, and I,
And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fiſhermen of *Corinth*
By force took *Dromio* and my ſon from them,
And me they left with those of *Epidamnum:*
What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you ſee me in.
Duke. Why, here begins his morning ſtory's light:
These two *Antiphilus's*, two ſo like,
And these two *Dromio's*, one in ſemblance, prove,
Beſides her urging of her wreck at ſea,
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together. —
Antiphilus, thou cam'ſt from *Corinth* firſt?
A. S. No, ſir, not I; I came from *Syracuſe.*
Duke. Stay, ſtand apart; I know not, which is which.
A. E. I came from *Corinth*, my moſt gracious lord:
D. E. And I with him.
A. E. Brought to this town by that moſt famous warrior
Duke *Menaphon*, your moſt renowned uncle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?
A. S. I, gentle miſtreſs.
Adr. And are not you my husband?
A. E. No; I ſay, nay, to that.
A. S. And ſo do I, yet did ſhe call me ſo;
And this fair gentlewoman, her ſiſter here,
Did call me brother: — What I told you then,

3 v. *Note.* 13 ſtorie right 14 *Antipholus*, theſe two

I hope, I ſhall have leiſure to make good;
If this be not a dream, I ſee, and hear.
Gol. That is the chain, ſir, which you had of me.
A. S. I think, it be, ſir; I deny it not.
A. E. And you, ſir, for this chain arreſted me.
Gol. I think, I did, ſir; I deny it not.
Adr. I ſent you money, ſir, to be your bail,
By *Dromio*; but, I think, he brought it not.
D. E. No, none by me.
A. S. This † purſe of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And *Dromio* my man did bring them me: —
I ſee, we ſtill did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these errors are arose.
A. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.
Duke. It ſhall not need, thy father hath his life.
Cou. Sir, I muſt have that diamond from you. [cheer.
A. E. There, take † it; and much thanks for my good
Abb. Renowned duke, vouchſafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large diſcourſed all our fortunes: —
And all that are aſſembl'd in this place,
That by this ſympathized one day's error
Have ſuffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And we ſhall make full ſatiſfaction. —
Twenty three years have I but gone in travel
Of you, my ſons; and, 'till this present hour,
My heavy burthen not delivered: —
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a goſſip's feaſt, and go with me;
After ſo long grief ſuch nativity!

26 Thirtie three 28 burthen are delivered

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.
[*Exeunt* Duke, Abbess, Egeon, Courtezan,
Merchant, Goldsmith, *and Attendants.*
D. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship-board?
A. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?
D. S. Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the centaur.
A. S. He speaks to me; — I am your master, *Dromio:*
Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.
[*Exeunt the two* Antiphilus's, Adr. *and* Luc.
D. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.
D. E. Methinks, you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?
D. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.
D. E. That's a question;
How shall we try it, brother?
D. S. We will draw
Cuts for the senior: 'till then, lead thou first.
D. E. Nay then, † thus:
We came into the world like brother and brother;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.
[*Exeunt.*

MUCH ADO

about

NOTHING.

Perſons represented.

Don Pedro, *Prince of* Arragon :
Don John, *his baſtard Brother.*
Claudio, *Favourite,* } *of Don* Pedro :
Benedick, *Companion,* }
Balthasar, *his Attendant.*
Conrade, } *Followers of Don* John.
Borachio, }
Leonato, *Governor of* Meſſina :
Antonio, *his Brother.*
Dogberry, *a fooliſh Conſtable :*
Verges, *his Partner.*
a Friar.
an Attendant, a Boy, a Sexton,
two Watchmen, and three Meſſengers.

Hero, *Daughter to* Leonato :
Beatrice, *his Niece.*
Margaret, } *Gentlewomen attending* Hero.
Urſula, }

Other Attendants, Watch, &c.

Scene, Meſſina.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Before* Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter LEONATO, HERO, BEATRICE, *and Others, with a* Meſſenger.

Leo. I learn in this † letter, that Don *Pedro* of *Arragon* comes this night to *Meſſina.*

Meſ. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leo. How many gentlemen have you loſt in this action?

Meſ. But few of any ſort, and none of name.

Leo. A victory is twice itſelf, when the atchiever brings home full numbers. I find † here, that Don *Pedro* hath beſtowed much honour on a young *Florentine,* called *Claudio.*

Meſ. Much deserv'd on his part, and equally remember'd by Don *Pedro:* He hath born himſelf beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better better'd expectation, than you muſt expect of me to

tell you how.

Leo. He hath an uncle here in *Meſſina* will be very much glad of it.

Meſ. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even ſo much, that joy could not ſhew itſelf modeſt enough, without a badge of bitterneſs.

Leo. Did he break out into tears?

Meſ. In great measure.

Leo. A kind overflow of kindneſs: There are no faces truer than those that are ſo waſh'd. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping?

Bea. I pray you, is ſignior *Montanto* return'd from the wars, or no?

Meſ. I know none of that name, lady; there was none ſuch in the army of any ſort.

Leo. What is he that you aſk for, niece?

Her. My cousin means ſignior *Benedick* of *Padua.*

Meſ. O, he's return'd; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Bea. He ſet up his bills here in *Meſſina*, and challeng'd *Cupid* at the flight: and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, ſubſcrib'd for *Cupid*, and challeng'd him at the bird-bolt. — I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in these wars? But, how many hath he kill'd? for, indeed, I promis'd to eat all of his killing.

Leo. Faith, niece, you tax ſignior *Benedick* too much: but he'll be met with you, I doubt it not.

Meſ. He hath done good ſervice, lady, in these wars.

Bea. You had muſty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he's a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent ſtomack.

Mef. And a good ſoldier too, lady.

Bea. And a good ſoldier to a lady;—But what is he to a lord?

Mef. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; ſtuft with all honourable virtues.

Bea. It is ſo, indeed; he is no leſs than a ſtuft man: but, for the ſtuffing!—well, we are all mortal.

Leo. You muſt not, ſir, miſtake my niece: there is a kind of merry war betwixt ſignior *Benedick* and her; they never meet, but there's a ſkirmiſh of wit between them.

Bea. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our laſt conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: ſo that if he have wit enough to keep himſelf warm, let him bear it for a difference between himſelf and his horſe; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reaſonable creature.—Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new ſworn-brother.

Mef. Is't poſſible?

Bea. Very easily poſſible: he wears his faith but as the faſhion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Mef. I ſee, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Bea. No; an he were, I would burn my ſtudy. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young ſquarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mef. He is moſt in the company of the right noble *Claudio.*

Bea. O lord! He will hang upon him like a diſeaſe: he is ſooner caught than the peſtilence, and the

taker runs presently mad. God help the noble *Claudio!* if he have caught the *Benedick*, it will coſt him a thousand pound ere he be cur'd.

Meſ. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Bea. Do, good friend.

Leo. You will never run mad, niece.

Bea. No, not 'till a hot *January*.

Meſ. Don *Pedro* is approach'd.

Enter Don Pedro, *attended*; *Don* John, Claudio, *and* Benedick.

D. *Pe.* Good ſignior *Leonato*, you are come to meet your trouble: the faſhion of the world is to avoid coſt, and you encounter it.

Leo. Never came trouble to my houſe in the likeneſs of your grace: for, trouble being gone, comfort ſhould remain; but, when you depart from me, ſorrow abides, and happineſs takes his leave.

D. *Pe.* You embrace your charge too willingly. — I think, this is your daughter.

Leo. Her mother hath many times told me ſo.

Ben. Were you in doubt, ſir, that you aſk'd her?

Leo. Signior *Benedick*, no; for then were you a child.

D. *Pe.* You have it full, *Benedick*: we may gueſs by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herſelf: — Be happy, lady! for you are like an honourable father.

Ben. If ſignior *Leonato* be her father, ſhe would not have his head on her ſhoulders for all *Meſſina*, as like him as ſhe is.

Bea. I wonder, that you will ſtill be talking, ſignior *Benedick*; no body marks you.

Ben. What, my dear lady diſdain! are you yet living?

Bea. Is it poſſible diſdain ſhould dye, while ſhe hath ſuch meet food to feed it, as ſignior *Benedick?* Courteſy itſelf muſt convert to diſdain, if you come in her presence.

Ben. Then is courteſy a turn-coat:—But it is certain, I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Bea. A dear happineſs to women; they would elſe have been troubl'd with a pernicious ſuitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man ſwear he loves me.

Ben. God keep your ladyſhip ſtill in that mind! ſo ſome gentleman or other ſhall ſcape a predeſtinate ſcratcht face.

Bea. Scratching could not make it worſe, an 'twere ſuch a face as yours were.

Ben. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Bea. A bird of my tongue is better than a beaſt of yours.

Ben. I would, my horſe had the ſpeed of your tongue; and ſo good a continuer: But keep your way, i' God's name; I have done.

Bea. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

D. *Pe.* This is the ſum of all: *Leonato*,—ſignior *Claudio*, and ſignior *Benedick*,—my dear friend *Leonato*, hath invited you all. I tell him, we ſhall ſtay here at the leaſt a month; and he heartily prays, ſome occaſion may detain us longer: I dare ſwear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leo. If you ſwear, my lord, you ſhall not be forſworn. — Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. *Jo.* I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leo. Please it your grace lead on?

D. *Pe.* Your hand, *Leonato*; we will go together.

[*Exeunt D.* Pedro, *D.* John, Leonato, Hero, Beatrice, Meſſenger, *and Attendants.*

Cla. Benedick, did'ſt thou note the daughter of ſignior *Leonato?*

Ben. I noted her not; but I look'd on her.

Cla. Is ſhe not a modeſt young lady?

Ben. Do you queſtion me, as an honeſt man ſhould do, for my ſimple true judgment? or would you have me ſpeak after my cuſtom, as being a profeſſed tyrant to their ſex?

Cla. No, I pray thee ſpeak in ſober judgment.

Ben. Why, i'faith, methinks ſhe's too low for a high praiſe, too brown for a fair praiſe, and too little for a great praiſe: only this commendation I can afford her; that, were ſhe other than ſhe is, ſhe were unhandſome; and being no other but as ſhe is, I do not like her.

Cla. Thou think'ſt, I am in ſport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou lik'ſt her.

Ben. Would you buy her, that you enquire after her?

Cla. Can the world buy ſuch a jewel?

Ben. Yea, and a caſe to put it into. But ſpeak you this with a ſad brow? Or do you play the flouting Jack; to tell us, *Cupid* is a good hare-finder, and

Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key ſhall a man take you, to go in the ſong?

Cla. In mine eye, ſhe is the ſweeteſt lady that ever I look'd on.

Ben. I can ſee yet without ſpectacles, and I ſee no ſuch matter: there's her couſin, an ſhe were not poſſeſſ'd with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the firſt of *May* doth the laſt of *December*. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband; have you?

Cla. I would ſcarce truſt myſelf, though I had ſworn the contrary, if *Hero* would be my wife.

Ben. Is't come to this, i'faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with ſuſpicion? Shall I never ſee a batchelor of threeſcore again? Go to, i'faith; an thou wilt needs thruſt thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and ſigh away ſundays. Look, Don *Pedro* is return'd to ſeek you.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

D. *Pe.* What ſecret hath held you here, that you follow'd not to *Leonato*'s?

Ben. I would your grace would conſtrain me to tell.

D. *Pe.* I charge thee on thy allegeance.

Ben. You hear, count *Claudio:* I can be ſecret as a dumb man, I would have you think ſo; but, on my allegeance, mark you this, on my allegeance: — He is in love. With who? — now that is your grace's part: mark how ſhort his anſwer is: — With *Hero*, *Leonato*'s ſhort daughter.

Cla. If this were ſo, ſo were it uttered.

Ben. Like the old tale, my lord: it is not ſo, nor

'twas not ſo; but, indeed, God forbid it ſhould be ſo.

Cla. If my paſſion change not ſhortly, God forbid it ſhould be otherwiſe.

D. *Pe.* Amen, if you love her, for the lady is very well worthy.

Cla. You ſpeak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. *Pe.* By my troth, I ſpeak my thought.

Cla. And, in faith, my lord, I ſpoke mine.

Ben. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I ſpoke mine.

Cla. That I love her, I feel.

D. *Pe.* That ſhe is worthy, I know.

Ben. That I neither feel how ſhe ſhould be loved, nor know how ſhe ſhould be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will dye in it at the ſtake.

D. *Pe.* Thou waſt ever an obſtinate heretick in the deſpight of beauty.

Cla. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Ben. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that ſhe brought me up, I likewiſe give her moſt humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women ſhall pardon me: because I will not do them the wrong to miſtruſt any, I will do myſelf the right to truſt none: and the fine is (for the which I may go the finer) I will live a batchelor.

D. *Pe.* I ſhall ſee thee, ere I dye, look pale with love.

Ben. With anger, with ſickneſs, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove that ever I lose more

blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-houſe for the ſign of blind *Cupid.*

D. *Pe.* Well, if ever thou doſt fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Ben. If I do, hang me in a bottle, like a cat, and ſhoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clap'd on the ſhoulder, and call'd *Adam.*

D. *Pe.* Well, as time ſhall try:

In time the ſavage bull doth bear the yoke.

Ben. The ſavage bull may; but if ever the ſenſible *Benedick* bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and ſet them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in ſuch great letters as they write — *Here is good horſe to hire,* let them ſignify under my ſign — *Here you may ſee* Benedick *the marry'd man.*

Cla. If this ſhould ever happen, thou would'ſt be horn-mad.

D. *Pe.* Nay, if *Cupid* have not ſpent all his quiver in *Venice,* thou wilt quake for this ſhortly.

Ben. I look for an earth-quake too then.

D. *Pe.* Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good ſignior *Benedick,* repair to *Leonato*'s; commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at ſupper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Ben. I have almoſt matter enough in me for ſuch an embaſſage: And ſo I commit you —

Cla. to the tuition of God: From my houſe, (if I had it,)

D. *Pe.* the ſixth of *July:* Your loving friend, *Benedick.*

Ben. Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your diſcourſe is ſometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but ſlightly baſted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conſcience; and ſo I leave you. [*Exit* Benedick.

Cla. My liege, your highneſs now may do me good.

D. *Pe.* My love is thine to teach; teach it but how,
And thou ſhalt ſee how apt it is to learn
Any hard leſſon that may do thee good.

Cla. Hath *Leonato* any ſon, my lord?

D. *Pe.* No child but *Hero*, ſhe's his only heir:
Doſt thou affect her, *Claudio?*

Cla. O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a ſoldier's eye,
That lik'd, but had a rougher taſk in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come throngings ſoft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young *Hero* is,
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

D. *Pe.* Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words:
If thou doſt love fair *Hero*, cheriſh it;
And I will break with her, and with her father,
And thou ſhalt have her: Waſt not to this end,
That thou began'ſt to twiſt ſo fine a ſtory?

Cla. How ſweetly do you miniſter to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!

But leſt my liking might too ſudden ſeem,
I would have ſalv'd it with a longer treatiſe. [flood?
D. *Pe.* What need the bridge much broader than the
The faireſt grant is the neceſſity:
Look, what will ſerve, is fit: 'tis once, thou lov'ſt;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know, we ſhall have reveling to-night;
I will aſſume thy part in ſome diſguise,
And tell fair *Hero*, I am *Claudio*;
And in her bosom I'll unclaſp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And ſtrong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father will I break;
And, the conclusion is, ſhe ſhall be thine:
In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room in* Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Leonato, *and* Antonio.

Leo. How now, brother? Where is my cousin your ſon? Hath he provided this musick?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you ſtrange news, that you yet dreamt not of.

Leo. Are they good?

Ant. As the event ſtamps them; but they have a good cover, they ſhew well outward. The prince and count *Claudio*, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus much over-heard by a man of mine: The prince diſcover'd to *Claudio*, that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and inſtantly break with you of it.

Leo. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?

Ant. A good ſharp fellow; I will ſend for him, and queſtion him yourſelf.

Leo. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, 'till it appear itſelf: but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that ſhe may be the better prepared for an anſwer, if peradventure this be true: Go you, and tell her of it. — Cousins, you know what you have to do. — O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your ſkill: — Good cousin, have a care this busy time.

Enter ſeveral Perſons, bearing Things for the Banquet.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another Room in the ſame.*

Enter Don John, *and* Conrade.

Con. What the good year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure ſad?

D. *Jo.* There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it, therefore the ſadneſs is without limit.

Con. You ſhould hear reason.

D. *Jo.* And when I have heard it, what bleſſing bringeth it?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient ſufferance.

D. *Jo.* I wonder, that thou, being (as thou ſay'ſt, thou art) born under *Saturn*, goeſt about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying miſchief. I cannot hide what I am: I muſt be ſad when I have cause, and ſmile at no man's jeſts; eat when I have ſtomack, and wait for no man's leisure; ſleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's buſineſs; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his

humour.

Con. Yea, but you muſt not make the full ſhow of this, 'till you may do it without controulment. You have of late ſtood out againſt your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace: where it is impoſſible you ſhould take true root, but by the fair weather that you make yourſelf; it is needful that you frame the ſeason for your own harveſt.

D. *Jo.* I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a roſe in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be diſdain'd of all, than to faſhion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be ſaid to be a flattering honeſt man, it muſt not be deny'd but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am truſted with a muzle, and enfranchis'd with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to ſing in my cage: If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and ſeek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no uſe of your diſcontent?

D. *Jo.* I make all uſe of it, for I use it only.

Enter Borachio.

Who comes here? —What news, *Borachio?*

Bor. I came yonder from a great ſupper; the prince your brother is royally entertain'd by *Leonato:* and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. *Jo.* Will it ſerve for any model to build miſchief on? What is he for a fool, that betroths himſelf to unquietneſs?

Bor. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. *Jo.* Who? the moſt exquisite *Claudio?*

Bor. Even he.

D. *Jo.* A proper ſquire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

Bor. Marry, on *Hero*, the daughter and heir of *Leonato.*

D. *Jo.* A very forward *March*-chick! How came you to this?

Bor. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was ſmoking a muſty room, comes me the prince and *Claudio*, hand in hand, in ſad conference: I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince ſhould woo *Hero* for himſelf, and, having obtain'd her, give her to count *Claudio.*

D. *Jo.* Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my diſpleasure: that young ſtart-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can croſs him any way, I bleſs myſelf every way: You are both ſure, and will aſſiſt me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. *Jo.* Let us to the great ſupper; their cheer is the greater, that I am ſubdued: Would the cook were of my mind! Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bor. We'll wait upon your lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Hall in* Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, *and Others.*

Leo. Was not count *John* here at ſupper?

Ant. I ſaw him not.

Bea. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can ſee him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.

Her. He is of a very melancholy diſpoſition.

Bea. He were an excellent man, that were made juſt in the mid way between him and *Benedick:* the one is too like an image, and ſays nothing; and the other too like my lady's eldeſt ſon, evermore tattling.

Leo. Then half ſignior *Benedick*'s tongue in count *John*'s mouth, and half count *John*'s melancholy in ſignior *Benedick*'s face,—

Bea. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purſe, Such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

Leo. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be ſo ſhrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, ſhe's too curſt.

Bea. Too curſt is more than curſt: I ſhall leſſen God's ſending that way: for it is ſaid, *God ſends a curſt cow ſhort horns*; but to a cow too curſt he ſends none.

Leo. So, by being too curſt, God will ſend you no horns.

Bea. Juſt, if he ſend me no husband; for the which bleſſing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face; I had rather lye in the woollen.

Leo. You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Bea. What ſhould I do with him? dreſs him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman?

He that hath a beard, is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard, is leſs than a man: and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is leſs than a man, I am not for him: Therefore, I will even take ſixpence in earneſt of the bearherd, and lead his apes into hell.

Leo. Well then, go you into hell.

Bea. No, but to the gate: and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and ſay, *Get you to heaven*, Beatrice, *get you to heaven, here's no place for you maids:* ſo deliver I up my apes, and away to ſaint *Peter* for the heavens; he ſhews me where the batchelors ſit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece, [*to* Hero.] I truſt you will be rul'd by your father.

Bea. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make a court'ſy, and ſay, *Father, as it please you:* — but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handſome fellow, or elſe make another court'ſy, and ſay, *Father, as it please me.*

Leo. Well, niece, I hope to ſee you one day fitted with a husband.

Bea. Not 'till God make men of ſome other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-maſter'd with a piece of valiant duſt? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: *Adam*'s ſons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a ſin to match in my kindred.

Leo. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do ſollicit you in that kind, you know your anſwer.

Bea. The fault will be in the muſick, cousin, if

you be not woo'd in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him, there is measure in every thing, and ſo dance out the anſwer. For hear me, *Hero*, Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a *Scoth* jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the firſt ſuit is hot and haſty, like a *Scotch* jig, and full as fantaſtical; the wedding, mannerly modeſt, as a measure, full of ſtate and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faſter and faſter, 'till he ſink into his grave.

Leo. Cousin, you apprehend paſſing ſhrewdly.

Bea. I have a good eye, uncle; I can ſee a church by day-light.

Leo. The revelers are entring; brother, make good room. [Leonato *and his Company maſk.*

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthasar, *Don* John, Borachio, Margaret, Ursula, *and Others, maſk'd.*

D. *Pe.* Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Her. So you walk ſoftly, and look ſweetly, and ſay nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, eſpecially, when I walk away.

D. *Pe.* With me in your company.

Her. I may ſay ſo, when I please.

D. *Pe.* And when please you to ſay ſo?

Her. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute ſhould be like the caſe!

D. *Pe.* My visor is *Philemon*'s roof; within the houſe is *Jove.*

Her. Why, then your visor ſhould be thatch'd.

D. *Pe.* Speak low, if you ſpeak love.

[*drawing her aſide.*

Ben. Well, I would you did like me.

Mar. So would not I, for your own ſake! for I have many ill qualities.

Ben. Which is one?

Mar. I ſay my prayers aloud.

Ben. I love you the better; the hearers may cry, amen. [*turning off in Queſt of another.*

Mar. God match me with a good dancer!

Bal. Amen.

Mar. And God keep him out of my ſight, when the dance is done!—Anſwer, clerk.

Bal. No more words; the clerk is anſwered. [*parting different Ways.*

Urs. I know you well enough; you are ſignior *Antonio.*

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him ſo ill well, unleſs you were the very man: Here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come; do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itſelf? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end. [*mixing with the Company.*

Bea. Will you not tell me who told you ſo?

Ben. No, you ſhall pardon me.

Bea. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Ben. Not now.

Bea. That I was diſdainful,—and that I had my good wit out of the *Hundred merry Tales*;—Well, this

was ſignior *Benedick* that ſaid ſo?

Ben. What's he?

Bea. I am ſure, you know him well enough.

Ben. Not I, believe me.

Bea. Did he never make you laugh?

Ben. I pray you, what is he?

Bea. Why, he is the prince's jeſter: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impoſſible ſlanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleaseth men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am ſure, he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded me.

Ben. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you ſay.

Bea. Do, do: he'll but break a compariſon, or two, on me; which, peradventure, not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, ſtrikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge's wing ſav'd, for the fool will eat no ſupper that night. [*Muſick begins: Dance forming.*] We muſt follow the leaders.

Ben. In every good thing.

Bea. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. [*Dance: and Exeunt D.* Pe. *and* Leo. *converſing*; Her. Bea. Mar. Urs. Ant. Ben. Bal. *and Company.*

D. *Jo.* "Sure, my brother is amorous on *Hero*, and" "hath withdrawn her father to break with him" "about it: The ladies follow her, and but one viſor" "remains."

Bor. "And that is *Claudio*; I know him by his" "bearing."

D. *Jo.* Are not you ſignior *Benedick?*

Cla. You know me well; I am he.

D. *Jo.* Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamour'd on *Hero*; I pray you, diſſuade him from her, ſhe is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honeſt man in it.

Cla. How know you he loves her?

D. *Jo.* I heard him ſwear his affection.

Bor. So did I too; and he ſwore he would marry her to-night.

D. *Jo.* Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt D.* John, *and* Borachio.

Cla. Thus anſwer I in name of *Benedick*,
But hear these ill news with the ears of *Claudio.*—
'Tis certain ſo; the prince wooes for himſelf.
Friendſhip is conſtant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itſelf,
And truſt no agent: for beauty is a witch,
Againſt whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I miſtruſted not: Farewel therefore, *Hero!*

Re-enter Benedick.

Ben. Count *Claudio?*

Cla. Yea, the ſame.

Ben. Come, will you go with me?

Cla. Whither?

Ben. Even to the next willow, about your own buſineſs, count. What faſhion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's ſcarf? You

muſt wear it one way, for the prince hath got your *Hero*.

Cla. I wiſh him joy of her.

Ben. Why, that's ſpoken like an honeſt drover; ſo they ſell bullocks. But did you think, the prince would have ſerv'd you thus?

Cla. I pray you, leave me.

Ben. Ho! now you ſtrike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that ſtole your meat, and you'll beat the poſt.

Cla. If it will not be, I'll leave you.

[*Exit* Claudio.

Ben. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into ſedges.—But, that my lady *Beatrice* ſhould know me, and not know me! The prince's fool? Ha! It may be, I go under that title, because I am merry. Yea; but ſo; (I am apt to do myſelf wrong) I am not ſo reputed: it is the baſe, though bitter, diſpoſition of *Beatrice*, that puts the world into her perſon, and ſo gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter Don Pedro, Hero, *and* Leonato.

D. *Pe.* Now, ſignior? where's the count? Did you ſee him?

Ben. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of lady fame: I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren; I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forſaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

[17] v. *Note*.

D. *Pe.* To be whipt! What's his fault?

Ben. The flat tranſgreſſion of a ſchool-boy; who being overjoy'd with finding a bird's neſt, ſhews it his companion, and he ſteals it.

D. *Pe.* Wilt thou make a truſt a tranſgreſſion? The tranſgreſſion is in the ſtealer.

Ben. Yet it had not been amiſs, the rod had been made, and the garland too: for the garland he might have worn himſelf; and the rod he might have beſtowed on you, who, as I take it, have ſtol'n his birds' neſt.

D. *Pe.* I will but teach them to ſing, and reſtore them to the owner.

Ben. If their ſinging anſwer your ſaying, by my faith, you ſay honeſtly.

D. *Pe.* The lady *Beatrice* hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman, that danc'd with her, told her, ſhe is much wrong'd by you.

Ben. O, ſhe miſus'd me paſt the endurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have anſwered her; my very viſor began to aſſume life, and ſcold with her: She told me, not thinking I had been myſelf, that I was the prince's jeſter; that I was duller than a great thaw; hudling jeſt upon jeſt, with ſuch impoſſible conveyance, upon me, that I ſtood like a man at a mark, with a whole army ſhooting at me: She ſpeaks poniards, and every word ſtabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, ſhe would infect to the north ſtar: I would not marry her, though ſhe were endowed with all that *Adam* had left him before he tranſgreſſ'd: ſhe would have made *Hercules* have turn'd ſpit; yea, and

have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you ſhall find her the infernal *Ate* in good apparel. I would to God, ſome ſcholar would conjure her: for, certainly, while ſhe is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a ſanctuary; and people ſin upon purpose, because they would go thither: ſo, indeed, all diſquiet, horror, and perturbation, follows her.

Re-enter BEATRICE, *and* CLAUDIO.

D. *Pe.* Look, here ſhe comes.

Ben. Will your grace command me any ſervice to the world's end? I will go on the ſlighteſt errand now to the *Antipodes*, that you can devise to ſend me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the fartheſt inch of *Aſia*; bring you the length of *Preſter John*'s foot; fetch you a hair off the great *Cham*'s beard; do you any embáſſage to the pigmies, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy: You have no employment for me?

D. *Pe.* None, but to desire your good company.

Ben. O God, ſir, here's a diſh I love not; I cannot endure this lady's tongue. [*Exit* BENEDICK.

D. *Pe.* Come, lady, come; you have loſt the heart of ſignior *Benedick*.

Bea. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while; and I gave him uſe for it, a double heart for his ſingle one: marry, once before he won it of me with falſe dice, therefore your grace may well ſay, I have loſt it.

D. *Pe.* You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Bea. So I would not he ſhould do me, my lord, leſt I ſhould prove the mother of fools. I have brought count *Claudio*, whom you ſent me to ſeek.

D. *Pe.* Why, how now, count? wherefore are you ſad?

Cla. Not ſad, my lord.

D. *Pe.* How then? Sick?

Cla. Neither, my lord.

Bea. The count is neither ſad, nor ſick, nor merry, nor well: — but civil, count; civil as an orange, and ſomething of that jealous complexion.

D. *Pe.* I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be ſworn, if he be ſo, his conceit is falſe. — Here, *Claudio*, [*leading him to* Hero.] I have wooed in thy name, and fair *Hero* is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leo. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace ſay, amen, to it!

Bea. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Cla. Silence is the perfecteſt herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could ſay how much. — Lady, as you are mine, I am yours; I give away myſelf for you, and doat upon the exchange.

Bea. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, ſtop his mouth with a kiſs, and let not him ſpeak neither.

D. *Pe.* In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Bea. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy ſide of care: — My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Cla. And ſo ſhe doth, cousin.

Bea. Good lord, for alliance! Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am ſun-burnt; I may ſit in a corner, and cry, hey ho! for a husband.

D. *Pe.* Lady *Beatrice*, I will get you one.

Bea. I would rather have one of your father's getting: Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. *Pe.* Will you have me, lady?

Bea. No, my lord, unleſs I might have another for working-days; your grace is too coſtly to wear every day:—But, I beſeech your grace, pardon me; I was born to ſpeak all mirth, and no matter.

D. *Pe.* Your ſilence moſt offends me, and to be merry beſt becomes you; for, out of queſtion, you were born in a merry hour.

Bea. No, ſure, my lord; my mother cry'd: but then there was a ſtar danc'd, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God give you joy?

Leo. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Bea. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. [*Exit* Beatrice.

D. *Pe.* By my troth, a pleasant-ſpirited lady.

Leo. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: ſhe is never ſad, but when ſhe ſleeps; and not ever ſad then; for I have heard my daughter ſay, ſhe hath often dreamt of unhappineſs, and wak'd herſelf with laughing.

D. *Pe.* She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leo. O, by no means; ſhe mocks all her wooers out of ſuit.

D. *Pe.* She were an excellent wife for *Benedick.*

Leo. O lord, my lord, if they were but a week marry'd, they would talk themſelves mad.

D. *Pe.* Count *Claudio*, when mean you to go to church?

Cla. To-morrow, my lord; Time goes on crutches, 'till love have all his rites.

Leo. Not 'till monday, my dear ſon, which is hence a juſt ſevennight; and a time too brief too, to have all things anſwer my mind.

D. *Pe.* Come, you ſhake the head at ſo long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, *Claudio*, the time ſhall not go dully by us: I will in the interim undertake one of *Hercules'* labours; which is, to bring ſignior *Benedick* and the lady *Beatrice* into a mountain of affection, the one with the other: I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to faſhion it, if you three will but miniſter ſuch aſſiſtance as I ſhall give you direction.

Leo. My lord, I am for you, though it coſt me ten nights' watchings.

Cla. And I, my lord.

D. *Pe.* And you too, gentle *Hero?*

Her. I will do any modeſt office, my lord, to help my couſin to a good husband.

D. *Pe.* And *Benedick* is not the unhopefulleſt husband that I know: thus far can I praiſe him; he is of a noble ſtrain, of approved valour, and confirm'd honeſty. I will teach you how to humour your couſin, that ſhe ſhall fall in love with *Benedick*;—and I, with your two helps, will ſo practiſe on *Benedick*, that, in deſpight of his quick wit and his queaſy ſtomack, he ſhall fall in love with *Beatrice*. If we can do this, *Cupid* is no longer an archer, his glory ſhall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another Room in the ſame.*

Enter Don JOHN, *and* BORACHIO.

D. *Jo.* It is so; the count *Claudio* shall marry the daughter of *Leonato.*

Bor. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

D. *Jo.* Any bar, any cross, any impediment, will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine: How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bor. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly, that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. *Jo.* Shew me briefly how.

Bor. I think I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of *Margaret*, the waiting-gentlewoman to *Hero:*

D. *Jo.* I remember.

Bor. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

D. *Jo.* What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bor. The poison of that lies in you to temper: Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned *Claudio* (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as *Hero.*

D. *Jo.* What proof shall I make of that?

Bor. Proof enough, to misuse the prince, to vex *Claudio*, to undo *Hero*, and kill *Leonato:* Look you for any other issue?

D. *Jo.* Only to despite them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bor. Go then, find me a meet hour to draw Don

Pedro, and the count *Claudio*, alone; tell them, that you know that *Hero* loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and *Claudio*; as — in a love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the ſemblance of a maid,— that you have diſcover'd thus: They will ſcarcely believe this without trial: offer them inſtances; which ſhall bear no leſs likelihood, than to ſee me at her chamber-window; hear me call *Margaret*, *Hero*; hear *Margaret* term me *Claudio*; and bring them to ſee this, the very night before the intended wedding: for, in the mean time, I will ſo faſhion the matter, that *Hero* ſhall be abſent; and there ſhall appear ſuch ſeeming truth of her diſloyalty, that jealouſy ſhall be call'd aſſurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

D. *Jo.* Grow this to what adverſe iſſue it can, I will put it in practice: Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bor. Be you conſtant in the accusation, and my cunning ſhall not ſhame me.

D. *Jo.* I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Leonato's *Garden.*

Enter Benedick, *and a* Boy.

Ben. Boy,—

Boy. Signior.

Ben. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, ſir.

Ben. I know that; but I would have thee hence,

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and here again. [*Exit* Boy.] I do much wonder, that one man, ſeeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laugh'd at ſuch ſhallow follies in others, become the argument of his own ſcorn, by falling in love: And ſuch a man is *Claudio:* I have known, when there was no musick with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the taber and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walk'd ten mile afoot, to ſee a good armour; and now will he lye ten nights awake, carving the faſhion of a new doublet: He was wont to ſpeak plain and to the purpose, like an honeſt man and a ſoldier; and now is he turn'd orthographer; his words are a very fantaſtical banquet, juſt ſo many ſtrange diſhes. May I be ſo converted, and ſee with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be ſworn, but love may tranſform me to an oiſter; but I'll take my oath on it, 'till he have made an oiſter of me, he ſhall never make me ſuch a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wise; yet I am well: another virtuous; yet I am well: but 'till all graces be in one woman, one woman ſhall not come in my grace: Rich ſhe ſhall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel: of good diſcourſe, an excellent musician, and her hair ſhall be of what colour it please God. Ha! The prince, and monſieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [*withdraws.*

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and* LEONATO.

D. *PE.* Come, ſhall we hear this musick?

CLA. Yea, my good lord: How ſtill the evening is!

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As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony.
D. *Pe.* " See you where *Benedick* hath hid himself?"
Cla. " O, very well, my lord: the musick ended,"
" We'll fit the hid fox with a penny-worth."
Enter Balthasar, *with Musick.*
D. *Pe.* Come, *Balthasar*, we'll hear that song again.
Bal. O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander musick any more than once.
D. *Pe.* It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection: —
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.
Bal. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing:
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy; yet he wooes;
Yet will he swear, he loves.
D. *Pe.* Nay, pray thee, come:
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.
Bal. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.
D. *Pe.* Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Note, notes, forsooth, and noting! [*Air.*
Ben. " Now, *Divine air!* Now is his soul ravish'd!"
" Is it not strange, that sheep's guts should hale souls"
" out of men's bodies? Well, a horn for my money,"
" when all's done." [*Song.*

Bal. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
men were deceivers ever;
one foot in sea, and one on shore;
to one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so,
but let them go,

4 the kid-foxe 22 and nothing.

and be you blith and bonny;
converting all your ſounds of woe
into, Hey, nonny, nonny.

II. St.

Sing no more ditties, ſing no mo
of dumps ſo dull and heavy;
the fraud of men was ever ſo,
ſince ſummer firſt was leavy.
Then ſigh not ſo, &c.

D. *Pe.* By my troth, a good ſong.

Bal. And an ill ſinger, my lord.

D. *Pe.* Ha? No; no, faith; thou ſing'ſt well enough for a ſhift.

Ben. "An he had been a dog that ſhould have" "howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him: and I" "pray God, his bad voice bode no miſchief; I had" "as lief have heard the night-raven, come what" "plague could have come after it."

D. *Pe.* Yea, marry;—Doſt thou hear, *Balthaſar?* I pray thee, get us ſome excellent muſick; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady *Hero*'s chamber-window.

Bal. The beſt I can, my lord.

D. *Pe.* Do ſo; farewel. [*Exeunt* Bal. *and Muſick.*] Come hither, *Leonato:* What was it you told me of to-day? that your niece *Beatrice* was in love with ſignior *Benedick?*

Cla. O, ay:—"Stalk on, ſtalk on; the fowl ſits."—I did never think, that lady would have loved any man.

Leo. No, nor I neither; but moſt wonderful, that ſhe ſhould ſo doat on ſignior *Benedick*, whom ſhe hath in all outward behaviours ſeemed ever to abhor.

Ben. "Is't poſſible? Sits the wind in that corner?"

Leo. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it: but, that ſhe loves him with an enrag'd affection,—It is paſt the infinite of thought.

D. *Pe.* May be, ſhe doth but counterfeit.

Cla. 'Faith, like enough.

Leo. O God! counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of paſſion came ſo near the life of paſſion, as ſhe diſcovers it.

D. *Pe.* Why, what effects of paſſion ſhews ſhe?

Cla. "Bait the hook well; this fiſh will bite."

Leo. What effects, my lord? She will ſit you—You heard my daughter tell how.

Cla. She did, indeed.

D. *Pe.* How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought, her ſpirit had been invincible againſt all aſſaults of affection.

Leo. I would have ſworn it had, my lord; eſpecially againſt *Benedick*.

Ben. "I ſhould think this a gull, but that the" "white-bearded fellow ſpeaks it: knavery cannot," "ſure, hide himſelf in ſuch reverence."

Cla. "He hath ta'en th'infection; hold it up."

D. *Pe.* Hath ſhe made her affection known to *Benedick?*

Leo. No; and ſwears, ſhe never will; that's her torment.

Cla. 'Tis true, indeed; ſo your daughter ſays: *Shall I,* ſays ſhe, *that have ſo oft encounter'd him with ſcorn, write to him that I love him?*

Leo. This ſays ſhe now when ſhe is beginning to write to him: for ſhe'll be up twenty times a night;

and there will ſhe ſit in her ſmock, 'till ſhe have writ a ſheet of paper: — my daughter tells us all.

Cla. Now you talk of a ſheet of paper, I remember a pretty jeſt your daughter told us of.

Leo. O,— When ſhe had writ it, and was reading it over, ſhe found *Benedick* and *Beatrice* between the ſheet? —

Cla. That.

Leo. O, ſhe tore the letter into a thouſand halfpence; rail'd at herſelf, that ſhe ſhould be ſo immodeſt to write to one that ſhe knew would flout her: *I meaſure him*, ſays ſhe, *by my own ſpirit; for I ſhould flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I ſhould.*

Cla. Then down upon her knees ſhe falls, weeps, ſobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curſes; — *O ſweet* Benedick! *God give me patience!*

Leo. She doth, indeed; my daughter ſays ſo: and the extaſy hath ſo much over-born her, that my daughter is ſometime afeard ſhe will do a deſperate outrage to herſelf; It is very true.

D. *Pe.* It were good, that *Benedick* knew of it by ſome other, if ſhe will not diſcover it.

Cla. To what end? He would but make a ſport of it, and torment the poor lady worſe.

D. *Pe.* An he ſhould, it were an alms to hang him: She's an excellent ſweet lady; and, out of all ſuſpicion, ſhe is virtuous.

Cla. And ſhe is exceeding wiſe.

D. *Pe.* In every thing, but in loving *Benedick*.

Leo. O my lord, wiſdom and blood combating in ſo tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory. I am ſorry for her, as I have juſt

cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. *Pe.* I would ſhe had beſtowed this dotage on me; I would have daft all other reſpects, and made her half my ſelf: I pray you, tell *Benedick* of it, and hear what he will ſay.

Leo. Were it good, think you?

Cla. *Hero* thinks ſurely, ſhe will dye: for ſhe ſays ſhe will dye, if he love her not; and ſhe will dye ere ſhe make her love known; and ſhe will dye, if he woo her, rather than ſhe will 'bate one breath of her accuſtomed croſſneſs.

D. *Pe.* She doth well: if ſhe ſhould make tender of her love, 'tis very poſſible he'll ſcorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible ſpirit.

Cla. He is a very proper man.

D. *Pe.* He hath, indeed, a good outward happineſs.

Cla. 'Fore God, and, in my mind, very wise.

D. *Pe.* He doth, indeed, ſhew ſome ſparks that are like wit.

Cla. And I take him to be valiant.

D. *Pe.* As *Hector*, I aſſure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may ſay he is wise; for either he avoids them with great diſcretion, or undertakes them with a moſt chriſtian-like fear.

Leo. If he do fear God, he muſt neceſſarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. *Pe.* And ſo will he do; for the man doth fear God, howſoever it ſeems not in him, by ſome large jeſts he will make. Well, I am ſorry for your niece: Shall we go ſeek *Benedick*, and tell him of her love?

Cla. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out

with good counsel.

Leo. Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

D. *Pe.* Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while: I love *Benedick* well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

Leo. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Cla. "If he do not doat on her upon this, I will" "never trust my expectation."

D. *Pe.* "Let there be the same net spread for her," "and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen" "carry: The sport will be, when they hold one an" "opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter;" "that's the scene that I would see, which will be" "meerly a dumb shew. Let us send her to call him" "in to dinner."

[*Exeunt Don* Pedro, Claudio, *and* Leonato.

Ben. [*advancing.*] This can be no trick: The conference was sadly born: They have the truth of this from *Hero.* They seem to pity the lady; it seems, her affections have their full bent. Love me! Why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censur'd: they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too, that she will rather dye than give any sign of affection;—I did never think to marry: I must not seem proud: happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous; 'tis so, I can not reprove it: and wise, but for loving me; By my troth, it is no addition to her wit; nor no great argument of her folly, for I will

be horribly in love with her. I may chance have ſome odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed ſo long againſt marriage: But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age: Shall quips, and ſentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No: The world muſt be peopl'd: When I ſaid, I would dye a batchelor, I did not think I ſhould live 'till I were marry'd.—Here comes *Beatrice:* By this day, ſhe's a fair lady: I do ſpy ſome marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

BEA. Againſt my will, I am ſent to bid you come in to dinner.

BEN. Fair *Beatrice,* I thank you for your pains.

BEA. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

BEN. You take pleasure then in the meſſage?

BEA. Yea, juſt ſo much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choak a daw withal:—You have no ſtomack, ſignior; fare you well. [*Exit* BEATRICE.

BEN. Ha! *Againſt my will, I am ſent to bid you come in to dinner*—there's a double meaning in that. *I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me*—that's as much as to ſay, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks:—If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a *Jew:* I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Garden.*

Enter HERO, MARGARET, *and* URSULA.

HER. Good *Margaret*, run thee into the parlour;
There ſhalt thou find my couſin *Beatrice*,
Proposing with the prince and *Claudio:*
Whiſper her ear, and tell her, I and *Urſula*
Walk in the orchard, and our whole diſcourſe
Is all of her; ſay, that thou overheard'ſt us;
And bid her ſteal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-ſuckles, ripen'd by the ſun,
Forbid the ſun to enter; — like to favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Againſt that power that bred it: — there will ſhe hide her
To liſten our propose: This is thy office;
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

MAR. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently.
[*Exit* MARGARET.

HER. Now, *Urſula*, when *Beatrice* doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk muſt only be of *Benedick:*
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit;
My talk to thee muſt be, how *Benedick*
Is ſick in love with *Beatrice:* Of this matter
Is little *Cupid*'s crafty arrow made,
That only wounds with hear-ſay. "Now begin;"

Enter BEATRICE.

"For look where *Beatrice*, like a lap-wing, runs"
"Cloſe by the ground, to hear our conference."

URS. "The pleasant'ſt angling is to ſee the fiſh"
"Cut with her golden oars the ſilver ſtream,"

4 thee to the

" And greedily devour the treacherous bait:"
" So angle we for *Beatrice*; who even now"
" Is couched in the woodbine coverture:"
" Fear you not my part of the dialogue." thing"
Her. " Then go we near her, that her ear lose no-
" Of the falſe ſweet bait that we lay for it."
No, truly, *Urſula*, ſhe is too diſdainful;
I know, her ſpirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.
Urs. But are you ſure,
That *Benedick* loves *Beatrice* ſo entirely?
Her. So ſays the prince, and my new-trothed lord.
Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?
Her. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it:
But I perſuaded them, if they lov'd *Benedick*,
To wiſh him wreſtle with affection,
And never to let *Beatrice* know of it.
Urs. Why did you ſo? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever *Beatrice* ſhall couch upon?
Her. O god of love! I know, he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder ſtuff than that of *Beatrice:*
Diſdain and ſcorn ride ſparkling in her eyes,
Miſprizing what they look on; and her wit
Values itſelf ſo highly, that to her
All matter elſe ſeems weak: ſhe cannot love,
Nor take no ſhape nor project of affection,
She is ſo ſelf-endeared.
Urs. Sure, I think ſo;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good

She knew his love, leſt ſhe make ſport at it.
Her. Why, you ſpeak truth: I never yet ſaw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But ſhe would ſpell him backward: if fair-fac'd,
She would ſwear, the gentleman ſhould be her ſiſter;
If black, why, nature, drawing of an antick,
Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agat very vilely cut:
If ſpeaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If ſilent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns ſhe every man the wrong ſide out;
And never gives to truth and virtue, that
Which ſimpleneſs and merit purchaſeth.
Urs. Sure, ſure, ſuch carping is not commendable.
Her. No; nor to be ſo odd, and from all faſhions,
As *Beatrice* is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her ſo? If I ſhould ſpeak,
She would mock me into air; o, ſhe would laugh me
Out of myſelf, preſs me to death with wit.
Therefore let *Benedick*, like cover'd fire,
Conſume away in ſighs, waſte inwardly:
It were a better death than dye with mocks;
Which is as bad as dye with tickling.
Urs. Yet tell her of it; hear what ſhe will ſay.
Her. No; rather I will go to *Benedick*,
And counſel him to fight againſt his paſſion:
And, truly, I'll devise ſome honeſt ſlanders,
To ſtain my cousin with; One doth not know,
How much an ill word may empoison liking.
Urs. O, do not do your cousin ſuch a wrong.
She cannot be ſo much without true judgment,
(Having ſo ſwift and excellent a wit,

15 No not to

As ſhe is pris'd to have) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as ſignior *Benedick.*
Her. He is the only man of *Italy,*
Always excepted my dear *Claudio.*
Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy; Signior *Benedick,*
For ſhape, for bearing, argument, and valour,
Goes foremoſt in report through *Italy.*
Her. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.
Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—
When are you marry'd, madam?
Her. Why, every day; to-morrow: Come, go in;
I'll ſhew thee ſome attires; and have thy counſel,
Which is the beſt to furniſh me to-morrow. [madam."
Urs. "She's ta'en, I warrant you; we have caught her,
Her. "If it prove ſo, then loving goes by haps:"
"Some *Cupid* kills with arrows, ſome with traps."
[*Exeunt* Hero, *and* Ursula. Beatrice *advances.*
Bea. What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and ſcorn ſo much?
Contempt, farewel! and, maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of ſuch.
And, *Benedick,* love on, I will requite thee;
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;
If thou doſt love, my kindneſs ſhall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band:
For others ſay, thou doſt deſerve; and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Room in* Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter D. Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, *and* Leonato.

D. *Pe.* I do but ſtay 'till your marriage be conſum-

mate, and then go I toward *Arragon*.

Cla. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchſafe me.

D. *Pe.* Nay, that would be as great a ſoyl in the new gloſs of your marriage, as to ſhew a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with *Benedick* for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the ſoal of his foot, he is all mirth: he hath twice or thrice cut *Cupid*'s bow-ſtring, and the little hangman dare not ſhoot at him: he hath a heart as ſound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue ſpeaks.

Ben. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leo. So ſay I; methinks, you are ſadder.

Cla. I hope, he be in love.

D. *Pe.* Hang him, truant; there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love: if he be ſad, he wants money.

Ben. I have the tooth-ach.

D. *Pe.* Draw it.

Ben. Hang it!

Cla. You muſt hang it firſt, and draw it afterwards.

D. *Pe.* What? ſigh for the tooth-ach?

Leo. Where is but a humour, or a worm?

Ben. Well, Every one can maſter a grief, but he that has it.

Cla. Yet ſay I, he is in love.

D. *Pe.* There is no appearance of fancy in him, unleſs it be a fancy that he hath to ſtrange diſguises; as, to be a *Dutchman* to-day, a *Frenchman* to-morrow; or in the ſhape of two countries at once, as, a *German* from the waſte downward, all ſlops, and a *Spa-*

25 cannot maſter

niard from the hip upward, no doublet: unleſs he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

Cla. If he be not in love with ſome woman, there is no believing old ſigns: he bruſhes his hat o' mornings; What ſhould that bode?

D. *Pe.* Hath any man ſeen him at the barber's?

Cla. No, but the barber's man hath been ſeen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already ſtuff'd tennis-balls.

Leo. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loſs of a beard.

D. *Pe.* Nay, he rubs himſelf with civet; Can you ſmell him out by that?

Cla. That's as much as to ſay, The ſweet youth's in love.

D. *Pe.* The greateſt note of it is his melancholy.

Cla. And when was he wont to waſh his face?

D. *Pe.* Yea, or to paint himſelf? for the which, I hear what they ſay of him.

Cla. Nay, but his jeſting ſpirit; which is now crept into a lute-ſtring, and now govern'd by ſtops.

D. *Pe.* Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Cla. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. *Pe.* That would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not.

Cla. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in deſpight of all, dies for him.

D. *Pe.* She ſhall be bury'd with her heels upwards.

Ben. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach.—Old ſignior, walk aſide with me; I have ſtudy'd eight

30 her face upwards

or nine wise words to ſpeak to you, which these hobby-horſes muſt not hear.

[*Exeunt* BENEDICK, *and* LEONATO.

D. *Pe.* For my life, to break with him about *Beatrice.*

Cla. 'Tis even ſo: *Hero* and *Margaret* have by this played their parts with *Beatrice*; and then the two bears will not bite one another, when they meet.

Enter Don JOHN.

D. *Jo.* My lord and brother, God ſave you.

D. *Pe.* Good den, brother.

D. *Jo.* If your leiſure ſerv'd, I would ſpeak with you.

D. *Pe.* In private?

D. *Jo.* If it please you:—yet count *Claudio* may hear; for what I would ſpeak of, concerns him.

D. *Pe.* What's the matter?

D. *Jo.* Means your lordſhip [*to* Cla.] to be marry'd to-morrow?

D. *Pe.* You know, he does.

D. *Jo.* I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Cla. If there be any impediment, I pray you, diſcover it.

D. *Jo.* You may think, I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifeſt: For my brother, I think, he holds you well; and in dearneſs of heart hath holp to effect your enſuing marriage: ſurely, ſuit ill ſpent, and labour ill beſtowed.

D. *Pe.* Why, what's the matter?

D. *Jo.* I came hither to tell you; and, circumſtances ſhorten'd, (for ſhe hath been too long a'talking about) the lady is diſloyal.

Cla. Who? *Hero?*

D. *Jo.* Even ſhe; *Leonato*'s *Hero*, your *Hero*, every man's *Hero*.

Cla. Diſloyal?

D. *Jo.* The word is too good to paint out her wickedneſs; I could ſay, ſhe were worſe; think you of a worſe title, and I will fit her to it: Wonder not 'till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you ſhall ſee her chamber-window enter'd; even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Cla. May this be ſo?

D. *Pe.* I will not think it.

D. *Jo.* If you dare not truſt that you ſee, confeſs not that you know: if you will follow me, I will ſhew you enough; and when you have ſeen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Cla. If I ſee any thing to-night, why I ſhould not marry her; to-morrow, in the congregation, where I ſhould wed, there will I ſhame her.

D. *Pe.* And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to diſgrace her.

D. *Jo.* I will diſparage her no farther, 'till you are my witneſſes; bear it coldly but 'till midnight, and let the iſſue ſhew itſelf.

D. *Pe.* O day untowardly turned!

Cla. O miſchief ſtrangely thwarting!

D. *Jo.* O plague right well prevented!

So will you ſay, when you have ſeen the ſequel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Street.*

Enter DOGBERRY, *and* VERGES, *with the* Watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Ver. Yea, or elſe it were pity but they ſhould ſuffer ſalvation, body and ſoul.

Dog. Nay, that were a puniſhment too good for them, if they ſhould have any allegeance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch. [*ry.*

Ver. Well, give them their charge, neighbour *Dogberry.*

Dog. Firſt, who think you the moſt desartleſs man to be conſtable?

1. *W. Hugh Oatcake,* ſir, or *George Seacoal*; for they can write and read.

Dog. Come hither, neighbour *Seacoal:* God hath bleſſ'd you with a good name: to be a well-favour'd man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

2. *W.* Both which, maſter conſtable,—

Dog. You have; I knew it would be your anſwer: Well, for your favour, ſir, why, give God thanks, and make no boaſt of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of ſuch vanity. You are thought here to be the moſt ſenſeleſs and fit man for the conſtable of the watch; therefore bear you the lanthorn: This is your charge; You ſhall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man ſtand, in the prince's name.

2. *W.* How if he will not ſtand?

Dog. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the reſt of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Ver. If he will not ſtand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's ſubjects.

Dog. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's ſubjects:—You ſhall alſo make no noise in

the ſtreets; for, for the watch to babble and to talk, is moſt tolerable and not to be endured.

2. *W.* We will rather ſleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dog. Why, you ſpeak like an ancient and moſt quiet watchman; for I cannot ſee how ſleeping ſhould offend: only, have a care that your bills be not ſtoln: — Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2. *W.* How if they will not?

Dog. Why then, let them alone 'till they are ſober; if they make you not then the better anſwer, you may ſay, they are not the men you took them for.

2. *W.* Well, ſir.

Dog. If you meet a thief, you may ſuſpect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for ſuch kind of men, the leſs you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honeſty.

2. *W.* If we know him to be a thief, ſhall we not lay hands on him?

Dog. Truly, by your office, you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the moſt peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him ſhew himſelf what he is, and ſteal out of your company.

Ver. You have been always call'd a merciful man, partner.

Dog. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honeſty in him.

Ver. If you hear a child cry in the night, you muſt call to the nurſe, and bid her ſtill it.

2. *W.* How if the nurſe be aſleep, and will not hear us?

Dog. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child

wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never anſwer a calf when he bleats.

Ver. 'Tis very true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge. You, conſtable, are to present the prince's own perſon; if you meet the prince in the night, you may ſtay him.

Ver. Nay, by'r-lady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dog. Five ſhillings to one on't, with any man that knows the ſtatutes, he may ſtay him: marry, not without the prince be willing: for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to ſtay a man againſt his will.

Ver. By'r-lady, I think, it be ſo.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha! Well, maſters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counſels, and your own, and good night.—Come, neighbour.

2. *W.* Well, maſters, we hear our charge: let us go ſit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to-bed.

Dog. One word more, honeſt neighbours: I pray you, watch about ſignior *Leonato*'s door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coyl to-night: Adieu; be vigitant, I beſeech you.

[*Exeunt* Dogberry, *and* Verges.

Enter Borachio, *and* Conrade.

Bor. What, *Conrade*,—

2. *W.* "Peace, ſtir not."

Bor. *Conrade*, I ſay,—

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bor. Maſs, and my elbow itch'd; I thought, there

would a ſcab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an anſwer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bor. Stand thee cloſe then under this pent-houſe, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

2. W. "Some treason, maſters; yet ſtand cloſe."

Bor. Therefore know, I have earned of Don *John* a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it poſſible that any villany ſhould be ſo dear?

Bor. Thou ſhould'ſt rather aſk, if it were poſſible any villany ſhould be ſo rich: for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bor. That ſhews, thou art unconfirm'd: Thou knoweſt, that the faſhion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bor. I mean, the faſhion.

Con. Yes, the faſhion is the faſhion.

Bor. Tuſh! I may as well ſay, the fool's the fool. But ſee'ſt thou not what a deform'd thief this faſhion is?

1. W. "I know that *Deform'd*; he has been a vile" "thief this ſeven year; he goes up and down like" "a gentleman: I remember his name."

Bor. Did'ſt thou not hear ſome body?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the houſe.

Bor. See'ſt thou not, I ſay, what a deform'd thief this faſhion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five and thirty?

ſometimes faſhioning them like *Pharaoh*'s ſoldiers in the reechy painting; ſometime, like god *Bel*'s prieſts in the old church-window; ſometime, like the ſhaven *Hercules* in the ſmirtcht worm-eaten tapeſtry, where his cod-piece ſeems as maſſy as his club?

Con. All this I ſee; and ſee, that the faſhion wears out more apparel than the man: But art not thou thyſelf giddy with the faſhion too, that thou haſt ſhifted out of thy tale into telling me of the faſhion?

Bor. Not ſo neither: but know that I have to-night wooed *Margaret*, the lady *Hero*'s gentlewoman, by the name of *Hero*; ſhe leans me out at her miſtreſs' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good-night,—I tell this tale vilely: I ſhould firſt tell thee, how the prince, *Claudio*, and my maſter, planted, and placed, and poſſeſſed by my maſter Don *John*, ſaw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they, *Margaret* was *Hero*?

Bor. Two of them did, the prince and *Claudio*, but the devil my maſter knew ſhe was *Margaret*; and partly by his oaths, which firſt poſſeſſ'd them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any ſlander that Don *John* had made, away went *Claudio* enrag'd; ſwore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, ſhame her with what he had ſeen o'er night, and ſend her home again without a husband.

1. *W.* [*ſtarting out upon them.*] We charge you in the prince's name, ſtand.

2. *W.* Call up the right maſter conſtable: We have

here recovered the moſt dangerous piece of lecnery that ever was known in the common-wealth.

1. *W.* And one *Deform'd* is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock.

Con. Maſters, maſters,—

2. *W.* You'll be made bring *Deform'd* forth, I warrant you.

Con. Maſters,—

1. *W.* Never ſpeak, we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bor. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in queſtion, I warrant you.— Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Room in* Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Hero, Margaret, *and* Ursula.

Her. Good *Urſula*, wake my cousin *Beatrice*, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Her. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well. [*Exit* Ursula.

Mar. Troth, I think, your other rebato were better.

Her. No, pray thee, good *Meg*, I'll wear this.

Mar. By my troth, 's not ſo good; and, I warrant, your cousin will ſay ſo.

Her. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

Mar. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner: and your gown's a moſt rare faſhion, i'faith. I ſaw the dutcheſs of *Milan*'s

gown, that they praise ſo.

Her. O, that exceeds, they ſay.

Mar. By my troth, 's but a night-gown in reſpect of yours: Cloth o' gold, and cuts, and lac'd with ſilver; ſet with pearls, down ſleeves, ſide ſleeves, and ſkirts round, under-born with a blueiſh tinſel: but, for a fine, queint, graceful, and excellent faſhion, yours is worth ten on't.

Her. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Mar. 'Twill be heavier ſoon, by the weight of a man.

Her. Fie upon thee! art not aſham'd?

Mar. Of what, lady? of ſpeaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think, you would have me ſay, ſaving your reverence,—*a husband:* an bad thinking do not wreſt true ſpeaking, I'll offend no body: Is there any harm in—*the heavier for a husband?* None, I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise, 'tis light, and not heavy; Aſk my lady *Beatrice* elſe, here ſhe comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Her. Good morrow, coz.

Bea. Good morrow, ſweet *Hero.*

Her. Why, how now! do you ſpeak in the ſick tune?

Bea. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Mar. Clap 's into—*Light o' love*; that goes without a burden; do you ſing it, and I'll dance it.

Bea. Yes, *Light o' love,* with your heels!—then if your husband have ſtables enough, you'll ſee he ſhall lack no barns.

Mar. O illegitimate conſtruction! I ſcorn that with my heels.

Bea. 'Tis almoſt five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill: hey ho!

Mar. For a hawk, a horſe, or a husband?

Bea. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Mar Well, an you be not turn'd *Turk*, there's no more ſailing by the ſtar.

Bea. What means the fool, trow?

Mar. Nothing I; but God ſend every one their heart's desire!

Her. These gloves the count ſent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Bea. I am ſtuft, cousin, I cannot ſmell.

Mar. A maid, and ſtuft! there's goodly catching of cold!

Bea. O, God help me! God help me! How long have you profeſſ'd apprehenſion?

Mar. Ever ſince you left it; Doth not my wit become me rarely?

Bea. It is not ſeen enough, you ſhould wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am ſick.

Mar. Get you ſome of this diſtill'd *Carduus Benedictus*, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Her. There thou prick'ſt her with a thiſtle.

Bea. Benedictus! Why *Benedictus?* You have ſome moral in this *Benedictus*.

Mar. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy thiſtle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by 'r-lady, I am not ſuch a fool to think what I liſt;

nor I liſt not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out o' thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet *Benedick* was ſuch another, and now is he become a man: he ſwore, he would never marry; and yet now, in deſpight of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not; but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Bea. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Mar. Not a falſe gallop.

Re-enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, ſignior *Benedick*, Don *John*, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Her. Help to dreſs me, good coz, good *Meg*, good *Urſula*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another Room in the ſame.*

Enter Leonato, Dogberry, *and* Verges.

Leo. What would you with me, honeſt neighbour?

Dog. Marry, ſir, I would have ſome confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leo. Brief, I pray you, for you ſee it is a busy time with me.

Dog. Marry, this it is, ſir:

Ver. Yes, in truth, it is, ſir.

Leo. What is it, my good friends?

Dog. Goodman *Verges*, ſir, ſpeaks a little of the matter: an old man, ſir, and his wits are not ſo blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honeſt, as the ſkin between his brows.

Ver. Yes, I thank God, I am as honeſt as any man living, that is an old man, and no honeſter than I.

Dog. Compariſons are odorous, *palabras*, neighbour *Verges*.

Leo. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dog. It pleases your worſhip to ſay ſo, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to beſtow it all of your worſhip.

Leo. All thy tediouſneſs on me! ah!

Dog. Yea, an 'twere a thousand pound more than 'tis: for I hear as good exclamation on your worſhip, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Ver. And ſo am I.

Leo. I would fain know what you have to ſay.

Ver. Marry, ſir, our watch to-night, excepting your worſhip's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in *Meſſina*.

Dog. A good old man, ſir; he will be talking; as they ſay, When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! it is a world to ſee!—Well ſaid, i'faith, neighbour *Verges:*—well, God's a good man; An two men ride of a horſe, one muſt ride behind:—An honeſt ſoul, i'faith, ſir; by my troth, he is, as ever broke bread: but, God is to be worſhip'd; All men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

Leo. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too ſhort of you.

Dog. Gifts that God gives.

Leo. I muſt leave you.

Dog. One word, ſir: our watch, ſir, have, indeed, comprehended two aſpitious perſons, and we would have

them this morning examined before your worſhip.

Leo. Take their examination yourſelf, and bring it me; I am now in great haſte, as may appear unto you.

Dog. It ſhall be ſuffigance.

Leo. Drink ſome wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Meſſenger. [b]

Meſ. My lord, they ſtay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leo. I'll wait upon them; I am ready.

[*Exeunt* Leonato, *and* Meſſenger.

Dog. Go, good partner, go, get you to *Francis Seacoal*, bid him bring his pen and ink-horn to the jail; we are now to examination these men.

Ver. And we muſt do it wisely.

Dog. We will ſpare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that † ſhall drive ſome of them to a *non-com*: only get the learned writer to ſet down our excommunication, and meet me at the jail. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Church.*

Enter D. Pedro, *D.* John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, *and* Beatrice.

Leo. Come, friar *Francis*, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you ſhall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Fri. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Cla. No. [her.

Leo. To be marry'd to her, friar; you come to marry

Fri. Lady, you come hither to be marry'd to this count?

Her. I do.

Fri. If either of you know any inward impediment why you ſhould not be conjoyned, I charge you, on your ſouls, to utter it.

Cla. Know you any, *Hero?*

Her. None, my lord.

Fri. Know you any, count?

Leo. I dare make his anſwer, *none.*

Cla. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do! not knowing what they do.

Ben. How now! interjections? Why then, ſome be of laughing, as, ha, ha, ha!

Cla. Stand thee by, friar:—Father, by your leave,
Will you with free and unconſtrained ſoul
Give me this maid your daughter?

Leo. As freely, ſon, as God did give her me.

Cla. And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. *Pe.* Nothing, unleſs you render her again. [neſs:—

Cla. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankful-
There, *Leonato*, take her back again;
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She's but the ſign and ſemblance of her honour:—
Behold, how like a maid ſhe bluſhes here:
O, what authority and ſhew of truth
Can cunning ſin cover itſelf withal!
Comes not that blood, as modeſt evidence
To witneſs ſimple virtue? Would you not ſwear,
All you that ſee her, that ſhe were a maid,
By these exterior ſhews? But ſhe is none:

She knows the heat of a luxurious bed:
Her bluſh is guiltineſs, not modeſty.
Leo. What do you mean, my lord?
Cla. Not to be marry'd;
Not knit my ſoul to an approved wanton.
Leo. Dear, dear my lord, if you in your own proof
Have vanquiſh'd the reſiſtance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,— [her,
Cla. I know what you would ſay; If I have known
You will ſay, ſhe did embrace me as a husband,
And ſo extenuate the forehand ſin:
No, *Leonato*,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his ſiſter, ſhew'd
Baſhful ſincerity, and comely love.
Her. And ſeem'd I ever otherwiſe to you?
Cla. Out on thy ſeeming! I will write againſt it:
You ſeem to me as *Dian* in her orb;
As chaſt as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than *Venus*, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in ſavage ſenſuality.
Her. Is my lord well, that he doth ſpeak ſo wide?
Leo. Sweet prince, why ſpeak not you?
D. *Pe.* What ſhould I ſpeak?
I ſtand diſhonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common ſtale.
Leo. Are these things ſpoken, or do I but dream?
D. *Jo.* Sir, they are ſpoken, and these things are true.
Ben. This looks not like a nuptial.
Her. True, o God!
Cla. *Leonato*, Stand I here?

[17] on thee ſeeming

Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?
Is this face *Hero*'s? Are our eyes our own?

Leo. All this is so; But what of this, my lord?

Cla. Let me but move one question to your daughter;
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leo. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Her. O God defend me! how am I beset!—
What kind of catechising call you this?

Cla. To make you answer truly to your name.

Her. Is it not *Hero?* Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

Cla. Marry, that can *Hero*;
Hero itself can blot out *Hero*'s virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Her. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. *Pe.* Why, then are you no maiden.—*Leonato*,
I am sorry you must hear; Upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grieved count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

D. *Jo.* Fie, fie!—they are
Not to be nam'd, my lord, not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them:—Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Cla. O *Hero!* what a *Hero* had'st thou been,

If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About thy thoughts, and counſels of thy heart!
But, fare thee well, moſt foul, moſt fair! farewel,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love;
And on my eyelids ſhall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never ſhall it more be gracious.

Leo. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?
[Hero *ſwoons.*

Bea. Why, how now, cousin? wherefore ſink you down?

D. *Jo.* Come, let us go: these things, come thus to light,
Smother her ſpirits up.

[*Exeunt D.* Pedro, *D.* John, *and* Claudio.

Ben. How doth the lady?

Bea. Dead, I think; — Help, uncle; —
Hero, why, *Hero*; — Uncle, — Signior *Benedick*, —
Friar, —

Leo. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the faireſt cover for her ſhame,
That may be wiſh'd for.

Bea. How now, cousin *Hero?*

Fri. Have comfort, lady.

Leo. Doſt thou look up?

Fri. Yea; Wherefore ſhould ſhe not?

Leo. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry ſhame upon her? Could ſhe here deny
The ſtory that is printed in her blood? —
Do not live, *Hero*; do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think thou would'ſt not quickly dye,
Thought I thy ſpirits were ſtronger than thy ſhames,
Myſelf would, on the rear-ward of reproaches,

Strike at thy life. — Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever waſt thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's iſſue at my gates;
Who ſmeared thus, and mir'd with infamy,
I might have ſaid, *No part of it is mine,*
This ſhame derives itſelf from unknown loins?
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on; mine ſo much,
That I myſelf was to myſelf not mine,
Valuing of her; why ſhe, o, ſhe, is fallen
Into a pit of ink! that the wide ſea
Hath drops too few to waſh her clean again;
And ſalt too little, which may ſeason give
To her foul tainted fleſh!

Ben. Sir, ſir, be patient:
For my part, I am ſo attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to ſay.

Bea. O, on my ſoul, my cousin is bely'd!

Ben. Lady, were you her bedfellow laſt night?

Bea. No, truly, not; although, until laſt night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leo. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is ſtronger made,
Which was before bar'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lye? and *Claudio* lye?
Who lov'd her ſo, that, ſpeaking of her foulneſs,
Waſh'd it with tears? Hence from her; let her dye.

Fri. Hear me a little;
For I have only been ſilent ſo long,
And given way unto this courſe of fortune,

By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
A thousand bluſhing apparitions
To ſtart into her face; a thousand innocent ſhames
In angel whiteneſs bear away those bluſhes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Againſt her maiden truth: Call me a fool;
Truſt not my reading, nor my observation,
Which with experimental ſeal doth warrant
The tenour of my book; truſt not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this ſweet lady lye not guiltleſs here
Under ſome biting error.

Leo. Friar, it cannot be:
Thou ſeeſt, that all the grace, that ſhe hath left,
Is, that ſhe will not add to her damnation
A ſin of perjury; ſhe not denies it:
Why ſeek'ſt thou then to cover with excuſe
That which appears in proper nakedneſs?

Fri. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Her. They know, that do accuse me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modeſty doth warrant,
Let all my ſins lack mercy!—O my father,
Prove you that any man with me converſ'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yeſternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Fri. There is ſome ſtrange miſprision in the princes.

Ben. Two of them have the very bent of honour;
And if their wisdoms be miſled in this,
The practiſe of it lives in *John* the baſtard,

[8] obſervations,

Whose ſpirits toil in frame of villanies.
Leo. I know not; If they ſpeak but truth of her,
These hands ſhall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudeſt of them ſhall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet ſo dry'd this blood of mine,
Nor age ſo eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made ſuch havock of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me ſo much of friends,
But they ſhall find, awak'd in ſuch a kind,
Both ſtrength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.
Fri. Pauſe a while,
And let my counſel ſway you in this caſe.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead;
Let her a while be ſecretly kept in,
And publiſh it, that ſhe is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning oſtentation;
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.
Leo. What ſhall become of this? What will this do?
Fri. Marry, this, well carry'd, ſhall on her behalf
Change ſlander to remorſe; that is ſome good:
But not for that dream I on this ſtrange courſe,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it muſt be ſo maintain'd,
Upon the inſtant that ſhe was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd,
Of every hearer: For it ſo falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd, and loſt,

15 princeſſe (left

Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue, that poſſeſſion would not give us
Whiles it was ours: — So will it fare with *Claudio:*
When he ſhall hear ſhe dy'd upon his words,
The idea of her life ſhall ſweetly creep
Into his ſtudy of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and proſpect of his ſoul,
Than when ſhe liv'd indeed: then ſhall he mourn,
(If ever love had intereſt in his liver)
And wiſh he had not ſo accused her;
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be ſo, and doubt not but ſucceſs
Will faſhion the event in better ſhape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be level'd falſe,
The ſuppoſition of the lady's death.
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And, if it ſort not well, you may conceal her
(As beſt befits her wounded reputation)
In ſome reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Ben. Signior *Leonato,* let the friar advise you.
And though, you know, my inwardneſs and love
Is very much unto the prince and *Claudio,*
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As ſecretly, and juſtly, as your ſoul
Should with your body.

Leo. Being that, alas!
I flow in grief, the ſmalleſt twine may lead me.

Fri. 'Tis well conſented; presently away;
For to ſtrange ſores ſtrangely they ſtrain the cure.—
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding-day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd; have patience, and endure.
[*Exeunt* Friar, HERO, *and* LEONATO.

BEN. Lady *Beatrice*, have you wept all this while?

BEA. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

BEN. I will not desire that.

BEA. You have no reason, I do it freely.

BEN. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

BEA. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me, that would right her!

BEN. Is there any way to ſhew ſuch friendſhip?

BEA. A very even way, but no ſuch friend.

BEN. May a man do it?

BEA. It is a man's office, but not yours.

BEN. I do love nothing in the world ſo well as you; Is not that ſtrange?

BEA. As ſtrange as the thing I know not: It were as poſſible for me to ſay, I loved nothing ſo well as you: but believe me not, and yet I lye not; I confeſs nothing, nor I deny nothing: — I am ſorry for my cousin.

BEN. By my ſword, *Beatrice*, thou lov'ſt me.

BEA. Do not ſwear by it, and eat it.

BEN. I will ſwear by it, that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that ſays, I love not you.

BEA. Will you not eat your word?

BEN. With no ſauce that can be devised to it: I proteſt, I love thee.

BEA. Why then, God forgive me!

BEN. What offence, ſweet *Beatrice?*

BEA. You have ſtayed me in a happy hour; I was

about to proteſt, I loved you.

Ben. And do it with all thy heart.

Bea. I love you with ſo much of my heart, that none is left to proteſt.

Ben. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Bea. Kill *Claudio.*

Ben. Ha! not for the wide world.

Bea. You kill me to deny it: Farewel.

Ben. Tarry, ſweet *Beatrice.*

Bea. I am gone, though I am here: — There is no love in you: — Nay, I pray you, let me go.

Ben. Beatrice, —

Bea. In faith, I will go.

Ben. We'll be friends firſt.

Bea. You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Ben. Is *Claudio* thine enemy?

Bea. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath ſlandered, ſcorned, diſhonoured my kinswoman? — O, that I were a man! — What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then with publick accusation, uncover'd ſlander, unmitigated rancour, — O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Ben. Hear me, *Beatrice:*

Bea. Talk with a man out at a window? — a proper ſaying!

Ben. Nay but, *Beatrice;*

Bea. Sweet *Hero!* — ſhe is wrong'd, ſhe is ſlandered, ſhe is undone.

Ben. Beat —

Bea. Princes, and counts! Surely, a princely teſti-

mony; a goodly count-confect; a sweet gallant, surely! O, that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into court'sies, valour into compliment; and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as *Hercules*, that only tells a lye, and swears it: — I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will dye a woman with grieving.

Ben. Tarry, sweet *Beatrice:* By this hand, I love thee.

Bea. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Ben. Think you in your soul, the count *Claudio* hath wrong'd *Hero?*

Bea. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.

Ben. Enough, I am engag'd, I will challenge him; I will kiss your hand, and so leave you: By this hand, *Claudio* shall render me a dear account: As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say, she is dead; and so, farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Jail.*

Enter Dogberry, Verges, *and* Sexton, *in Gowns*; *and* Watch, *with* Conrade, *and* Borachio.

Dog. Is our whole dissembly appear'd?

Ver. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

Sex. Which be the malefactors?

Dog. Marry, that am I, and my partner.

Ver. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sex. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

Dog. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

Bor. *Borachio.*

Dog. Pray, write down—*Borachio.*—Yours, ſirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, ſir, and my name is *Conrade.*

Dog. Write down—maſter gentleman *Conrade.*—Maſters, do you ſerve God?

Con. Bor. Yea, ſir, we hope.

Dog. Write down—that they hope they ſerve God:—and write, God, firſt; for God defend but God ſhould go before ſuch villains!—Maſters, it is proved already that you are little better than falſe knaves, and it will go near to be thought ſo ſhortly; How anſwer you for yourſelves?

Con. Marry, ſir, we ſay, we are none.

Dog. A marvelous witty fellow, I aſſure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, ſirrah; a word in your ear, ſir; I ſay to you, it is thought you are falſe knaves.

Bor. Sir, I ſay to you, we are none.

Dog. Well, ſtand aſide.—'Fore God, they are both in a tale:—Have you writ down—that they are none?

Sex. Maſter conſtable, you go not the way to examine; you muſt call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dog. Yea, marry, that's the efteſt way:—Let the watch come forth:—Maſters, I charge you in the prince's name accuſe these men.

1. *W.* This man ſaid, ſir, that Don *John*, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dog. Write down—prince *John* a villain:—Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother—villain.

Bor. Maſter conſtable,—

Dog. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sex. What heard you him ſay elſe?

2. *W.* Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don *John*, for accusing the lady *Hero* wrongfully.

Dog. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Ver. Yea, by th' maſs, that it is.

Sex. What elſe, fellow?

1. *W.* And that count *Claudio* did mean, upon his words, to diſgrace *Hero* before the whole aſſembly, and not marry her.

Dog. O villain! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlaſting redemption for this.

Sex. What elſe?

2. *W.* This is all.

Sex. And this is more, maſters, than you can deny: prince *John* is this morning ſecretly ſtoln away; *Hero* was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this ſuddenly dy'd.—Maſter conſtable, let these men be bound, and brought to *Leonato*'s; I will go before, and ſhew him their examination. [*Exit* Sexton.

Dog. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Ver. Let them be in bands.

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dog. God's my life! where's the ſexton? let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them:—Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an aſs, you are an aſs.

Dog. Doſt thou not ſuſpect my place? Doſt thou

not ſuſpect my years ?—O, that he were here to write me down—an aſs!—but, maſters, remember that I am an aſs; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an aſs:—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as ſhall be prov'd upon thee by good witneſs: I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a houſeholder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of fleſh as any is in *Meſſina*; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had loſſes, and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handſome about him:—Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down—an aſs! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before* Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Leonato, *and* Antonio.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourſelf;
And 'tis not wisdom, thus to ſecond grief
Againſt yourſelf.
Leo. I pray thee, ceaſe thy counſel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitleſs
As water in a ſieve: give not me counſel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But ſuch a one whose wrongs do ſuit with mine:
Bring me a father, that ſo lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him ſpeak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it anſwer every ſtrain for ſtrain;

As thus for thus, and ſuch a grief for ſuch,
In every lineament, branch, ſhape and form:
If ſuch a one will ſmile, and ſtroak his beard;
Bid ſorrow, wag; cry, hem! when he ſhould groan;
Patch grief with proverbs; make miſfortune drunk
With candle-waſters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no ſuch man: For, brother, men
Can counſel, and ſpeak comfort to that grief
Which they themſelves not feel; but, taſting it,
Their counſel turns to paſſion, which before
Would give preceptial medecine to rage,
Fetter ſtrong madneſs in a ſilken thread,
Charm ach with air, and agony with words:
No, no; 'tis all men's office to ſpeak patience
To those that wring under the load of ſorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor ſufficiency,
To be ſo moral, when he ſhall endure
The like himſelf: therefore give me no counſel;
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leo. I pray thee, peace; I will be fleſh and blood;
For there was never yet philoſopher,
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;
However they have writ the ſtile of gods,
And made a piſh at chance and ſufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourſelf;
Make those, that do offend you, ſuffer too.

Leo. There thou ſpeak'ſt reason: nay, I will do ſo:
My ſoul doth tell me, *Hero* is bely'd;
And that ſhall *Claudio* know, ſo ſhall the prince,
And all of them that thus diſhonour her.

4 And ſorrow, wagge, 26 a puſh at

Ant. Here comes the prince, and *Claudio*, haſtily.

Enter D. Pedro, *and* Claudio.

D. *Pe.* Good den, good den.

Cla. Good day to both of you.

Leo. Hear you, my lords,—

D. *Pe.* We have ſome haſte, *Leonato.*

Leo. Some haſte, my lord!—well, fare you well, my lord:—
Are you ſo haſty now?—well, all is one.

D. *Pe.* Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himſelf with quarreling,
Some of us would lye low.

Cla. Who wrongs him, ſir?

Leo. Marry, thou doſt wrong me, thou diſſembler, thou:—
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy ſword,
I fear thee not.

Cla. Marry, beſhrew my hand,
If it ſhould give your age ſuch cause of fear:
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my ſword.

Leo. Tuſh, tuſh, man, never fleer and jeſt at me;
I ſpeak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
As, under priviledge of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do
Were I not old: Know, *Claudio*, to thy head,
Thou haſt ſo wrong'd mine innocent child, and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I ſay, thou haſt bely'd mine innocent child;
Thy ſlander hath gone through and through her heart,
And ſhe lies bury'd with her anceſtors:
O! in a tomb where never ſcandal ſlept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villany.

Cla. My villany?
Leo. Thine, *Claudio*, thine, I ſay.
D. *Pe.* You ſay not right, old man.
Leo. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
Deſpight his nice fence, and his active practice,
His *May* of youth, and bloom of luſtyhood.
Cla. Away, I will not have to do with you. [child,
Leo. Can'ſt thou ſo daffe me? Thou haſt kill'd my
If thou kill'ſt me, boy, thou ſhalt kill a man.
Ant. He ſhall kill two of us, and men indeed:
But that's no matter; let him kill one firſt,—
Win me, and wear me,—let him anſwer me:—
Come, follow me, boy; come, ſir boy, follow me:
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foyning fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.
Leo. Brother,—
Ant. Content yourſelf: God knows, I lov'd my niece;
And ſhe is dead, ſlander'd to death by villains;
That dare as well anſwer a man indeed,
As I dare take a ſerpent by the tongue:
Boys, apes, braggárts, *Jacks*, milk-ſops,—
Leo. Brother *Antony*,— [yea,
Ant. Hold you content; What, man! I know them;
And what they weigh, even to the utmoſt ſcruple:
Scambling, out-facing, faſhion-mong'ring boys,
That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave and ſlander,
Go antickly, and ſhew outward hideouſneſs,
And ſpeak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durſt,
And this is all.
Leo. But, brother *Antony*,—

14 ſir boy, come follow 29 ſpeake of halfe

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter;
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this. [tience.—
D. *Pe.* Gentlemen both, we will not wake your pa-
My heart is ſorry for your daughter's death;
But, on my honour, ſhe was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.
Leo. My lord, my lord,—
D. *Pe.* I will not hear you.
Leo. No?—
Come, brother, away:—I will be heard:
Ant. And ſhall,
Or ſome of us will ſmart for it.
[*Exeunt* Leonato, *and* Antonio.
D. *Pe.* See, ſee,
Here comes the man we went to ſeek.
Enter Benedick.
Cla. Now, ſignior!
What news?
Ben. Good day, my lord. [*to D.* Pedro.
D. *Pe.* Welcome ſignior:
You are almoſt come to part almoſt a fray.
Cla. We had like to have had our two noses ſnapt off with two old men without teeth.
D. *Pe.* *Leonato*, and his brother: What think'ſt thou? had we fought, I doubt we ſhould have been too young for them.
Ben. In a falſe quarrel there is no true valour. I came to ſeek you both.
Cla. We have been up and down to ſeek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away: Wilt thou use thy wit?
Ben. It is in my ſcabbard; Shall I draw it?

D. *Pe.* Doſt thou wear thy wit by thy ſide?

Cla. Never any did ſo, though very many have been beſide their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minſtrels; draw, to pleasure us.

D. *Pe.* As I am an honeſt man, he looks pale:—Art thou ſick, or angry?

Cla. What! courage, man! What, though care kill'd a cat, thou haſt mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Ben. Sir, I ſhall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it againſt me; I pray you, choose another ſubject.

Cla. Nay, then give him another ſtaff; this laſt was broke croſs.

D. *Pe.* By this light, he changes more and more; I think, he be angry indeed.

Cla. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Ben. Shall I ſpeak a word in your ear?

Cla. God bleſs me from a challenge!

Ben. You are a villain;—I jeſt not;—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare: Do me right, or I will proteſt your cowardice: You have kill'd a ſweet lady, and her death ſhall fall heavy on you: Let me hear from you.

Cla. Well, I will meet you, ſo I may have good cheer.

D. *Pe.* What, a feaſt? a feaſt?

Cla. I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calves-head, and a cap-on; the which if I do not carve moſt curiouſly, ſay, my knife's naught.—Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Ben. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. *Pe.* I'll tell thee, how *Beatrice* prais'd thy wit the other day: I ſaid, thou had'ſt a fine wit; *True,*

ſays ſhe, *a fine little one*; *No*, ſaid I, *a great wit*; *Right*, ſays ſhe, *a great groſs one*; *Nay*, ſaid I, *a good wit*; *Juſt*, ſaid ſhe, *it hurts no body*; *Nay*, ſaid I, *the gentleman is wise*; *Certain*, ſaid ſhe, *a wise gentleman*; *Nay*, ſaid I, *he hath the tongues*; *That I believe*, ſaid ſhe; *for he ſwore a thing to me on monday night, which he forſwore on tuesday morning*; *there's a double tongue, there's two tongues:* Thus did ſhe, an hour together, tranſ-ſhape thy particular virtues; yet, at laſt, ſhe concluded with a ſigh, thou waſt the propereſt man in *Italy*.

Cla. For the which ſhe wept heartily, and ſaid, ſhe car'd not.

D. *Pe.* Yea, that ſhe did; but yet, for all that, an if ſhe did not hate him deadly, ſhe would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

Cla. All, all; and moreover, God ſaw him when he was hid in the garden.

D. *Pe.* But when ſhall we ſet the ſavage bull's horns on the ſenſible *Benedick*'s head?

Cla. Yea, and text underneath, *Here dwells* Benedick *the marry'd man.*

Ben. Fare you well, boy; you know my mind; I will leave you now to your goſſip-like humour: you break jeſts at braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courteſies I thank you; I muſt diſcontinue your company: your brother the baſtard is fled from *Meſſina*; you have, among you, kill'd a ſweet and innocent lady: For my lord *Lack-beard* there, he and I ſhall meet; and 'till then, peace be with him. [*Exit* Benedick.

D. *Pe.* He is in earneſt.

Cla. In moſt profound earneſt; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of *Beatrice.*

D. *Pe.* And hath challeng'd thee?

Cla. Moſt ſincerely.

D. *Pe.* What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Enter Dogberry, Verges, *and the* Watch, *with* Conrade, *and* Borachio.

Cla. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to ſuch a man.

D. *Pe.* But, ſoft you, let be; pluck up my heart, and be ſad: Did he not ſay, my brother was fled?

Dog. Come you, ſir; if juſtice cannot tame you, ſhe ſhall ne'er weigh more reaſons in her balance: nay, an you be a curſing hypocrite once, you muſt be look'd to.

D. *Pe.* How now, two of my brother's men bound! *Borachio* one!

Cla. Hearken after their offence, my lord!

D. *Pe.* Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dog. Marry, ſir, they have committed falſe report; moreover, they have ſpoken untruths; ſecondarily, they are ſlanders; ſixth and laſtly, they have bely'd a lady; thirdly, they have verify'd unjuſt things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. *Pe.* Firſt, I aſk thee what they have done; thirdly, I aſk thee what's their offence; ſixth and laſtly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Cla. Rightly reason'd, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well ſuited.

D. *Pe.* Who have you offended, maſters, that you

[11] let me be,

are thus bound to your anſwer? this learned conſtable is too cunning to be underſtood: What's your offence?

Bor. Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine anſwer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wiſdoms could not diſcover, these ſhallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confeſſing to this † man, how Don *John* your brother incenſed me to ſlander the lady *Hero*; how you were brought into the orchard, and ſaw me court *Margaret* in *Hero*'s garments; how you diſgrac'd her, when you ſhould marry her: my villany they have upon record; which I had rather ſeal with my death, than repeat over to my ſhame: the lady is dead upon mine and my maſter's falſe accuſation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain. [blood?

D. *Pe.* Runs not this ſpeech like iron through your

Cla. I have drunk poiſon, whiles he utter'd it.

D. *Pe.* But did my brother ſet thee on to this?

Bor. Yea, and pay'd me richly for the practice of it.

D. *Pe.* He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery:—
And fled he is upon this villany.

Cla. Sweet *Hero!* now thy image doth appear
In the rare ſemblance that I lov'd it firſt.

Dog. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time, our ſexton hath reformed ſignior *Leonato* of the matter: And, maſters, do not forget to ſpecify, when time and place ſhall ſerve, that I am an aſs.

Ver. Here, here comes maſter ſignior *Leonato*, and the ſexton too.

Re-enter Leonato, *and* Antonio;
Sexton *attending*.

Leo. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes;
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him: Which of these is he?

Bor. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leo. Art thou the slave, that with thy breath hast kill'd
Mine innocent child?

Bor. Yea, even I alone.

Leo. No, not so, villain; thou bely'st thyself;
Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it:—
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Cla. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speak: Choose your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin: yet sin'd I not,
But in mistaking.

D. *Pe.* By my soul, nor I;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leo. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,
That were impossible; but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in *Messina* here
How innocent she dy'd: and, if your love
Can labour ought in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones; sing it to-night:—
To-morrow morning come you to my house;
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,

Almoſt the copy of my child that's dead,
And ſhe alone is heir to both of us;
Give her the right you ſhould have given her cousin,
And ſo dies my revenge.

Cla. O noble ſir,
Your over-kindneſs doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and diſpose
For henceforth of poor *Claudio.*

Leo. To-morrow then I will expect your coming;
To-night I take my leave. — This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to *Margaret,*
Who, I believe, was packt in all this wrong,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bor. No, by my ſoul, ſhe was not;
Nor knew not what ſhe did, when ſhe ſpoke to me:
But always hath been juſt and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dog. Moreover, ſir, (which, indeed, is not under white and black) this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me aſs; I beſeech you, let it be remember'd in his puniſhment: And alſo, the watch heard them talk of one *Deform'd:* they ſay, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name; the which he hath us'd ſo long, and never payed, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's ſake: pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leo. I thank thee for thy care and honeſt pains.

Dog. Your worſhip ſpeaks like a moſt thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

Leo. There's ✝ for thy pains.

Dog. God ſave the foundation!

Leo. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dog. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which I beseech your worship to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship; I wish your worship well; God restore you to health: I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wish'd, God prohibit it. — Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt* Dogberry, Verges, *and* Watch.

Leo. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewel.

Ant. Farewel, my lords; we look for you to-morrow.

D. *Pe.* We will not fail.

Cla. To-night I'll mourn with *Hero.*

[*Exeunt D.* Pedro, *and* Claudio.

Leo. Bring you these fellows on; we'll talk with *Mar-*How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow. [*garet,*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room in the same.*

Enter Benedick, *and* Margaret, *meeting.*

Ben. Pray thee, sweet mistress *Margaret,* deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of *Beatrice.*

Mar. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Ben. In so high a stile, *Margaret,* that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Mar. To have no man come over me? why, shall I always keep above stairs?

Ben. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

Mar. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which

29 keep below staires

hit, but hurt not.

Ben. A moſt manly wit, *Margaret*, it will not hurt a woman; and ſo, I pray thee, call *Beatrice:* I give thee the bucklers.

Mar. Give us the ſwords, we have bucklers of our own.

Ben. If you use them, *Margaret*, you muſt put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Mar. Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who, I think, hath legs. [*Exit* Margaret.

Ben. And therefore will come. —

The god of love, [ſinging.
that ſits above,
and knows me, and knows me,
how pitiful I deſerve,—

I mean, in ſinging; but in loving,—*Leander* the good ſwimmer, *Troilus* the firſt employer of pandars, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run ſmoothly in the even road of a blank verſe, why, they were never ſo truly turn'd over and over, as my poor ſelf, in love: Marry, I cannot ſhew it in rime; I have try'd; I can find out no rime to *lady*, but *baby*, an innocent's rime; for *ſcorn*, *horn*, a hard rime; for *ſchool*, *fool*, a babbling rime; very ominous endings: No, I was not born under a riming planet; nor I cannot woo in feſtival terms. —

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet *Beatrice*, would'ſt thou come when I call'd thee?

Bea. Yea, ſignior, and depart when you bid me.

Ben. O, ſtay but 'till then!

Bea. Then, is ſpoken; fare you well now: — and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is,

with knowing what hath paſſ'd between you and *Claudio*.

Ben. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiſs thee.

Bea. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noyſome; therefore I will depart unkiſt.

Ben. Thou haſt frighted the word out of his right ſenſe, ſo forcible is thy wit: But I muſt tell thee plainly, *Claudio* undergoes my challenge; and either I muſt ſhortly hear from him, or I will ſubſcribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts did'ſt thou firſt fall in love with me?

Bea. For them all together; which maintain'd ſo politick a ſtate of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you firſt ſuffer love for me?

Ben. *Suffer love*; a good epithet! I do ſuffer love, indeed, for I love thee againſt my will.

Bea. In ſpight of your heart, I think; alas, poor heart! If you ſpight it for my ſake, I will ſpight it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Ben. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Bea. It appears not in this confeſſion; there's not one wise man among twenty, that will praiſe himſelf.

Ben. An old, an old inſtance, *Beatrice*, that liv'd in the time of good neighbours: if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he ſhall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

Bea. And how long is that, think you?

Ben. Queſtion? Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: Therefore is it moſt expedient for the wise, (if Don *Worm*, his conſcience, find no im-

pediment to the contrary) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myſelf: So much for praiſing myſelf, (who, I myſelf will bear witneſs, is praiſe-worthy) and now tell me, How doth your cousin?

Bea. Very ill.

Ben. And how do you?

Bea. Very ill too.

Ben. Serve God, love me, and mend: there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haſte.

Enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, you muſt come to your uncle: yonder's old coil at home: it is proved my lady *Hero* hath been falſely accus'd, the prince and *Claudio* mightily abus'd; and Don *John* is the author of all, who is fled and gone: Will you come presently?

Bea. Will you go hear this news, ſignior?

Ben. I will live in thy heart, dye in thy lap, and be bury'd in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Church.*

A ſtately Monument in the Front.

Enter, with Attendants, and Muſick, D. Pedro, Claudio, *and Others, bearing Tapers.*

Cla. Is this the monument of *Leonato?*

Att. It is, my lord. [reading out of a Scrowl.

Cla. Done to death with ſland'rous tongues
was the Hero *that here lies:*
death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
gives her fame which never dies:
ſo the life, that dy'd with ſhame,
lives in death with glorious fame.

[19] uncles.

Hang thou there upon the tomb, [*affixing it.*
Praising her when I am dumb.—
Now, musick, ſound, and ſing your ſolemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, goddeſs of the night,
those that ſlew thy virgin knight;
for the which, with ſongs of woe,
round about her tomb they go:—
Midnight, aſſiſt our moan,
help us to ſigh and groan,
heavily, heavily:
graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
'till death be uttered,
heavily, heavily.

Cla. Now unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.

D. *Pe.* Good morrow, maſters; put your torches out:
The wolves have prey'd; and, look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of *Phœbus*, round about
Dapples the drowsy eaſt with ſpots of grey:
Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

Cla. Good morrow, maſters; each his ſeveral way.

D. *Pe.* Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to *Leonato*'s we will go.

Cla. And, *Hymen*, now with luckier iſſue ſpeed's,
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe.

SCENE IV. *A Room in* Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, HERO, BEATRICE, URSULA, MARGARET, *and* Friar.

Fri. Did I not tell you ſhe was innocent?

Leo. So are the prince and *Claudio*, who accus'd her,

[15] *Lo.* Now

Upon the error that you heard debated:
But *Margaret* was in ſome fault for this;
Although againſt her will, as it appears
In the true courſe of all the queſtion.
Ant. Well, I am glad that all things ſort ſo well.
Ben. And ſo am I, being elſe by faith enforc'd
To call young *Claudio* to a reck'ning for it.
Leo. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourſelves,
And, when I ſend for you, come hither maſk'd:
The prince and *Claudio* promis'd by this hour
To visit me;—You know your office, brother;
You muſt be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young *Claudio*.
Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.
[*Exeunt* Ladies.
Ben. Friar, I muſt entreat your pains, I think.
Fri. To do what, ſignior?
Ben. To bind me, or undo me, one of them.—
Signior *Leonato*, truth it is, good ſignior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.
Leo. That eye my daughter lent her;—'Tis moſt true.
Ben. And I do with an eye of love requite her.
Leo. The ſight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From *Claudio*, and the prince; But what's your will?
Ben. Your anſwer, ſir, is enigmatical:
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May ſtand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
I' the ſtate of honourable marriage;—
In which, good friar, I ſhall desire your help.
Leo. My heart is with your liking.
Fri. And my help.

Here comes the prince, and *Claudio.*

Enter D. PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and Attendants.*

D. *PE.* Good morrow to this fair aſſembly.

LEO. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, *Claudio,*
We here attend you; Are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

CLA. I'll hold my mind, were ſhe an *Ethiope.*

LEO. Call her forth, brother, here's the friar ready.
[*Exit* ANTONIO.

D. *PE.* Good morrow, *Benedick:* Why, what's the mat-
That you have ſuch a *February* face, [ter,
So full of froſt, of ſtorm, and cloudineſs?

CLA. I think, he thinks upon the ſavage bull:—
Tuſh, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all *Europa* ſhall rejoyce at thee;
As once *Europa* did at luſty *Jove,*
When he would play the noble beaſt in love.

BEN. Bull *Jove,* ſir, had an amiable low;
And ſome ſuch ſtrange bull leapt your father's cow,
And got a calf in that ſame noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have juſt his bleat. [ings.—

CLA. For this I owe you: here comes other reck'n-

Re-enter ANTONIO, *with the* Ladies *maſk'd.*

Which is the lady I muſt ſeize upon?

ANT. This ſame is ſhe, † and I do give you her. [face.

CLA. Why, then ſhe's mine:—Sweet, let me ſee your

LEO. No, that you ſhall not, 'till you take her hand
Before this friar, and ſwear to marry her.

CLA. Give me your hand before this holy friar;
I am your husband, if you like of me. [wife:

HER. And when I liv'd, [*unmaſking*] I was your other
And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

25 *Leo.* This

Cla. Another *Hero?*
Her. Nothing certainer:
One *Hero* dy'd defil'd; but I do live,
And, ſurely as I live, I am a maid.
D. *Pe.* The former *Hero! Hero* that is dead!
Leo. She dy'd, my lord, but whiles her ſlander liv'd.
Fri. All this amazement can I qualify;
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair *Hero*'s death:
Mean time let wonder ſeem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.
Ben. Soft and fair, friar: — Which is *Beatrice?*
Bea. I anſwer to that name; [*unmaſking*] What is
Ben. Do not you love me? [your will?
Bea. Why, no, no more than reaſon. [*dio*,
Ben. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and *Clau-*
Have been deceived; for they ſwore, you did.
Bea. Do not you love me?
Ben. Troth, no, no more than reaſon.
Bea. Why, then my couſin, *Margaret*, and *Urſula*,
Are much deceiv'd; for they did ſwear, you did.
Ben. They ſwore, that you were almoſt ſick for me.
Bea. They ſwore, that you were well nigh dead for me.
Ben. 'Tis no ſuch matter:—Then, you do not love me?
Bea. No, truly, but in friendly recompence.
Her. Come, couſin, I am ſure you love the gentleman.
Cla. And I'll be ſworn upon 't, that he loves her;
For here's a paper ✝, written in his hand,
A halting ſonnet of his own pure brain,
Faſhion'd to *Beatrice*.
Her. And here's ✝ another,
Writ in my couſin's hand, ſtoln from her pocket,

Containing her affection unto *Benedick*.

Ben. A miracle! here's our own hands againſt our hearts! — Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Bea. I would not deny you; — but, by this good day, I yield upon great perſuasion; and, partly, to ſave your life, for I was told, you were in a conſumption.

Ben. Peace, I will ſtop your mouth. [*kiſſing her.*

D. *Pe.* How doſt thou, *Benedick* the marry'd man?

Ben. I'll tell thee what, prince; a colledge of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: Doſt thou think, I care for a ſatire, or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, he ſhall wear nothing handſome about him: In brief, ſince I do purpoſe to marry, I will think nothing to any purpoſe that the world can ſay againſt it: and therefore never flout at me for what I have ſaid againſt it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion. — For thy part, *Claudio*, I did think to have beaten thee; but, in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruis'd, and love my cousin.

Cla. I had well hop'd, thou would'ſt have deny'd *Beatrice*, that I might have cudgel'd thee out of thy ſingle life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of queſtion, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Ben. Come, come, we are friends: — let's have a dance ere we are marry'd, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leo. We'll have dancing afterward.

Ben. Firſt, o' my word; therefore, play, muſick. —

9 *Leon.* Peace

Prince, thou art ſad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no ſtaff more reverend than one tipt with horn.

Enter a Meſſenger. [c]

Meſ. My lord, your brother *John* is ta'en in flight, And brought with armed men back to *Meſſina.*

Ben. Think not on him 'till to-morrow; I'll devise thee brave puniſhments for him. — Strike up, pipers. [*Dance.*

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Perſons represented.

King of Navarre.
Dumain,
Biron,
Longaville,
} *Lords attending the King.*
Boyet,
Mercade,
} *Lords attending the Princeſs.*
Don Adriano de Armado, *a Fantaſtick.*
Sir Nathaniel, *a Curate.*
Holofernes, *a Schoolmaſter.*
Dull, *a Conſtable.*
Coſtard, *a Clown.*
Moth, *Page to* Armado.
a Forreſter.

Princeſs of France.
Maria,
Catharine,
Roſaline,
} *Ladies attending the Princeſs.*
Jaquenetta, *a country Wench.*

Divers other Attendants, Muſicians, &c.

Scene, Navarre.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Navarre. *Park of ſome country Palace.*
Enter King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN.

Kin. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live regiſter'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the diſgrace of death;
When, ſpite of cormorant devouring time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour, which ſhall bate his ſcythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors,—for ſo you are,
That war againſt your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict ſhall ſtrongly ſtand in force:
Navarre ſhall be the wonder of the world;
Our court ſhall be a little academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, *Biron*, *Dumain*, and *Longaville*,
Have ſworn for three years' term to live with me,

My fellow-ſcholars, and to keep those ſtatutes
That are recorded in this † ſcedule here:
Your oaths are paſt, and now ſubſcribe your names;
That his own hand may ſtrike his honour down,
That violates the ſmalleſt branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do, as ſworn to do,
Subſcribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too. [faſt;

Lon. I am resolv'd: [*ſubſcribes.*] 'tis but a three years'
The mind ſhall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bank'rout quite the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, *Dumain* is mortify'd;
The groſſer manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the groſs world's baſer ſlaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and dye;
With all these living in philoſophy. [*ſubſcribes.*

Bir. I can but ſay their proteſtation over,
So much, dear liege, I have already ſworn,
That is, To live and ſtudy here three years.
But there are other ſtrict observances:
As, not to ſee a woman in that term;
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
And, one day in a week to touch no food;
And but one meal on every day beſide;
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there.
And then, to ſleep but three hours in the night,
And not be ſeen to wink of all the day;
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day)
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
O, these are barren taſks, too hard to keep,
Not to ſee ladies, ſtudy, faſt, not ſleep.

Kin. Your oath is paſſ'd to paſs away from these.
Bir. Let me ſay, no, my liege, an if you please;
I only ſwore, to ſtudy with your grace,
And ſtay here in your court for three years' ſpace.
Lon. You ſwore to that, *Biron*, and to the reſt.
Bir. By yea and nay, ſir, then I ſwore in jeſt. —
What is the end of ſtudy? let me know. [know.
Kin. Why, that to know, which elſe we ſhould not
Bir. Things hid and bar'd, you mean, from common ſenſe?
Kin. Ay, that is ſtudy's god-like recompence.
Bir. Come on then, I will ſwear to ſtudy ſo,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus,—To ſtudy where I well may dine,
When I to feaſt expreſly am forbid;
Or, ſtudy where to meet ſome miſtreſs fine,
When miſtreſſes from common ſenſe are hid:
Or, having ſworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If ſtudy's gain be thus, and this be ſo,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er ſay, no.
Kin. These be the ſtops that hinder ſtudy quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.
Bir. Why, all delights are vain; but that moſt vain
Which, with pain purchaſ'd, doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book,
To ſeek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falſly blind the eye-ſight of his look:
Light, ſeeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkneſs lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazling ſo, that eye ſhall be his heed,
And give him light that was it blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious ſun,
That will not be deep ſearch'd with ſaucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save baſe authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed ſtar,
Have no more profit of their ſhining nights,
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

Kin. How well he's read, to reason againſt reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to ſtop all good proceeding. [ing.

Lon. He weeds the corn, and ſtill lets grow the weed-

Bir. The ſpring is near, when green geeſe are a breed- [ing.

Dum. How follows that?

Bir. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Bir. Something then in rime.

Kin. *Biron* is like an envious ſneaping froſt,
That bites the firſt-born infants of the ſpring.

Bir. Well, ſay, I am? why ſhould proud ſummer boaſt,
Before the birds have any cause to ſing?
Why ſhould I joy in an abortive birth?
At chriſtmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wiſh a ſnow on *May*'s new-fangl'd earth;
But like of each thing that in ſeason grows.
So you, to ſtudy now it is too late,
Climb o'er the houſe to unlock the little gate.

Kin. Well, ſit you out: go home, *Biron*; adieu.

3 it was 26 in any a- 28 v. *Note.*

Bir. No, my good lord; I have ſworn to ſtay with you:
And, though I have for barbarism ſpoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can ſay,
Yet confident I'll keep what I have ſwore,
And bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper, let me read the ſame;
And to the ſtrict'ſt decrees I'll write my name.

Kin. How well this yielding reſcues thee from ſhame!

Bir. [*reads.*] Item, *That no woman ſhall come within a mile of my court:* — Hath this been proclaimed?

Lon. Four days ago.

Bir. Let's ſee the penalty. [*reads.*] — *on pain of loſing her tongue.* — Who deviſ'd this penalty?

Lon. Marry, that did I.

Bir. Sweet lord, and why?

Lon. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Bir. A dangerous law againſt gentility! [*reads.*
Item, *If any man be ſeen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he ſhall endure ſuch publick ſhame as the reſt of the court can poſſibly deviſe.* —
This article, my liege, yourſelf muſt break;
For, well you know, here comes in embaſſy
The *French* king's daughter, with yourſelf to ſpeak,—
A maid of grace, and compleat majeſty,—
About ſurrender-up of *Aquitain*
To her decrepit, ſick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admired princeſs hither.

Kin. What ſay you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Bir. So ſtudy evermore is overſhot;
While it doth ſtudy to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it ſhould:

17 v. *Note.*

And when it hath the thing it hunteth moſt,
'Tis won, as towns with fire; ſo won, ſo loſt.
Kin. We muſt of force diſpenſe with this decree;
We muſt lie here on meer neceſſity.
Bir. Neceſſity will make us all forſworn
Three thousand times within this three years' ſpace:
For every man with his affects is born;
Not by might maſter'd, but by ſpecial grace:
If I break faith, this word ſhall ſpeak for me,
I am forſworn on meer neceſſity.
So to the laws at large I write my name:
[*Subſcribes, and gives back the Paper.*
And he that breaks them in the leaſt degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal ſhame:
Suggeſtions are to others, as to me;
But, I believe, although I ſeem ſo loth,
I am the laſt that will laſt keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted?
Kin. Ay, that there is: our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of *Spain*;
A man in all the world's new faſhion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:
One, whom the muſick of his own vain tongue
Doth raviſh, like enchanting harmony;
A man of compliments, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that *Armado* hight,
For interim to our ſtudies, ſhall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny *Spain*, loſt in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I proteſt, I love to hear him lie,

And I will use him for my minſtrelſy.

Bir. *Armado* is a moſt illuſtrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, faſhion's own knight.

Lon. *Coſtard* the ſwain, and he, ſhall be our ſport;
And, ſo to ſtudy, three years is but ſhort.

Enter Dull, *with* Costard, *and a Letter.*

Dul. Which is the duke's own perſon?

Bir. This, † fellow; What would'ſt?

Dul. I myſelf reprehend his own perſon, for I am his grace's tharborough: but I would ſee his own perſon in fleſh and blood.

Bir. This is he.

Dul. Signior *Arme, Arme,* commends you: There's villany abroad; this ‡ letter will tell you more.

Cos. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

Kin. A letter from the magnificent *Armado.*

Bir. How low ſoever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Lon. A high hope for a low having: God grant us patience!

Bir. To hear? or forbear laughing?

Lon. To hear meekly, ſir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Bir. Well, ſir, be it as the ſtile ſhall give us cause to climb in the merrineſs.

Cos. The matter is to me, ſir, as concerning *Jaquenetta:* The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Bir. In what manner?

Cos. In manner and form following, ſir; all those three: I was ſeen with her in the mannor houſe, ſitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner

19 low heaven. 21 forbeare hearing.

and form following. Now, ſir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to ſpeak to a woman: for the form,—in ſome form:

Bir. For the following, ſir?

Cos. As it ſhall follow in my correction; And God defend the right!

Kin. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Bir. As we would hear an oracle.

Cos. Such is the ſimplicity of man to hearken after the fleſh.

Kin. [reads.] *Great deputy, the welkin's vice-gerent, and ſole dominator of* Navarre, *my ſoul's earth's God, and body's foſtring patron,*

Cos. Not a word of *Coſtard* yet.

Kin. So it is,—

Cos. It may be ſo: but if he ſay it is ſo, he is, in telling true, but ſo ſo.

Kin. Peace.

Cos. —be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

Kin. No words.

Cos. —of other men's ſecrets, I beſeech you.

Kin. So it is, beſieged with ſable-colour'd melancholy, I did commend the black oppreſſing humour to the moſt wholſome phyſick of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myſelf to walk. The time when? About the ſixth hour; when beaſts moſt graze, birds beſt peck, and men ſit down to that nouriſhment which is called ſupper. So much for the time when: Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walkt upon: it is ycleped, thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obſcene and moſt prepoſterous event, that draweth from my ſnow-white

pen the ebon-colour'd ink, which here thou vieweſt, beholdeſt, ſurveyeſt, or ſeeſt: But to the place where,—it ſtandeth north-north-eaſt and by eaſt from the weſt corner of thy curious-knotted garden: There did I ſee that low-ſpirited ſwain, that baſe minnow of thy mirth,

Cos. Me.

Kin. that unletter'd ſmall-knowing ſoul,

Cos. Me.

Kin. that ſhallow vaſſal,

Cos. Still me.

Kin. which, as I remember, hight Coſtard,

Cos. O me!

Kin. ſorted and conſorted, contrary to thy eſtabliſhed proclaimed edict and continent canon, with — with — o, with — but with this I paſſion to ſay wherewith —

Cos. With a wench.

Kin. with a child of our grandmother Eve, *a female*; *or, for thy more ſweet underſtanding, a woman. Him, I (as my ever-eſteemed duty pricks me on) have ſent to thee, to receive the meed of puniſhment, by thy ſweet grace's officer,* Antony Dull; *a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and eſtimation.*

Dull. Me, an't ſhall please you; I am *Antony Dull.*

Kin. For Jaquenetta, *(ſo is the weaker veſſel called, which I apprehended with the aforeſaid ſwain) I keep her as a veſſel of thy law's fury; and ſhall, at the leaſt of thy ſweet notice, bring her to trial.*

Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty, Don Adriano de Armado.

Bir. This is not ſo well as I look'd for, but the beſt that ever I heard.

Kin. Ay, the beſt for the worſt.—But, ſirrah, what ſay [you to this?

14 Which with,

Cos. Sir, I confeſs the wench.

Kin. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cos. I do confeſs much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

Kin. It was proclaim'd a year's imprisonment to be taken with a wench.

Cos. I was taken with none, ſir; I was taken with a damosel.

Kin. Well, it was proclaim'd damosel.

Cos. This was no damosel neither, ſir; ſhe was a virgin.

Kin. It is ſo vary'd too; for it was proclaim'd, virgin.

Cos. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

Kin. This maid will not ſerve your turn, ſir.

Cos. This maid will ſerve my turn, ſir.

Kin. Sir, I will pronounce your ſentence; You ſhall faſt a week with bran and water.

Cos. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

Kin. And don *Armado* ſhall be your keeper.—
My lord *Biron*, ſee him deliver'd o'er.—
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath ſo ſtrongly ſworn.
[*Exeunt* King, Lon. *and* Dum.

Bir. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
These oaths and laws will prove an idle ſcorn.—
Sirrah, come on.

Cos. I ſuffer for the truth, ſir: for true it is, I was taken with *Jaquenetta*, and *Jaquenetta* is a true girl; and therefore, Welcome the ſour cup of proſperity! Affliction may one day ſmile again; and, 'till then,

Sit thee down, ſorrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another Part of the ſame.*

Enter ARMADO, *and* MOTH.

ARM. Boy, what ſign is it, when a man of great ſpirit grows melancholy?

MOT. A great ſign, ſir, that he will look ſad. [imp.

ARM. Why, ſadneſs is one and the ſelf ſame thing, dear

MOT. No, no; o lord, ſir, no.

ARM. How canſt thou part ſadneſs and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

MOT. By a familiar demonſtration of the working, my tough ſignior.

ARM. Why tough ſignior? why tough ſignior?

MOT. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

ARM. I ſpoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate, tender.

MOT. And I, tough ſignior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name, tough.

ARM. Pretty, and apt.

MOT. How mean you, ſir? I pretty, and my ſaying apt? or I apt, and my ſaying pretty?

ARM. Thou pretty, because little.

MOT. Little pretty, because little: Wherefore apt?

ARM. And therefore apt, because quick.

MOT. Speak you this in my praiſe, maſter?

ARM. In thy condign praiſe.

MOT. I will praiſe an eel with the ſame praiſe.

ARM. What? that an eel is ingenious?

MOT. That an eel is quick.

ARM. I do ſay, thou art quick in anſwers: Thou

heat'ſt my blood.

Mot. I am anſwer'd, ſir.

Arm. I love not to be croſt. [him."

Mot. "He ſpeaks the meer contrary, croſſes love not

Arm. I have promised to ſtudy three years with the

Mot. You may do it in an hour, ſir. [duke.

Arm. Impoſſible.

Mot. How many is one thrice told? [ſter.

Arm. I am ill at reck'ning, it fitteth the ſpirit of a tap-

Mot. You are a gentleman, and a gameſter, ſir:

Arm. I confeſs both; they are both the varniſh of a compleat man.

Mot. Then, I am ſure, you know how much the groſs ſum of deux-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Mot. Which the baſe vulgar do call, three.

Arm. True.

Mot. Why, ſir, is this ſuch a piece of ſtudy? Now here is three ſtudy'd, ere you'll thrice wink: and how easy it is, to put years to the word three, and ſtudy three years in two words, the dancing horſe will tell you.

Arm. A moſt fine figure!

Mot. "To prove you a cypher."

Arm. I will hereupon confeſs, I am in love: and as it is baſe for a ſoldier to love, ſo am I in love with a baſe wench. If drawing my ſword againſt the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner; and ranſom him to any *French* courtier for a new devis'd court'ſy. I think ſcorn to ſigh; methinks, I ſhould out-ſwear *Cupid.* Comfort me, boy; What great men have been in love?

Mot. *Hercules*, maſter.

Arm. Moſt ſweet *Hercules!* — More authority, dear boy, name more; and, ſweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Mot. *Sampſon*, maſter: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carry'd the town-gates on his back, like a porter: and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit *Sampſon!* ſtrong-jointed *Sampſon!* I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou did'ſt me in carrying gates. I am in love too. — Who was *Sampſon*'s love, my dear *Moth?*

Mot. A woman, maſter.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Mot. Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me preciſely, of what complexion?

Mot. Of the ſea-water green, ſir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Mot. As I have read, ſir; and the beſt of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers: but to have a love of that colour, methinks, *Sampſon* had ſmall reason for it. He, ſurely, affected her for her wit.

Mot. It was ſo, ſir; for ſhe had a green wit.

Arm. My love is moſt immaculate white and red.

Mot. Moſt maculate thoughts, maſter, are maſk'd under ſuch colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Mot. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, aſſiſt me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; moſt pretty, and pathetical!

Mot. If ſhe be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For bluſhing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white ſhown:

Then, if ſhe fear, or be to blame,
By this you ſhall not know;
For ſtill her cheeks poſſeſs the ſame,
Which native ſhe doth owe.

A dangerous rime, maſter, againſt the reason of white and red. [beggar?

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the king and the

Mot. The world was very guilty of ſuch a ballad ſome three ages ſince: but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither ſerve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that ſubject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digreſſion by ſome mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the irrational hind, *Coſtard*; ſhe deſerves well. [maſter."

Mot. "To be whip'd; and yet a better love than my

Arm. Sing, boy; my ſpirit grows heavy in love.

Mot. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I ſay, ſing.

Mot. Forbear, 'till this company be paſt.

Enter Dull, Costard, *and* Jaquenetta.

Dul. Sir, the duke's pleaſure is, that you keep *Coſtard* ſafe: and you muſt ſuffer him to take no delight, nor no penance; but a' muſt faſt three days a week: For this damſel, I muſt keep her at the park; ſhe is allow'd for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myſelf with bluſhing.—Maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is ſituate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you ſay.

Arm. And ſo farewel.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dul. Come, *Jaquenetta*, away.

[*Exeunt* Dull, *and* Jaquenetta.

Arm. Villain, thou ſhalt faſt for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

Cos. Well, ſir, I hope, when I do it, I ſhall do it on a full ſtomack.

Arm. Thou ſhalt be heavily puniſhed.

Cos. I am more bound to you than your followers, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; ſhut him up.

Mot. Come, you tranſgreſſing ſlave; away.

Cos. Let me not be pent up, ſir; I will faſt, being looſe.

Mot. No, ſir; that were faſt and looſe: thou ſhalt to prison.

Cos. Well, if ever I do ſee the merry days of deſolation that I have ſeen, ſome ſhall ſee —

Mot. What ſhall ſome ſee?

Cos. Nay, nothing, maſter *Moth*, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too ſilent in their words; and, therefore, I will ſay nothing: I thank God, I have as little patience as another man; and, therefore, I can be quiet. [*Exeunt* Moth, *and* Costard.

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is baſe, where her ſhoe, which is baſer, guided by her foot, which is baſeſt, doth tread. I ſhall be forſworn (which is a great

[3] *Clo.* Come [15] fellowes,

argument of falſhood) if I love: And how can that be true love, which is falſly attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel, but love. Yet *Sampſon* was ſo tempted; and he had an excellent ſtrength: yet was *Solomon* ſo ſeduced; and he had a very good wit: *Cupid*'s but-ſhaft is too hard for *Hercules*' club, and therefore too much odds for a *Spaniard*'s rapier. The firſt and ſecond cauſe will not ſerve my turn; the *paſſado* he reſpects not, the *duello* he regards not: his diſgrace is, to be called boy; but his glory is, to ſubdue men. Adieu, valour; ruſt, rapier; be ſtill, drum; for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Aſſiſt me, ſome extemporal god of rime, for, I am ſure, I ſhall turn ſonneter. Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Another Part of the ſame: Tents pitch'd; a Pavilion, in the midſt, at a Diſtance. Enter Princeſs of* France, *attended;* BOYET, CATHARINE, ROSALINE, *and* MARIA.

Boy. Now, madam, ſummon up your deareſt ſpirits:
Conſider who the king your father ſends;
To whom he ſends; and what's his embaſſy:
Yourſelf, held precious in the world's eſteem;
To parly with the ſole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchleſs *Navarre*; the plea of no leſs weight
Than *Aquitain*, a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,

When ſhe did ſtarve the general world beſide,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Pri. Good lord *Boyet*, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flouriſh of your praiſe;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by baſe ſale of chapmen's tongues:
I am leſs proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In ſpending thus your wit in praiſe of mine.
But now to taſk the taſker,—Good *Boyet*,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, *Navarre* hath made a vow,
'Till painful ſtudy ſhall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his ſilent court:
Therefore to us ſeemeth it a needful courſe,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleaſure; and, in that behalf,
Bold of your worthineſs, we ſingle you,
As our beſt-moving fair ſollicitor:
Tell him, the daughter of the king of *France*,
On ſerious buſineſs, craving quick diſpatch,
Impórtunes perſonal conference with his grace.
Haſte, ſignify ſo much; while we attend,
Like humble-viſag'd ſuitors, his high will.

Boy. Proud of employment, willingly I go.
[*Exit* BOYET.

Pri. All pride is willing pride, and yours is ſo.—
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

1. *L.* Lord *Longaville* is one.

Pri. Know you the man?

Mar. I know him, madam; at a marriage feaſt,

Between lord *Perigort* and the beauteous heir
Of *Jaques Faulconbridge* ſolémnized,
In *Normandy* ſaw I this *Longaville:*
A man of ſovereign parts he is eſteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well:
The only ſoil of his fair virtue's gloſs,
(If virtue's gloſs will ſtain with any ſoil)
Is a ſharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will ſtill wills
It ſhould none ſpare that come within his power.

Pri. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't ſo?

Mar. They ſay ſo moſt, that moſt his humours know.

Pri. Such ſhort-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the reſt?

Cat. The young *Dumain*, a well-accompliſh'd youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd:
Moſt power to do moſt harm, leaſt knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill ſhape good,
And ſhape to win grace though he had no wit:
I ſaw him at the duke *Alenſon*'s once;
And much too little, of that good I ſaw,
Is my report to his great worthineſs.

Ros. Another of these ſtudents at that time
Was there with him, if I have heard a truth;
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never ſpent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occaſion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jeſt;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)

Delivers in ſuch apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite raviſhed;
So ſweet and voluble is his diſcourſe.

Pri. God bleſs my ladies! are they all in love;
That every one her own hath garniſhed
With ſuch bedecking ornaments of praise?

1. *L.* Here comes *Boyet.*

Re-enter BOYET.

Pri. Now, what admittance, lord?

Boy. *Navarre* had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all addreſſ'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came: Marry, thus much I have learnt,—
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
(Like one that comes here to beſiege his court)
Than ſeek a diſpenſation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopl'd houſe.
Here comes *Navarre.* [*Ladies maſk.*

Enter King, *attended*; DUMAIN, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and Others.*

Kin. Fair princeſs, welcome to the court of *Navarre.*

Pri. Fair, I give you back again; and, welcome, I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too baſe to be mine.

Kin. You ſhall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Pri. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

Kin. Hear me, dear lady,—I have ſworn an oath.

Pri. Our lady help my lord! he'll be forſworn.

Kin. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Pri. Why, will ſhall break it; will, and nothing elſe.

Kin. Your ladyſhip is ignorant what it is.
Pri. Were my lord ſo, his ignorance were wise;
Where now his knowledge muſt prove ignorance.
I hear your grace hath ſworn-out houſe-keeping:
'Tis deadly ſin to keep that oath, my lord;
Not ſin to break it:
But pardon me, I am too ſudden bold;
To teach a teacher ill beſeemeth me.
Vouchſafe to read the † purpose of my coming,
And ſuddenly resolve me in my ſuit.
Kin. Madam, I will, if ſuddenly I may.
Pri. You will the ſooner, that I were away;
For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me ſtay.
Bir. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?
Cat. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?
Bir. I know, you did.
Cat. How needleſs was it then
To aſk the queſtion!
Pir. You muſt not be ſo quick. [tions.
Cat. 'Tis long of you, that ſpur me with ſuch queſ-
Bir. Your wit's too hot, it ſpeeds too faſt, 'twill tire.
Cat. Not 'till it leave the rider in the mire.
Bir. What time o' day?
Cat. The hour that fools ſhould aſk.
Bir. Now fair befall your maſk!
Cat. Fair fall the face it covers!
Bir. And ſend you many lovers!
Cat. Amen; ſo you be none.
Bir. Nay, then will I be gone.
Kin. Madam, your father here † doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thouſand crowns;
Being but the one half of an entire ſum,

[6] And ſin

Diſburſed by my father in his wars.
But ſay that he, or we, (as neither have)
Receiv'd that ſum; yet there remains unpay'd
A hundred thousand more; in ſurety of which,
One part of *Aquitain* is bound to us,
Although not valu'd to the money's worth.
If then the king your father will reſtore
But that one half which is unſatiſfy'd,
We will give up our right in *Aquitain*,
And hold fair friendſhip with his majeſty.
But that, it ſeems, he little purposeth:
For here † he doth demand, to have repay'd
An hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in *Aquitain*;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than *Aquitain* ſo gelded as it is.
Dear princeſs, were not his requeſts ſo far
From reason's yielding, your fair ſelf ſhould make
A yielding, 'gainſt ſome reason, in my breaſt,
And go well ſatiſfy'd to *France* again.

Pri. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In ſo unſeeming to confeſs receipt
Of that which hath ſo faithfully been pay'd.

Kin. I do proteſt, I never heard of it;
And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up *Aquitain*.

Pri. We arreſt your word: —
Boyet, you can produce acquittances,
For ſuch a ſum, from ſpecial officers

4 of the which 14 One pay-

Of *Charles* his father.

Kin. Satiſfy me ſo.

Bor. So please your grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other ſpecialties are bound;
To-morrow you ſhall have a ſight of them.

Kin. It ſhall ſuffice me; at which interview,
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Mean time, receive ſuch welcome at my hand,
As honour, without breach of honour, may,
Make tender of to thy true worthineſs:
You may not come, fair princeſs, in my gates;
But here without you ſhall be ſo receiv'd,
As you ſhall deem yourſelf lodg'd in my heart,
Though ſo deny'd fair harbour in my houſe.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewel.
To-morrow ſhall we visit you again.

Pri. Sweet health and fair desires conſort your grace!

Kin. Thy own wiſh wiſh I thee in every place!

[*Exeunt* King, *and his Train.*

Bir. Lady, I will commend you to my heart.

Ros. Now, pray you, do my commendations;
I would be glad to ſee it.

Bir. I would, you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool ſick?

Bir. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack, let it blood.

Bir. Would that do it good?

Ros. My physick ſays, I.

Bir. Will you prick 't with your eye?

Ros. No, *poynt*, with my knife.

Bir. Now, God ſave thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

Bir. I cannot ſtay, thanks-giving. [*retiring.*
Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word; What lady is that ſame?
Bor. The heir of *Alenſon*, *Rosaline* her name.
Dum. A gallant lady! — Monſieur, fare you well.
[*Exit* Dumain.
Lon. I beſeech you, a word; What is ſhe in the white?
Bor. A woman ſometimes, an you ſaw her in the light.
Lon. Perchance, light in the light: I desire her name.
Bor. She hath but one for herſelf; to desire that, were a ſhame.
Lon. Pray you, ſir, whose daughter?
Bor. Her mother's, I have heard.
Lon. God's bleſſing on your beard.
Bor. Good ſir, be not offended:
She is an heir of *Faulconbridge*.
Lon. Nay, my choler is ended.
She is a moſt ſweet lady.
Bor. Not unlike, ſir; that may be.
[*Exit* Longaville.
Bir. What's her name in the cap?
Bor. *Catherine*, by good hap.
Bir. Is ſhe wedded, or no?
Bor. To her will, ſir, or ſo.
Bir. You are welcome, ſir; adieu.
Bor. Farewel to me, ſir, and welcome to you.
[*Exit* Biron. *Ladies unmaſk.*
Mar. That laſt is *Biron*, the merry mad-cap lord;
Not a word with him but a jeſt.
Bor. And every jeſt but a word.
Pri. It was well done of you, to take him at his word.
Bor. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.
Cat. Two hot ſheeps, marry!

Bor. And wherefore not ſhips?
No ſheep, ſweet lamb, unleſs we feed on your lips.
Cat. You ſheep, and I paſture; Shall that finiſh the jeſt?
Bor. So you grant paſture for me. [*offering to kiſs her.*
Cat. Not ſo, gentle beaſt;
My lips are no common, though ſeveral they be.
Bor. Belonging to whom?
Cat. To my fortunes and me.
Pri. Good wits will be jangling: but, gentles, agree:
This civil war of wits were much better used
On *Navarre* and his bookmen; for here 'tis abused.
Bor. If my obſervation, (which very ſeldom lyes)
By the heart's ſtill rhetorick, diſcloſed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, *Navarre* is infected.
Pri. With what?
Bor. With that which we lovers intitle, affected.
Pri. Your reaſon?
Bor. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough deſire:
His heart, like an agat, with your print impreſſed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expreſſed;
His tongue, all impatient to ſpeak and not ſee,
Did ſtumble with haſte in his eye-ſight to be;
All ſenſes to that ſenſe did make their repair,
To feel only looking on faireſt of fair:
Methought, all his ſenſes were lock'd in his eye,
Like jewels in chryſtal for ſome prince to buy; [glaſſ'd,
Who, tendring their own worth from where they were
Did point you to buy them along as you paſſ'd.
His face's own margent did quote ſuch amazes,
That all eyes ſaw his eyes enchanted with gazes:
I'll give you *Aquitain*, and all that is his,

An you give him for my ſake but one loving kiſs.

Pri. Come, to our pavilion: *Boyet* is diſpos'd—

Bor. But to ſpeak that in words, which his eye hath I only have made a mouth of his eye, [diſclos'd: By adding a tongue which I know will not lye. [fully.

Mar. Thou'rt an old love-monger, and ſpeak'ſt ſkil-

Cat. He is *Cupid*'s grandfather, and learns news of him.

Ros. Then was *Venus* like her mother; for her father is but grim.

Bor. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Lad. No.

Bor. What then, do you ſee?

Lad. Ay, our way to be gone.

Bor. You are too hard for me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another Part of the ſame.*

Enter Armado, *and* Moth. [ing.

Arm. Warble, child; make paſſionate my ſenſe of hear-

Mot. *Concolinel*— [*ſinging.*

Arm. Sweet air!—Go, tenderneſs of years; take this key, give enlargement to the ſwain, bring him feſtinately hither; I muſt employ him in a letter to my love.

Mot. Maſter, will you win your love with a *French* [brawl?

Arm. How meaneſt thou? brawling in *French?*

Mot. No, my compleat maſter: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eye-lids; ſigh a note, and ſing a note; ſometime through the throat, as if you ſwallow'd love with ſinging love; ſometime through the nose, as if you ſnuft up love by ſmelling love; with your hat penthouſe-like o'er the ſhop of your eyes; with your arms

croſſ'd on your thin-belly doublet, like a rabbet on a ſpit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a ſnip and away: These are complements, these are humours: these betray nice wenches,—that would be betray'd without these; and make them men of note, (do you note me?) that are moſt affected to these.

Arm. How haſt thou purchaſ'd this experience?

Mot. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But, o, but, o,—

Mot. —the hobby-horſe is forgot.

Arm. Call'ſt thou my love, hobby-horſe?

Mot. No, maſter; the hobby horſe is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almoſt I had.

Mot. Negligent ſtudent! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Mot. And out of heart, maſter: all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Mot. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the inſtant: By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Mot. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the ſwain; he muſt carry me a letter.

Mot. A meſſage well ſympathis'd; a horſe to be embaſſador for an aſs!

Arm. Ha, ha; what ſayeſt thou?

Mot. Marry, ſir, you muſt ſend the aſs upon the

7 note men that 9 penne

horſe, for he is very ſlow-gated: But I go.

Arm. The way is but ſhort; away.

Mot. As ſwift as lead, ſir.

Arm. The meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal, heavy, dull, and ſlow?

Mot. *Minimè*, honeſt maſter; or rather, maſter, no.

Arm. I ſay, lead is ſlow.

Mot. You are too ſwift, ſir, to ſay ſo:
Is that lead ſlow, which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet ſmoke of rhetorick!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:—
I ſhoot thee at the ſwain.

Mot. Thump then, and I flee. [*Exit.*

Arm. A moſt acute juvenal; voluble, and free of grace!
By thy favour, ſweet welkin, I muſt ſigh in thy face:
Moſt rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

Re-enter Moth, *with* Costard *limping.*

Mot. A wonder, maſter; here's a *Coſtard* broken in a ſhin.

Arm. Some enigma, ſome riddle: come, thy *l'envoy*; begin.

Cos. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*, no ſalve in the matter, ſir: O, ſir, plantan, a plain plantan; no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, no ſalve, ſir, but a plantan!

Arm. By virtue, thou enforceſt laughter; thy ſilly thought, my ſpleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous ſmiling: O, pardon me, my ſtars! doth the inconſiderate take ſalve for *l'envoy*, and the word, *l'envoy*, for a ſalve?

Mot. Do the wise think them other? is not *l'envoy* a *ſalve?*

[24] the male ſir.

Arm. No, page; it is an epilogue, or diſcourſe, to make plain
Some obſcure precedence that hath tofore been ſain.
I will example it:
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three.
There's the moral: Now the *l'envoy*.
Mot. I will add the *l'envoy*; Say the moral again.
Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three:
Mot. Until the gooſe came out of door,
And ſtay'd the odds by adding four.
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three:
Arm. Until the gooſe came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.
Mot. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the gooſe; Would you desire more? [flat:—
Cos. The boy hath ſold him a bargain, a gooſe, that's Sir, your penny-worth is good, an your gooſe be fat.—
To ſell a bargain well, is as cunning as faſt and looſe:
Let me ſee a fat *l'envoy*; ay, that's a fat gooſe.
Arm. Come hither, come hither; How did this argument begin?
Mot. By ſaying that a *Coſtard* was broken in a ſhin.
Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.
Cos. True, and I for plantan; thus came your argument in:
Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the gooſe that you bought;
And he ended the market. [in a ſhin?
Arm. But, tell me; how was there a *Coſtard* broken

Mor. I will tell you ſenſibly.

Cos. Thou haſt no feeling of it, *Moth*; I will ſpeak that *l'envoy*: —

I, *Coſtard*, running out, that was ſafely within,
Fell over the threſhold, and broke my ſhin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cos. 'Till there be more matter in the ſhin.

Arm. Sirrah *Coſtard*, I will enfranchiſe thee.

Cos. O, marry me to one *Frances*; — I ſmell ſome *l'envoy*, ſome gooſe, in this.

Arm. By my ſweet ſoul, I mean, ſetting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy perſon; thou wert immured, reſtrained, captivated, bound.

Cos. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me looſe.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, ſet thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impoſe on thee nothing but this: Bear this ⫩ ſignificant to the country maid *Jaquenetta:* there is ⫩ remuneration; for the beſt ward of mine honour, is, rewarding my dependants. — *Moth*, follow.

Mor. Like the ſequel, I. — Signior *Coſtard*, adieu.

Cos. My ſweet ounce of man's fleſh! my incony *Jew!* —

[*Exeunt* Moth, *and* Armado.

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! o, that's the *latin* word for three farthings: Three farthings —, remuneration. *What's the price of this incle?* — *A penny.* — *No*; *I'll give you a remuneration:* — Why, it carries it. Remuneration! why, it is a fairer name than *French*-crown. I will never buy and ſell out of this word.

Enter Biron. [met.

Bir. O, my good knave *Coſtard!* exceedingly well

Cos. Pray you, ſir, how much carnation ribbon

may a man buy for a remuneration?

Bir. What is a remuneration?

Cos. Marry, ſir, half-penny farthing.

Bir. O, why then, three-farthing-worth of ſilk.

Cos. I thank your worſhip; God be wi' you!

Bir. O, ſtay, ſlave; I muſt employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I ſhall entreat.

Cos. When would you have it done, ſir?

Bir. O, this afternoon.

Cos. Well, I will do it, ſir: fare you well.

Bir. O, thou knoweſt not what it is.

Cos. I ſhall know, ſir, when I have done it.

Bir. Why, villain, thou muſt know firſt.

Cos. I will come to your worſhip to-morrow morning.

Bir. It muſt be done this afternoon: Hark, ſlave, it is but this;—
The princeſs comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues ſpeak ſweetly then they name her name,
And *Roſaline* they call her: aſk for her;
And to her white hand ſee thou do commend
This † ſeal'd-up counſel. There's thy † guerdon; go.

Cos. Guerdon,—O ſweet guerdon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: Moſt ſweet guerdon!—I will do it, ſir, in print.—Guerdon—Remuneration. [*Exit* Costard.

Bir. O!—And I, forſooth, in love! I, that have been
A very bedel to a humorous ſigh; [love's whip,
A critick; nay, a night-watch conſtable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal ſo magnificent!

This whimp'ring, whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This ſignior *Junio*'s giant-dwarf, dan *Cupid*;
Regent of love-rimes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed ſovereign of ſighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malecontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of cod-pieces,
Sole imperator and great general
Of trotting parators,—O my little heart!—
And I to be a corporal of his file,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!
What, what! I love? I ſue? I ſeek a wife?
A woman, that is like a *German* clock;
Still a repairing; ever out of frame;
And never going right, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may ſtill go right?
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worſt of all:
And, among three, to love the worſt of all;
A whitely wanton, with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls ſtuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though *Argus* were her eunuch and her guard:
And I to ſigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
Which *Cupid* will impoſe for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, ſigh, pray, ſue, and groan;
Some men muſt love my lady, and ſome *Joan*. [*Exit*.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Another Part of the ſame.*

Enter the Princeſs, *and her Train*; *a* Foreſter;

[1] This wimpled, [9] his fielde,

BOYET, Catherine, ROSALINA, *and* MARIA.

Pri. Was that the king, that ſpur'd his horſe ſo hard
Againſt the ſteep uprising of the hill?
Boy. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.
Pri. Whoe'er he was, he ſhow'd a mounting mind.—
Well, lords, to-day we ſhall have our diſpatch;
On ſaturday we will return to *France.*—
Then, foreſter, my friend, where is the buſh,
That we muſt ſtand and play the murtherer in?
For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A ſtand, where you may make the faireſt ſhoot.
Pri. I thank my beauty; I am fair that ſhoot,
And thereupon thou ſpeak'ſt, the faireſt ſhoot.
For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not ſo.
Pri. What, what; firſt praise me, and again ſay, no?
O ſhort-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!
For. Yes, madam, fair,—
Pri. Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glaſs, take this ‡ for telling true;
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.
Pri. See, ſee, my beauty will be ſav'd by merit.
O hereſy in fair, fit for these days!
A giving hand, though foul, ſhall have fair praise.—
But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,
And ſhooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I ſave my credit in the ſhoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
If wounding, then it was to ſhew my ſkill,
That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.

And, out of queſtion, ſo it is ſometimes;
Glory grows guilty of deteſted crimes;
When, for fame's ſake, for praiſe, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart:
As I, for praiſe alone, now ſeek to ſpill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Bor. Do not curſt wives hold that ſelf ſov'reignty
Only for praiſe' ſake, when they ſtrive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

Pri. Only for praiſe: and praiſe we may afford
To any lady that ſubdues a lord.

Enter COSTARD.

Bor. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.

Cos. God-dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the head lady?

Pri. Thou ſhalt know her, fellow, by the reſt that have no heads.

Cos. Which is the greateſt lady, the higheſt?

Pri. The thickeſt, and the talleſt.

Cos. The thickeſt, and the talleſt! it is ſo; truth is
An your waſte, miſtreſs, were as ſlender as my wit,
One o' these maids' girdles for your waſte ſhould be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickeſt here.

Pri. What's your will, ſir? what's your will?

Cos. I have a letter from monſieur *Biron* to one lady *Roſaline.*

Pri. O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend of mine:
Stand aſide, good bearer. — *Boyet*, you can carve;
Break up this † capon.

Bor. I am bound to ſerve. —
This letter is miſtook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to *Jaquenetta.*

Pri. We will read it, I ſwear:
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Bor. [reads.] *By heaven, that thou art fair, is moſt infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itſelf, that thou art lovely: More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itſelf, have commiseration on thy heroical vaſſal! The magnanimous and moſt illuſtrate king* Cophetua *ſet eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar* Zenelophon; *and he it was that might rightly ſay,* veni, vidi, vici; *which to anatomize in the vulgar, (o baſe and obſcure vulgar!) is, he came, ſaw, and overcame: He came, one; ſaw, two; overcame, three: Who came? the king; Why did he come? to ſee; Why did he ſee? to overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar; What ſaw he? the beggar; Who overcame he? the beggar: The conclusion is victory; On whose ſide? the king's: the captive is enrich'd; On whose ſide? the beggar's: The cataſtrophe is a nuptial; On whose ſide? the king's;— no; on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for ſo ſtands the compariſon: thou the beggar; for ſo witneſſeth thy lowlineſs. Shall I command thy love? I may: Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What ſhalt thou exchange for rags? robes; For tittles? titles; For thyſelf? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.*

Thine, in the deareſt deſign of induſtry,
Don Adriano de Armado.

Thus doſt thou hear the *Nemean* lion roar
'Gainſt thee, thou lamb, that ſtandeſt as his prey;
Submiſſive fall his princely feet before,

[11] v. *Note.* [12] ſee, two

And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou ſtrive, poor ſoul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repaſture for his den.
Pri. What plume of feathers is he, that indited this letter?
What vane? what weather-cock? Did you ever hear better?
Bor. I am much deceived, but I remember the ſtile.
Pri. Elſe your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.
Bor. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard*, that keeps here in court;
A phantasme, a monarcho; and one that makes ſport
To the prince, and his book-mates.
Pri. Thou, fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?
Cos. I told you; my lord.
Pri. To whom ſhould'ſt thou give it?
Cos. From my lord to my lady.
Pri. From which lord, to which lady?
Cos. From my lord *Biron*, a good maſter of mine,
To a lady of *France*, that he call'd *Rosaline*. [away.—
Pri. Thou haſt miſtaken his letter.—Come, lords,
Here, ſweet, [*to* Ros.] put up † this; 'twill be thine another day. [*Exeunt* Princeſs, *and Train.*
Bor. Who is the ſhooter? who is the ſhooter?
Ros. Shall I teach you to know?
Bor. Ay, my continent of beauty.
Ros. Why, ſhe that bears the bow.
Finely put off!
Bor. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miſcarry.
Finely put on!
Ros. Well then, I am the ſhooter.

[6] vaine?

Boy. And who is your dear? [near.

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourſelf; come not Finely put on, indeed!

Mar. You ſtill wrangle with her, *Boyet*, and ſhe ſtrikes at the brow.

Boy. But ſhe herſelf is hit lower: Have I hit her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old ſaying, that was a man when king *Pippin* of *France* was a little boy, as touching the hit it.

Boy. So I may anſwer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen *Guinover* of *Britain* was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. Thou can'ſt not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou can'ſt not hit it, my good man.

Boy. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can.
[*Exeunt* Ros. *and* Cat.

Cos. By my troth, moſt pleasant! how both did fit it! [it.

Mar. A mark marvelous well ſhot; for they both did hit

Boy. A mark!—O, mark but that mark; A mark, ſays my lady!
Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand! I' faith, your hand is out.

Cos. Indeed, a' muſt ſhoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout. [is in.

Boy. An' if my hand be out, then, belike, your hand

Cos. Then will ſhe get the upſhot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily, your lips grow foul. [her to bowl.

Cos. She's too hard for you at pricks, ſir; challenge

Boy. I fear too much rubbing: Good night, my good owl. [*Exeunt* Boy. *and* Mar.

Cos. By my ſoul, a ſwain! a moſt ſimple clown! Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down! O' my troth, moſt ſweet jeſts! moſt incony vulgar wit! When it comes ſo ſmoothly off, ſo obſcenely, as it were, ſo *Armatho* o' t' one ſide,—O, a moſt dainty man! [fit. To ſee him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan! To ſee him kiſs his hand! and how moſt ſweetly a' will And his page o't'other ſide, that handful of wit! [ſwear!— Ah heavens, it is a moſt pathetical nit! [*Shout within.* Sola! ſola! [*Exit, running.*

SCENE II. *The ſame.*

Enter Sir NATHANIEL, HOLOFERNES, *and* DULL.

NAT. Very reverent ſport, truly; and done in the teſtimony of a good conſcience.

HOL. The deer was, as you know, in *ſanguis*, blood: ripe as a pome-water; who now hangeth, like a jewel, in the ear of *cælo*,—the ſky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth, like a crab, on the face of *terra*,—the ſoil, the land, the earth.

NAT. Truly, maſter *Holofernes*, the epithets are ſweetly vary'd, like a ſcholar at the leaſt: But, ſir, I aſſure ye, it was a buck of the firſt head.

HOL. Sir *Nathaniel*, *haud credo*.

DUL. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

HOL. Moſt barbarous intimation! yet a kind of inſinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication; or, rather, *oſtentare*, to ſhow, as it were, his inclination—after his undreſſed, unpoliſhed, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or, rather, unlettered, or, rathereſt, unconfirmed faſhion,—to inſert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

[16] ſanguis in

Dul. I ſaid, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice ſod ſimplicity, *bis coctus!*—O thou monſter, ignorance, how deformed doſt thou look!

Nat. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were, he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not repleniſhed; he is only an animal, only ſenſible in the duller parts:

And ſuch barren plants are ſet before us, that we thankful ſhould be

For those parts which we taſte, and feel, do fructify in us more than he.

For as it would ill become me, to be vain, indiſcreet, or a fool;

So were there a patch ſet on learning, to ſee him in a ſchool:

But, *omne bene*, ſay I; being of an old father's mind,

Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dul. You two are book-men; Can you tell by your wit,

What was a month old at *Cain*'s birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. *Dictynna*, goodman *Dull*; *Dictynna*, goodman *Dull*.

Dul. What is *Dictynna?*

Hol. A title to *Phœbe*, to *Luna*, to the moon.

The moon was a month old, when *Adam* was no more;

And raught not to five weeks, when he came to five ſcore.

The allusion holds in the exchange.

Dul. 'Tis true, indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I ſay, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dul. And I ſay, the pollusion holds in the exchange, for the moon is never but a month old: and I ſay be-

[10] which we taſte, and feeling, are for those parts that doe [21] v. *Note.*

ſide, that 'twas a pricket that the princeſs kill'd.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the princeſs kill'd, a pricket.

Nat. *Perge*, good maſter *Holofernes*, *perge*; ſo it ſhall please you to abrogate ſcurrility. [facility.

Hol. I will ſomething affect the letter, for it argues

The praiſeful princeſs pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleaſing pricket;

Some ſay, a ſore; but not a ſore, 'till now made ſore with ſhooting:

The dogs did yell; put *l* to ſore, then ſorel jumps from thicket:

Or pricket, ſore, or elſe ſorel, the people fall a hooting.

If ſore be ſore, then *L* to ſore makes fifty ſores; O ſore *L!*

Of one ſore I an hundred make by adding but one more *L*.

Nat. A rare talent!

Dul. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, ſimple, ſimple; a fooliſh extravagant ſpirit, full of forms, figures, ſhapes, objects, ideas, apprehenſions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nouriſh'd in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occaſion: But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nat. Sir, I praiſe the Lord for you, and ſo may my pariſhioners; for their ſons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the common-wealth.

Hol. *Mehercle*, if their ſons be ingenious, they ſhall want no inſtruction; if their daughters be capable, I

24 primater 31 ingenous

will put it to them. But, *Vir ſapit qui pauca loquitur:* a ſoul feminine ſaluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA, *and* COSTARD.

JAQ. God give you good morrow, maſter parſon!

HOL. Maſter parſon,—*quaſi* perſ-one: And if one ſhould be pierc'd, which is the one?

COS. Marry, maſter ſchool-maſter, he that is likeſt to a hogshead.

HOL. Of piercing a hogshead! a good luſtre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a ſwine: 'tis pretty, it is well.

JAQ. Good maſter parſon, be ſo good as read me this † letter; it was given me by *Coſtard*, and ſent me from don *Armatho:* I beſeech you, read it.

HOL. Fauſte, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne ſub umbrâ Ruminat,—and ſo forth. Ah good old *Mantuan!* I may ſpeak of thee as the traveller doth of *Venice*,—

——————— *Vinegia, Vinegia,*
Chi non te vedi, ei non te pregia.

Old *Mantuan!* old *Mantuan*! who underſtandeth thee not, loves thee not. *Ut, re, ſol, la, mi, fa.*—Under pardon, ſir, what are the contents? or, rather, as *Horace* ſays in his—What, my ſoul, verſes?

NAT. Ay, ſir, and very learned.

HOL. Let me hear a ſtaff, a ſtanza, a verſe; *lege, domine.*

NAT. If love make me forſworn, how ſhall I ſwear to love? [*reading.*

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!
Though to myſelf forſworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;
Thoſe thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like oſiers bowed.
Study his biaſs leaves, and makes his book thine eyes;

[hend:

Where all those pleasures live, that art would compre-
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee ſhall ſuffice;
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend:
All ignorant that ſoul, that ſees thee without wonder;
(Which is to me ſome praise, that I thy parts admire)
Thy eye *Jove*'s lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is musick, and ſweet fire.
Celeſtial as thou art, o, pardon, love, this wrong,
That ſings heaven's praise with ſuch an earthly tongue!

Hol. You find not the apoſtrophes, and ſo miſs the accent: let me ſupervise the canzonet. Here † are only numbers ratify'd; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poeſy, *caret*. *Ovidius Naſo* was the man: And why, indeed, *Naſo?* but for ſmelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention. *Imitari* is nothing: ſo doth the hound his maſter, the ape his keeper, the 'tired horſe his rider. — But, *damoſella* virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, ſir, from one mounſieur *Biron*, one of the ſtrange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the ſuperſcript; *To the ſnow-white hand of the beauteous Lady* Rosaline. I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the perſon written unto; *Your Ladiſhip's in all desired employment*, Biron.—Sir *Nathaniel*, this *Biron* is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a ſequent of the ſtranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progreſſion, hath miſcarried.—Trip and go, my ſweet; deliver this † paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much: Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty; adieu.

12 cangenet 17 imitarie 25 written 26 Sir *Holoſernes*

[life!

Jaq. Good *Coſtard*, go with me.—Sir, God ſave your

Cos. Have with thee, my girl. [*Exeunt* Cos. *and* Jaq.

Nat. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiouſly: and, as a certain father ſaith,—

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours. But to return to the verſes; Did they please you, ſir *Nathaniel?*

Nat. Marvelous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if, before repaſt, it ſhall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my priviledge I have with the parents of the foreſaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where I will prove those verſes to be very unlearned, neither ſavouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beſeech your ſociety.

Nat. And thank you too: for ſociety, ſaith the text, is the happineſs of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text moſt infallibly concludes it.—Sir, [*to* Dul.] I do invite you too; you ſhall not ſay me nay: *pauca verba.*—Away; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Grove in the ſame.*

Enter Biron, *with a Paper.*

Bir. The king he is hunting the deer; I am courſing myſelf: they have pitch'd a toyl; I am toiling in a pitch; pitch, that defiles; defile, a foul word. Well, Set thee down, ſorrow! for ſo, they ſay, the fool ſaid; and ſo ſay I, and I the fool: Well prov'd, wit! By

the lord, this love is as mad as *Ajax:* it kills ſheep; it kills me, I a ſheep: Well prov'd again o'my ſide! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rime, and to be melancholy; and here † is part of my rime, and here my melancholy. Well, ſhe hath one o'my ſonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool ſent it, the lady hath it: ſweet clown, ſweeter fool, ſweeteſt lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in: Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan! [*retiring.*

Enter the King, *with a Paper.*

Kin. Ay me!

Bir. "Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, ſweet *Cupid*; thou" "haſt thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left" "pap:—I'faith, ſecrets." [*gets up into a Tree.*

Kin. So ſweet a kiſs [*reading.*] the golden ſun gives
To thoſe freſh morning drops upon the rose, [not
As thy eye-beams, when their freſh rays have ſmot
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:
Nor ſhines the ſilver moon one half ſo bright
Through the tranſparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou ſhin'ſt in every tear that I do weep:
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,
So rideſt thou triúmphing in my woe;
Do but behold the tears that ſwell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will ſhow:
But do not love thyſelf; then thou wilt keep

My tears for glaſſes, and ſtill make me weep.
O queen of queens, how far doſt thou excel!
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell. —
How ſhall ſhe know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
Sweet leaves, ſhade † folly. Who is he comes here?
Enter LONGAVILLE, *with a Paper.*
What, *Longaville!* and reading! liſten, ear.
[*ſtepping behind a Buſh.*
BIR. "Now, in thy likeneſs, one more fool, appear!"
LON. Ay me! I am forſworn. [pers."
BIR. "Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing pa-
KIN. "In love, I hope; Sweet fellowſhip in ſhame!"
BIR. "One drunkard loves another of the name."
LON. Am I the firſt that have been perjur'd ſo? [know:"
BIR. "I could put thee in comfort; not by two, that I
"Thou mak'ſt the triumviry, the corner-cap of ſociety,"
"The ſhape of love's *Tyburn* that hangs up ſimplicity."
LON. I fear, these ſtubborn lines lack power to move: —
O ſweet *Maria*, empreſs of my love! —
These numbers will I tear, and write in proſe.
BIR. "O, rimes are guards on wanton *Cupid*'s hose;"
"Diffigure not his ſlop."
LON. This ſame ſhall go. — [*reads.*
Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye
('Gainſt whom the world cannot hold argument)
Perſuade my heart to this falſe perjury?
Vows, for thee broke, deſerve not puniſhment.
A woman I forſwore; but, I will prove,
Thou being a goddeſs, I forſwore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all diſgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:

12 *Long.* In 16 triumphery 22 ſhop

Then thou, fair ſun, which on my earth doſt ſhine,
Exhal'ſt this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine;
If by me broke, What fool is not ſo wise,
To lose an oath to win a paradiſe? [ty;"

Bir. "This is the liver vein, which makes fleſh a dei-
"A green gooſe, a goddeſs: pure, pure idolatry."
"God amend us, God amend! we're much out o'th'way."

Enter Dumain, *with a Paper.*

Lon. By whom ſhall I ſend this? Company! ſtay.
[*ſtepping behind a Tree.*

Bir. "All hid, all hid, an old infant play:"
"Like a demi-god here ſit I in the ſky,"
"And wretched fools' ſecrets heedfully o'er-eye."
"More ſacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wiſh;"
"*Dumain* tranſform'd, four woodcocks in a diſh!"

Dum. O moſt divine *Kate!*

Bir. "O moſt profane coxcomb!"

Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye.

Bir. "By earth, ſhe is not, corporal; there you lye."

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul hath amber quoted.

Bir. "An amber-colour'd raven was well noted."

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Bir. "Stoop, I ſay;"
"Her ſhoulder is with child."

Dum. As fair as day.

Bir. "Ay, as ſome days; but then no ſun muſt ſhine."

Dum. O, that I had my wiſh!

Lon. "And I had mine!"

Kin. "And mine too, good Lord!" [word?"

Bir. "Amen! ſo I had mine: Is not that a good

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever ſhe

Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.
Bir. "A fever in your blood! why, then incision"
"Would let her out in saucers; Sweet misprision!"
Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.
Bir. "Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit."
Dum. On a day, (alack the day!) [*reads.*

Love, whose month is ever *May*,
Spy'd a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, *thy cheeks may blow*;
Air, *'would I might triumph so!*
But, *alack*, *my hand is sworn*
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee:
Thou, for whom *e'en Jove* would swear,
Juno but an *Ethiope* were;
And deny himself for *Jove*,
Turning mortal for thy love. —

This will I send; and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's lasting pain.
O, would the king, *Biron*, and *Longaville*,
Were lovers too! ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead pluck a perjur'd note;
For none offend, where all alike do dote.'
Lon. *Dumain*, [*advancing.*] thy love is far from charity,

11 can 17 throne: 27 fasting

That in love's grief desir'ſt ſociety:
You may look pale, but I ſhould bluſh, I know,
To be o'er-heard, and taken napping ſo. [is ſuch;
Kin. Come, ſir, [*advancing*] you bluſh; as his, your caſe
You chide at him, offending twice as much:
You do not love *Maria*· *Longaville*
Did never ſonnet for her ſake compile·
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart·
I have been cloſely ſhrouded in this buſh,
And mark'd you both, and for you both did bluſh;
I heard your guilty rimes, obſerv'd your faſhion,
Saw ſighs reek from you, noted well your paſſion:
Ay me! ſays one; O *Jove!* the other cries;
Her hairs were gold, criſtal the other's eyes:
You would for paradiſe break faith and troth;
And *Jove* for your love would infringe an oath.
What will *Biron* ſay, when that he ſhall hear
A faith infringed, which ſuch zeal did ſwear?
How will he ſcorn? how will he ſpend his wit?
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that ever I did ſee,
I would not have him know ſo much by me.
Bir. Now ſtep I forth to whip hypocriſy.—
[*coming from his Tree.*
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me:
Good heart, what grace haſt thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art moſt in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches in your tears;
There is no certain princeſs that appears·
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing·
Tuſh, none but minſtrels like of ſonneting·

29 couches

But are you not aſham'd? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'er-ſhot?
You found his mote; the king your mote did ſee;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a ſcene of foolery have I ſeen,
Of ſighs, of groans, of ſorrow, and of teen!
O me, with what ſtrict patience have I ſat,
To ſee a king tranſformed to a gnat!
To ſee great *Hercules* whipping a gig,
And profound *Solomon* to tune a jig,
And *Neſtor* play at puſh-pin with the boys,
And cynic *Timon* laugh at idle toys!
Where lies thy grief, o, tell me, good *Dumain?*
And, gentle *Longaville*, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breaſt:—
A caudle, ho!

Kin. Too bitter is thy jeſt.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Bir. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you:
I, that am honeſt; I, that hold it ſin
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With vane-like men, of ſtrange inconſtancy.
When ſhall you ſee me write a thing in rime?
Or groan for *Joan?* or ſpend a minute's time
In pruning me? When ſhall you hear, that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a ſtate, a brow, a breaſt, a waſte,
A leg, a limb? —

Kin. Soft; Whither away ſo faſt?
A true man, or a thief, that gallops ſo?

Bir. I poſt from love; good lover, let me go.

3 Moth — Moth 12 *Crittick* 23 With men like

Enter JAQUENETTA, *and* COSTARD.

Jaq. God bleſs the king! [*offering a Paper.*

Kin. What present haſt thou there?

Cos. Some certain treason.

Kin. What makes treason here?

Cos. Nay, it makes nothing, ſir.

Kin. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason, and you, go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beſeech your grace, let this † letter be read;
Our parſon miſdoubts it, 'twas treason, he ſaid.

Kin. *Biron*, read it over.— [*giving him the Paper.*
Where hadſt thou it?

Jaq. Of *Coſtard.*

Kin. Where hadſt thou it?

Cos. Of dun *Adramadio*, dun *Adramadio.*

[Biron *tears the Paper.*

Kin. How now! what is in you? why doſt thou tear it?

Bir. A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs not fear it.

Lon. It did move him to paſſion, and therefore let's hear it. [*gathers up the Pieces.*

Dum. It is *Biron*'s writing, and here † is his name.

Bir. Ah you whoreſon loggerhead, [*to* Coſ.] you were born to do me ſhame.—
Guilty, my liege, guilty; I confeſs, I confeſs.

Kin. What? [the meſs:

Bir. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up
He †, he, †— and † you,— and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purſes in love, and we deſerve to die.
O, diſmiſs this audience, and I ſhall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Bir. True, true; we are four:—
Will these turtles be gone?

Kin. Hence, ſirs; away.
Cos. Walk aſide the true folk, and let the traitors ſtay.
[*Exeunt* Cos. *and* Jaq.
Bir. Sweet lords, ſweet lovers, o let us embrace!
As true we are, as fleſh and blood can be:
The ſea will ebb and flow, heaven ſhew his face;
Young blood doth not obey an old decree:
We cannot croſs the cause why we were born;
Therefore, of all hands muſt we be forſworn.
Kin. What, did these rent lines ſhew ſome love of thine?
Bir. Did they? Who ſees the heavenly *Rosaline*,
That, like a rude and ſavage man of *Inde*,
At the firſt opening of the gorgeous eaſt,
Bows not his vaſſal head; and, ſtrooken blind,
Kiſſes the baſe ground with obedient breaſt?
What peremptory eagle-ſighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majeſty?
Kin. What zeal, what fury, hath inſpir'd thee now?
My love, her miſtreſs, is a gracious moon;
She, an attending ſtar, ſcarce ſeen a light.
Bir. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Biron:*
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!
Of all complections the cull'd ſovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;
Where ſeveral worthies make one dignity;
Where nothing wants, that want itſelf doth ſeek.
Lend me the flouriſh of all gentle tongues,—
Fie, painted rhetorick! o, ſhe needs it not:
To things of ſale a ſeller's praiſe belongs;
She paſſes praiſe, and praiſe too ſhort doth blot.
A wither'd hermit, fiveſcore winters worn,

21 they, quoth you? Who 31 praiſe, then praiſe

Might ſhake off fifty, looking in her eye :
Beauty doth varniſh age, as if new born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.
O, 'tis the ſun, that maketh all things ſhine !
Kin. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
Bir. Is ebony like her ? o wood divine !
A wife of ſuch wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath ? where is a book ?
That I may ſwear, beauty doth beauty lack,
If that ſhe learn not of her eye to look :
No face is fair, that is not full ſo black.
Kin. O paradox ! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the ſtole of night ;
And beauty's crete becomes the heavens well.
Bir. Devils ſooneſt tempt, resembling ſpirits of light.
O, if in black my lady's brows be deckt,
It mourns, that painting, and uſurping hair,
Should raviſh doters with a falſe aſpéct ;
And therefore is ſhe born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the faſhion of the days ;
For native blood is counted painting now :
And therefore red, that would avoid diſpraiſe,
Paints itſelf black, to imitate her brow.
Dum. To look like her, are chimney-ſweepers black.
Lon. And, ſince her time, are colliers counted bright.
Kin. And *Ethiops* of their ſweet complection crack.
Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.
Bir. Your miſtreſſes dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours ſhould be waſh'd away.
Kin. 'Twere good, yours did; for, ſir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not waſh'd to-day.
Bir. I'll prove her fair, or talk 'till dooms-day here.

6 word 13 Schoole of 14 creſt be- 17 an'u-

Kin. No devil will fright thee then ſo much as ſhe.
Dum. I never knew man hold vile ſtuff ſo dear.
Lon. Look, here's † thy love; my foot and her face ſee.
Bir. O, if the ſtreets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for ſuch tread!
Dum. O vile! then, as ſhe goes, what upward lies
The ſtreet ſhould ſee as ſhe walk'd over head.
Kin. But what of this? Are we not all in love?
Bir. Nothing ſo ſure; and thereby all forſworn.
Kin. Then leave this chat; and, good *Biron*, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.
Dum. Ay, marry, there; ſome flattery for this evil.
Lon. O, ſome authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, ſome quillets, how to cheat the devil.
Dum. Some ſalve for perjury.
Bir. O, 'tis more than need! —
Have at you then, affection's men at arms:
Conſider what you firſt did ſwear unto; —
To faſt, — to ſtudy, — and to ſee no woman; —
Flat treason 'gainſt the kingly ſtate of youth.
Say, can you faſt? your ſtomacks are too young;
And abſtinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to ſtudy, lords,
In that each of you hath forſworn his book:
Can you ſtill dream, and pore, and thereon look?
Why, univerſal plodding priſons up
The nimble ſpirits in the arteries;
As motion, and long-during action, tires
The ſinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forſworn the uſe of eyes;
And ſtudy too, the cauſer of your vow:

17 v. *Note.* 24 have for- 26 poyſons

For when would you, my liege, — or you, — or you, —
In leaden contemplation, have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other ſlow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore finding barren practisers,
Scarce ſhew a harveſt of their heavy toil:
But love, firſt learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courſes as ſwift as thought in every power;
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices:
It adds a precious ſeeing to the eye,
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the loweſt ſound,
When the ſuſpicious head of theft is ſtopt;
Love's feeling is more ſoft, and ſenſible,
Than are the tender horns of cockl'd ſnails;
Love's tongue proves dainty *Bacchus* groſs in taſte:
For valour, is not love a *Hercules*,
Still climbing trees in the *Heſperides?*
Subtle as *Sphynx*; as ſweet, and musical,
As bright *Apollo*'s lute, ſtrung with his hair;
And, when love ſpeaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durſt poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's ſighs;
O, then his lines would raviſh ſavage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They ſparkle ſtill the right *Promethean* fire;

4 beautis 26 Make

They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That ſhew, contain, and nouriſh all the world;
Elſe, none at all in ought proves excellent:
Then fools you were, these women to forſwear;
Or, keeping what is ſworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's ſake, a word that all men love;
Or for love's ſake, a word that loves all men;
Or for men's ſake, the authors of these women;
Or women's ſake, by whom we men are men;
Let us once lose our oaths to find ourſelves,
Or elſe we lose ourſelves to keep our oaths:
It is religion, to be thus forſworn:
For charity itſelf fulfils the law;
And who can ſever love from charity?

Kin. Saint *Cupid*, then! and, ſoldiers, to the field!

Bir. Advance your ſtandards, and upon them, lords;
Pell mell, down with them! but be firſt advis'd,
In conflict that you get the ſun of them.

Lon. Now to plain dealing; lay these glozes by:
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of *France?*

Kin. And win them too: therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Bir. Firſt, from the park let us conduct them thither;
Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair miſtreſs: in the afternoon
We will with ſome ſtrange paſtime ſolace them,
Such as the ſhortneſs of the time can ſhape;
For revels, dances, maſks, and merry hours,
Fore-run fair love, ſtrewing her way with flowers.

Kin. Away, away! no time ſhall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Bir. *Allons, allons!*— Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;

8 author 32 Alone, alone

And juſtice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forſworn;
If ſo, our copper buys no better treasure. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another Part of the ſame.*

Enter Sir NATHANIEL, HOLOFERNES, *and* DULL.

HOL. *Satis quod ſufficit.*

NAT. I praise God for you, ſir: your reasons at dinner have been ſharp and ſententious; pleasant without ſcurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and ſtrange without hereſy. I did converſe this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, don *Adriano de Armado.*

HOL. *Novi hominem tanquam te:* His humour is lofty, his diſcourſe peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majeſtical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thraſonical: he is too piked, too ſpruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it. *his Tables.*

NAT. A moſt ſingular and choice epithet. [*pulling out*

HOL. He draweth out the thread of his verboſity finer than the ſtaple of his argument. I abhor ſuch fanatical phantasms, ſuch inſociable and point-deviſe companions; ſuch rackers of orthography, as to ſpeak, dout, fine, when he ſhould ſay, doubt; det, when he ſhould pronounce, debt; d, e, b, t, not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour, *vocatur*, nebour; neigh, abbreviated, ne: This is abhominable, (which he would call, abominable) it inſinuateth me of inſanie; *Ne intelligis, domine?* to make frantick, lunatick.

NAT. *Laus deo, bone intelligo.*

7 *quid* 15 *hominum* 30 infamie 32 *bene*

Hol. *Bone? bone* for *bene: Priſcian* a little ſcratch'd; 'twill ſerve.

Enter Moth, Costard, *and* Armado.

Nat. *Videsne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video, et gaudeo.*

Arm. Chirra! [*to* Moth.

Hol. *Quare* Chirra, not ſirrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hol. Moſt military ſir, ſalutation.

Mot. "They have been at a great feaſt of lan-
" guages, and have ſtoln the ſcraps."

Cos. "O, they have liv'd long on the alms-baſket"
" of words! I marvel, thy maſter hath not eaten thee"
" for a word; for thou art not ſo long by the head as,"
" *honorificabilitudinitatibus:* thou art easier ſwallow'd"
" than a flap-dragon."

Mot. "Peace; the peal begins."

Arm. Monſieur, [*to* Hol.] are you not letter'd?

Mot. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book:—What is a, b, ſpelt backward, with the horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Mot. Ba, moſt ſilly ſheep, with a horn:—You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou conſonant?

Mot. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them; a, e, i,—

Mot. The ſheep: the other two concludes it; o, u.

Arm. Now, by the ſalt wave of the *Mediterraneum*, a ſweet touch, a quick venew of wit: ſnip ſnap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit. [old.

Mot. Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is, wit-

1 Bome boon for boon preſcian 25 The laſt of

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Mot. Horns.

Hol. Thou diſput'ſt like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

Mot. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamie *circum circá*; A gig of a cuckold's horn!

Cos. An I had but one penny in the world, thou ſhouldſt have it to buy ginger-bread: hold, there † is the very remuneration I had of thy maſter, thou halfpenny purſe of wit, thou pigeon-egg of diſcretion. O, an the heavens were ſo pleased, that thou wert but my baſtard! what a joyful father would'ſt thou make me? Go to; thou haſt it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they ſay.

Hol. O, I ſmell falſe *Latin*; dunghil for *unguem*.

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be ſingl'd from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-houſe on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or, *mons*, the hill.

Arm. At your ſweet pleaſure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, ſans queſtion.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's moſt ſweet pleaſure and affection, to congratulate the princeſs at her pavilion, in the poſteriors of this day; which the rude multitude call, the afternoon.

Hol. The poſterior of the day, moſt generous ſir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, chose; ſweet and apt, I do aſſure you, ſir, I do aſſure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do aſſure you, my very good friend: For what is inward between us, let it paſs: — I do beſeech thee, refrain thy courteſy; I beſeech thee, apparel thy

5 *unum cita* 15 *preambulat* 32 remember thy

head : — and among other importunate and moſt ſerious deſigns,— and of great import, indeed, too ; but let that paſs : — for I muſt tell thee, it will please his grace,(by the world) ſometime to lean upon my poor ſhoulder ; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my muſtachio : but, ſweet heart, let that paſs : By the world, I recount no fable ; ſome certain ſpecial honours it pleaseth his greatneſs to impart to *Armado*, a ſoldier, a man of travel, that hath ſeen the world : but let that paſs. The very all of all is,— but, ſweet heart, I do implore ſecreſy,— that the king would have me present the princeſs, ſweet chuck, with ſome delightful oſtentation, or ſhow, or pageant, or antick, or firework : now, underſtanding that the curate, and your ſweet ſelf, are good at ſuch eruptions and ſudden breakings-out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your aſſiſtance.

Hol. Sir, you ſhall present before her the nine worthies.—Sir *Nathaniel*, as concerning ſome entertainment of time, ſome ſhow in the poſterior of this day, to be render'd by our aſſiſtance,— at the king's command ; and this moſt gallant, illuſtrate, and learned gentleman,— before the princeſs ; I ſay, none ſo fit as to present the nine worthies. [ſent them ?

Nat. Where will you find men worthy enough to pre-

Hol. *Joſhua*, yourſelf ; myſelf, or this gallant gentleman, *Judas Maccabæus* ; this † ſwain, because of his great limb or joint, ſhall paſs for *Pompey* the great ; the page, *Hercules*.

Arm. Pardon, ſir, error : he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb ; he is not ſo big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience ? he ſhall present *Hercules*

19 Sir *Holofernes*, 21 aſſiſtants 26 myſelfe, and this

in minority: his *enter* and *exit* ſhall be, ſtrangling a ſnake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Mot. An excellent device! ſo, if any of the audience hiſs, you may cry, *Well done*, Hercules! *now thou cruſheſt the ſnake!* that is the way to make an offence gracious; though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the reſt of the worthies? —

Hol. I will play three myſelf.

Mot. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antick. I beſeech you, follow.

Hol. *Via*, goodman *Dull!* thou haſt ſpoken no word all this while.

Dul. Nor underſtood none neither, ſir.

Hol. *Allons!* we will employ thee.

Dul. I'll make one in a dance, or ſo: or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Moſt dull, honeſt *Dull*, to our ſport, away.

ACT V.

SCENE, *Another Part of the ſame; before the Tents.* *Enter the* Princeſs, CATHERINE, ROSALINE, *and* MARIA.

Pri. Sweet hearts, we ſhall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in;
A lady wall'd about with diamonds:
Look † you, what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing elſe along with that?

Pri. Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rime,

[17] Alone,

As would be cram'd up in a ſheet of paper,
Writ on both ſides the leaf, margent and all;
That he was fain to ſeal on *Cupid*'s name.
Ros. That was the way to make his godhead wax;
For he hath been five thousand year a boy.
Cat. Ay, and a ſhrowd unhappy gallows too. [ſiſter.
Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him; a' kill'd your
Cat. He made her melancholy, ſad, and heavy;
And ſo ſhe dy'd: had ſhe been light, like you,
Of ſuch a merry, nimble-ſtirring ſpirit,
She might have been a grandame ere ſhe dy'd:
And ſo may you; for a light heart lives long. [word?
Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouſe, of this light
Cat. A light condition in a beauty dark.
Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.
Cat. You'll mar the light by taking it in ſnuff;
Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.
Ros. Look, what you do, you do it ſtill i' the dark.
Cat. So do not you; for you are a light wench.
Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.
Cat. You weigh me not,— O, that's you care not for
Ros. Great reason; for, Paſt cure is ſtill paſt care. [me.
Pri. Well bandy'd both; a ſet of wit well play'd.
But, *Roſaline*, you have a favour too:
Who ſent it? and what is 't?
Ros. I would, you knew:
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witneſs † this.
Nay, I have verſes too, I thank *Biron:*
The numbers true; and, were the numbring too,
I were the faireſt goddeſs on the ground:
I am compar'd to twenty thouſand fairs.

[22] paſt care, is ſtill paſt cure

O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!
Pri. Any thing like?
Ros. Much, in the letters; nothing, in the praise.
Pri. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.
Cat. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.
Ros. Ware pencils! How? let me not die your debter,
My red dominical, my golden letter:
O, that your face were not so full of O's!
Cat. A pox of that jest! and beshrew all shrows!
Pri. But what was sent to you from fair *Dumain?*
Cat. Madam, this † glove.
Pri. Did he not send you twain?
Cat. Yes, madam, that he did; and sent, moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover:
A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.
Mar. This, and these † pearls, to me sent *Longaville*;
The letter is too long by half a mile.
Pri. I think no less; Dost thou not wish in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter short?
Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.
Pri. We are wise girls, to mock our lovers so.
Ros. They are worse fools, to purchase mocking so.
That same *Biron* I'll torture ere I go.
O, that I knew he were but in by the week!
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek;
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rimes;
And shape his service all to my behests;
And make him proud to make me proud that jests:
So, pageant-like, would I o'er-sway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

9 v. *Note.* 31 perttaunt

Pri. None are ſo ſurely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of ſchool,
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.
Ros. The blood of youth burns not with ſuch exceſs
As gravity's revolt to wantonneſs.
Mar. Folly in fools bears not ſo ſtrong a note,
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in ſimplicity.

Enter Boyet.

Pri. Here comes *Boyet*, and mirth is in his face.
Bor. O, I am ſtab'd with laughter! — Where's her grace?
Pri. Thy news, *Boyet?*
Bor. Prepare, *madame*, prepare! —
Arm, wenches, arm! — encounters mounted are
Againſt your peace: Love doth approach diſguis'd,
Armed in arguments; you'll be ſurpriz'd:
Muſter your wits; ſtand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.
Pri. Saint *Dennis* to ſaint *Cupid!* What are they,
That charge their breath againſt us? ſay, ſcout, ſay.
Bor. Under the cool ſhade of a ſycamore,
I thought to close mine eyes ſome half an hour:
When, lo, to interrupt my purpos'd reſt,
Toward that ſhade I might behold addreſt
The king and his companions: warily
I ſtole into a neighbour thicket by,
And over-heard what you ſhall over-hear;
That, by and by, diſguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knaviſh page,
That well by heart hath con'd his embaſſage:

Action, and accent, did they teach him there;
Thus muſt thou ſpeak, and thus thy body bear:
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Presence majeſtical would put him out;
For, quoth the king, *an angel ſhalt thou ſee*;
Yet fear not thou, but ſpeak audaciouſly:
The boy reply'd, *An angel is not evil*;
I ſhould have fear'd her, had ſhe been a devil.
With that, all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the ſhoulder;
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
One rub'd his elbow thus; and fleer'd, and ſwore,
A better ſpeech was never ſpoke before:
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd, Via! *we will do't*; *come what will come:*
The third he caper'd, and cry'd, *All goes well:*
The fourth turn'd on the toe; and down he fell:
With that, they all did tumble on the ground;
With ſuch a zealous laughter, ſo profound,
That in this ſpleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, paſſion's ſolemn tears.

Pri. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Bor. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,
Like *Muſcovites*, or *Ruſſians*, as I gueſs.
Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance:
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his ſeveral miſtreſs; which they'll know
By favours ſeveral, which they did beſtow.

Pri. And will they ſo? the gallants ſhall be taſkt:—
For, ladies, we will every one be maſkt;
And not a man of them ſhall have the grace,
Deſpight of ſuit, to ſee a lady's face.—
Hold, *Roſaline*, this favour thou ſhalt wear;

24 parlee,

And then the king will court thee for his dear:
Hold, take thou † this, my ſweet, and give me thine;
So ſhall *Biron* take me for *Roſaline.* —
And change you favours too; ſo ſhall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Ros. Come on then; wear the favours moſt in ſight.

Cat. But, in this changing, what is your intent?

Pri. The effect of my intent is, to croſs theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their ſeveral counſels they unbosom ſhall
To loves miſtook; and ſo be mock'd withal,
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages diſplay'd, to talk, and greet.

Ros. But ſhall we dance, if they desire us to't?

Pri. No, to the death we will not move a foot:
Nor to their pen'd ſpeech render we no grace;
But, while 'tis ſpoke, each turn away her face.

Bor. Why, that contempt will kill the ſpeaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Pri. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,
The reſt will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no ſuch ſport, as ſport by ſport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So ſhall we ſtay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mock'd, depart away with ſhame.

[*Trumpets within.*

Bor. The trumpet ſounds; be maſk'd, the maſkers come.

Flouriſh. Enter, in Ruſſian *Habits, and maſk'd,* *The* King, Biron, Longaville, *and* Dumain; *with* Moth, *Muſick, and Attendants.*

Moth *advances.*

Mot. All hail, the richeſt beauties on the earth!
Bor. Beauties no richer than rich taffata.
Mot. A holy parcel of the faireſt dames,
[the Ladies turn their Backs to him.
That ever turn'd their — backs — to mortal views!
Bir. "*Their eyes*, villain, *their eyes.*"
Mot. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views! Out —
Bor. True; out, indeed.
Mot. Out of your favours, heavenly ſpirits, vouchſafe Not to behold —
Bir. "*Once to behold*, rogue."
Mot. Once to behold with your ſun-beamed eyes
——— *with your ſun-beamed eyes —*
Bor. They will not anſwer to that epithet;
You were beſt call it, daughter-beamed eyes.
Mot. "They do not mark me, and that brings me out."
Bir. "Is this your perfectneſs? be gone, you rogue."
[Moth *withdraws.*
Ros. What would these ſtrangers? know their minds,
If they do ſpeak our language, 'tis our will [*Boyet:*
That ſome plain man recount their purposes:
Know what they would.
Bor. What would you with the princeſs?
Bir. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.
Ros. What would they, ſay they?
Bor. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.
Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them ſo be gone.
Bor. She ſays, you have it, and you may be gone.
Kin. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a measure with her on this graſs.
Bor. They ſay, that they have measur'd many a mile,

[2] *Ber.* Beauties [24] Princes?

To tread a measure with you on this graſs.
Ros. It is not ſo: Aſk them, how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,
The measure then of one is eas'ly told.
Boy. If, to come hither, you have measur'd miles,
And many miles; the princeſs bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill up one mile.
Bir. Tell her, we measure them by weary ſteps.
Boy. She hears herſelf.
Ros. How many weary ſteps, [*advancing.*
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?
Bir. We number nothing that we ſpend for you;
Our duty is ſo rich, ſo infinite,
That we may do it ſtill without accompt.
Vouchſafe to ſhew the ſun-ſhine of your face,
That we, like ſavages, may worſhip it.
Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
Kin. Bleſſed are clouds, that do as ſuch clouds do!
Vouchſafe, bright moon, and these thy ſtars, to ſhine
(Those clouds remov'd) upon our wat'ry eyne.
Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now requeſt'ſt but moon-ſhine in the water.
Kin. Then in our measure do but vouchſafe one change:
Thou bid'ſt me beg; this begging is not ſtrange.
Ros. Play, musick, then: Nay, you muſt do it ſoon.
[*Musick; and they make ready, as to dance.*
Not yet; no dance: thus change I like the moon.
Kin. Will you not dance? How come you thus eſtrang'd?
Ros. You took the moon at full; but now ſhe's chang'd.
Kin. The musick plays; vouchſafe ſome motion to it.
Ros. Our ears vouchſafe it.

23 requeſts 31 v. *Note.*

Kin. But your legs ſhould do it.
Ros. Since you are ſtrangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice: take hands; — we will not dance.
Kin. Why take we hands then?
Ros. Only to part friends: —
Court'ſy, ſweet hearts; — and ſo the measure ends.
Kin. More measure of this measure; be not nice.
Ros. We can afford no more at ſuch a price. [ny?
Kin. Prize yourſelves then; What buys your compa-
Ros. Your abſence only.
Kin. That can never be.
Ros. Then cannot we be bought: And ſo adieu;
Twice to your viſor, and half once to you!
Kin. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.
Ros. In private then.
Kin. I am beſt pleas'd with that. [*converſe apart.*
Bir. White-handed miſtreſs, one ſweet word with thee.
Pri. Honey, and milk, and ſugar; there is three.
Bir. Nay, then, two treys, (an if you grow ſo nice)
Metheglin, wort, and malmſey; — Well run, dice! —
There's half a dozen ſweets.
Pri. Seventh ſweet, adieu!
Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.
Bir. One word in ſecret.
Pri. Let it not be ſweet.
Bir. Thou griev'ſt my gall.
Pri. Gall? bitter.
Bir. Therefore meet. [*converſe apart.*
Dum. Will you vouchſafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Fair lady,—
Mar. Say you ſo? Fair lord,—

Take that for your fair lady.
Dum. Please it you,
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu. [*converſe apart.*
Cat. What, was your viſor made without a tongue?
Lon. I know the reason, lady, why you aſk.
Cat. O, for your reason! quickly, ſir; I long.
Lon. You have a double tongue within your maſk,
And would afford my ſpeechleſs viſor half.
Cat. Veal, quoth the *Dutchman*;—Is not veal a calf?
Lon. A calf, fair lady?
Cat. No, a fair lord calf.
Lon. Let's part the word.
Cat. No, I'll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.
Lon. Look, how you but yourſelf in these ſharp mocks;
Will you give horns, chaſt lady? do not ſo.
Cat. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.
Lon. One word in private with you, ere I die.
Cat. Bleat ſoftly then, the butcher hears you cry.
[*converſe apart.*
Boy. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a ſmaller hair than may be ſeen;
Above the ſenſe of ſenſe: ſo ſenſible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, wind, thought, ſwifter things. [off.
Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break
[*breaking from the King.*
Bir. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure pure ſcoff!
Kin. Adieu, mad wenches; you have ſimple wits.
Pri. Twenty adieu's, my frozen *Muſcovites*.—
[*Exeunt* King, *and his* Lords; Moth, *Mus. and Att.*

4 v. *Note.* 26 arrows, bullets, wind,

Are these the breed of wits ſo wonder'd at? [out.
Bor. Tapers they are, with your ſweet breaths puft
Ros. Well-liking wits they have; groſs, groſs; fat, fat.
Pri. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!
Will they not, think you, hang themſelves to-night?
Or ever, but in visors, ſhew their faces?
This pert *Biron* was out of count'nance quite.
Ros. O, they were all in lamentable caſes!
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.
Pri. *Biron* did ſwear himſelf out of all ſuit.
Mar. Dumain was at my ſervice, and his ſword:
No *point*, quoth I; my ſervant ſtraight was mute.
Cat. Lord *Longaville* ſaid, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you what he call'd me?
Pri. Qualm, perhaps.
Cat. Yes, in good faith.
Pri. Go, ſickneſs as thou art!
Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain ſtatute caps.
But will you hear? the king is my love ſworn.
Pri. And quick *Biron* hath plighted faith to me.
Cat. And *Longaville* was for my ſervice born.
Mar. Dumain is mine as ſure as bark on tree.
Bor. Madam, and pretty miſtreſſes, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own ſhapes; for it can never be,
They will digeſt this harſh indignity.
Pri. Will they return?
Bor. They will, they will, God knows;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore, change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like ſweet roses in this ſummer air.
Pri. How blow? how blow? ſpeak to be underſtood.

Bor. Fair ladies, maſkt, are roses in their bud ;
Diſmaſkt, their damaſk ſweet commixture ſhown,
Are angels 'vailing clouds, or roses blown.
Pri. Avaunt, perplexity ! _ What ſhall we do,
If they return in their own ſhapes to woo ?
Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them ſtill, as well known, as diſguis'd :
Let us complain to them, what fools were here,
Diſguis'd like *Muſcovites*, in ſhapeleſs gear ;
And wonder, what they were ; and to what end
Their ſhallow ſhows, and prologue vilely pen'd,
And their rough carriage ſo ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.
Bor. Ladies, withdraw ; the gallants are at hand.
Pri. Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er the land.
[*Exeunt* Princeſs, Cat. Ros. *and* Mar.
Re-enter, in their proper Habits, the King, *attended* ;
Dumain, Biron, Longaville, *and Others.*
Kin. Fair ſir, God ſave you ! Where's the princeſs ?
Bor. Gone to her tent : Please it your majeſty,
Command me any ſervice to her thither ?
Kin. That ſhe vouchſafe me audience for one word.
Bor. I will ; and ſo will ſhe, I know, my lord.
[*Exit* Boyet.
Bir. This fellow pecks up wit, as pidgeons pease ;
And utters it again, when God doth please :
He is wit's pedlar ; and retails his wares
At wakes, and waſſels, meetings, markets, fairs ;
And we that ſell by groſs, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with ſuch ſhow.
This gallant pins the wenches on his ſleeve ;
Had he been *Adam*, he had tempted *Eve :*

15 runs ore land

A' can carve too, and liſp: Why, this is he
That kiſt his hand away in courteſy;
This is the ape of form, monſieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms: nay, he can ſing
A mean moſt meanly; and, in uſhering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him, ſweet;
The ſtairs, as he treads on them, kiſs his feet:
This is the flower that ſmiles on every one,
To ſhew his teeth as white as whale his bone:
And conſciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongu'd *Boyet*.

Kin. A bliſter on his ſweet tongue, with my heart,
That put *Armado*'s page out of his part!

Re-enter the Princeſs, BOYET *uſhering her*, MARIA, CATHERINE, ROSALINE, *and Attendants.*

Bir. See, where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou,
'Till this man ſhew'd thee? and what art thou now?

Kin. All hail, ſweet madam, and fair time of day!

Pri. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

Kin. Conſtrue my ſpeeches better, if you may.

Pri. Then wiſh me better, I will give you leave.

Kin. We came to visit you; and purpose now
To lead you to our court: vouchſafe it then.

Pri. This field ſhall hold me; and ſo hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjur'd men.

Kin. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;
The virtue of your eye muſt break my oath. [ſpoke;

Pri. You nick-name virtue; vice you ſhould have
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unſully'd lilly, I proteſt,

[18] this mad man

A world of torments though I ſhould endure,
I would not yield to be your houſe's gueſt:
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.
Kin. O, you have liv'd in deſolation here,
Unſeen, unvisited, much to our ſhame.
Pri. Not ſo, my lord, it is not ſo, I ſwear,
We have had paſtimes here, and pleasant game;
A meſs of *Ruſſians* left us but of late.
Kin. How, madam? *Ruſſians?*
Pri. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtſhip, and of ſtate.
Ros. Madam, ſpeak true: — It is not ſo, my lord;
My lady, (to the manner of the days)
In courteſy, gives undeserving praise.
We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In *Ruſſian* habit: here they ſtay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; but in that hour, my lord,
They did not bleſs us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirſty, fools would fain have drink.
Bir. This jeſt is dry to me. — Fair gentle ſweet,
Your wit makes wise things fooliſh: when we greet
With eyes beſt ſeeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: Your capacity
Is of that nature, that, to your huge ſtore,
Wise things ſeem fooliſh, and rich things but poor.
Ros. This proves you wise, and rich: for, in my eye,—
Bir. I am a fool, and full of poverty.
Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to ſnatch words from my tongue.
Bir. O, I am yours, and all that I poſſeſs.

Ros. All the fool mine?
Bir. I cannot give you leſs.
Ros. Which of the visors was it, that you wore?
Bir. Where? when? what visor? why demand you this?
Ros. There, then, that visor; that ſuperfluous caſe,
That hid the worſe, and ſhew'd the better face. [right."
Kin. "We are deſcry'd; they'll mock us now down-
Dum. "Let us confeſs, and turn it to a jeſt."
Pri. Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your highneſs ſad?
Ros. Help! hold his brows! he'll ſwoon! Why look you
Sea-ſick, I think, coming from *Muſcovy*. [pale?—
Bir. Thus pour the ſtars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of braſs hold longer out?—
Here ſtand I, lady: dart thy ſkill at me,
Bruise me with ſcorn, confound me with a flout,
Thruſt thy ſharp wit quite through my ignorance,
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wiſh thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in *Ruſſian* habit wait.
O, never will I truſt to ſpeeches pen'd,
Nor to the motion of a ſchool-boy's tongue;
Nor never come in visor to my friend;
Nor woo in rime, like a blind harper's ſong:
Taffata phrases, filken terms preciſe,
Three-pil'd hyperboles, ſpruce affectation,
Figures pedantical; these ſummer flies
Have blown me full of maggot oſtentation:
I do forſwear them: and I here proteſt,
By this white glove, (how white the hand, God knows)
Henceforth my wooing mind ſhall be expreſt
In ruſſet yeas, and honeſt kersey noes:
And, to begin, wench,—ſo God help me, la!—

My love to thee is ſound, ſans crack or flaw.
Ros. Sans, *ſans*, I pray you.
Bir. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage: — bear with me, I am ſick;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us ſee,—
Write, *Lord have mercy on us*, on those † three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies,
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I ſee.
Pri. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.
Bir. Our ſtates are forfeit, ſeek not to undo us.
Ros. It is not ſo; For how can this be true,
That you ſtand forfeit, being those that ſue?
Bir. Peace; for I will not have to do with you.
Ros. Nor ſhall not, if I do as I intend.
Bir. Speak for yourſelves, my wit is at an end.
[*to his Friends, retiring.*
Kin. Teach us, ſweet madam, for our rude tranſgreſ-
Some fair excuſe. [ſion
Pri. The faireſt is confeſſion.
Were you not here, but even now, diſguis'd?
Kin. Madam, I was.
Pri. And were you well advis'd?
Kin. I was, fair madam.
Pri. When you then were here,
What did you whiſper in your lady's ear?
Kin. That more than all the world I did reſpect her.
Pri. When ſhe ſhall challenge this, you will reject her.
Kin. Upon mine honour, no.
Pri. Peace, peace, forbear;
Your oath once broke, you force not to forſwear.

Kin. Deſpise me, when I break this oath of mine.
Pri. I will; and therefore keep it: — *Roſaline*,
What did the *Ruſſian* whiſper in your ear?
Ros. Madam, he ſwore, that he did love me dear
As precious eye-ſight; and did value me
Above this world: adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or elſe die my lover.
Pri. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Moſt honourably doth uphold his word.
Kin. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,
I never ſwore this lady ſuch an oath.
Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this †: but take it, ſir, again.
Kin. My faith, and this, the princeſs I did give;
I knew her by this † jewel on her ſleeve.
Pri. Pardon me, ſir, this jewel did ſhe wear;
And lord *Biron*, I thank him, is my dear: —
What; will you have me, or your pearl again?
Bir. Neither of either; I remit both twain. —
I ſee the trick on 't,— Here was a conſent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To daſh it like a chriſtmas comedy:
Some carry-tale, ſome please-man, ſome zany,
Some mumble-news, ſome trencher knight, ſome *Dick*,—
That ſmiles his cheek in years; and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh, when ſhe's diſpos'd,—
Told our intents before: which once diſclos'd,
The ladies did change favours; and then we,
Following the ſigns, woo'd but the ſign of ſhe.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forſworn; in will, and error.
Much upon this it is: — And might not you [*to* Boy.

[23] ſome ſlight Zany,

Foreſtal our ſport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the ſquire?
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And ſtand between her back, ſir, and the fire;
Holding a trencher, jeſting merrily?
You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd;
Die when you will, a ſmock ſhall be your ſhrowd.
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,
Wounds like a leaden ſword.

Bor. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

Bir. Lo, he is tilting ſtraight!—Peace; I have done.—

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou parteſt a fair fray.

Cos. O lord, ſir, they would know,
Whether the three worthies ſhall come in, or no.

Bir. What, are there but three?

Cos. No, ſir; but it is vara fine,
For every one purſents three.

Bir. And three times thrice is nine.

Cos. Not ſo, ſir; under correction, ſir; I hope, it is not ſo:
You cannot beg us, ſir, I aſſure you, ſir; we know what we know:
I hope, ſir, three times thrice, ſir,—

Bir. Is not nine.

Cos. Under correction, ſir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Bir. By *Jove*, I always took three threes for nine.

Cos. O lord, ſir, it were pity you ſhould get your living by reck'ning, ſir.

Bir. How much is it?

[11] manager,

Cos. O lord, ſir, the parties themſelves, the actors, ſir, will ſhew whereuntil it doth amount: for mine own part, I am, as they ſay, but to parfect one man in one poor man; *Pompion* the great, ſir.

Bir. Art thou one of the worthies?

Cos. It pleased them, to think me worthy of *Pompey* the great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the worthy; but I am to ſtand for him.

Bir. Go, bid them prepare.

Cos. We will turn it finely off, ſir, we will take ſome care. [*Exit* Costard.

Kin. *Biron*, they will ſhame us; let them not approach.

Bir. We are ſhame-proof, my lord: and 'tis ſome policy, To have one ſhow worſe than the king's and his compa-[ny.

Kin. I ſay, they ſhall not come.

Pri. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now; That ſport moſt pleases, that doth leaſt know how: When zeal ſtrives to content, and the contents Dies in the zeal of that which it presents, There form confounded makes moſt form in mirth; When great things labouring periſh in their birth.

Bir. A right deſcription of our ſport, my lord.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Anointed, I implore ſo much expence of thy royal ſweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

[*converſes apart with the King, and delivers him a Paper.*

Pri. Doth this man ſerve God?

Bir. Why aſk you?

Pri. He ſpeaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That is all one, my fair ſweet honey monarch: for, I proteſt, the ſchool-maſter is exceeding fantaſtical; too too vain, too too vain: But we will put it, as they

ſay, to *fortuna della guerra.* I wiſh you the peace of mind, moſt royal couplement! [*Exit* ARMADO.

Kin. Here is like to be a good preſence of worthies: He presents *Hector* of *Troy*; the ſwain, *Pompey* the great; the pariſh curate, *Alexander*; *Armado*'s page, *Hercules*; the pedant, *Judas Machabeus:*
And if these four worthies in their firſt ſhew thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Bir. There is five in the firſt ſhew.

Kin. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not ſo.

Bir. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-prieſt, the fool, and the boy:—
A bare throw at *novem*; and the whole world again
Cannot pick out five ſuch, take each one in his vein.
[*Seats brought forth.*

Kin. The ſhip is under ſail, and here ſhe comes amain.

Pageant of the nine Worthies.

Flouriſh. Enter, arm'd and accouter'd, his Scutcheon born before him, COSTARD *for* Pompey.

* *Cos.* I *Pompey* am,—

Bir. You lie, you are not he.

* *Cos.* I *Pompey* am,—

Boy. With libbard's head on knee. [with thee.

Bir. Well ſaid, old mocker; I muſt needs be friends

* *Cos.* I *Pompey* am, *Pompey* ſurnam'd the big,—

Dum. The great.

Cos. It is great, ſir;—* *Pompey* ſurnam'd the great;

* That oft in field, with targe and ſhield, did make my foe to ſweat: [chance;

* And, travelling along this coaſt, I here am come by

* And lay my † arms before the legs of this ſweet laſs of *France.* [*does his Obeiſance to the Princeſs.*

[1] delaguar, [13] Novum,

If your ladyſhip would ſay, thanks, *Pompey*, I had done.

Pri. Great thanks, great *Pompey*.

Cos. 'Tis not ſo much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect: I made a little fault in, great. [*retires.*

Bir. My hat to a half-penny, *Pompey* proves the beſt worthy. [*Flouriſh.*

Enter, arm'd &c. NATHANIEL *for* Alexander.

* *Nat.* When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander; [might:

* By eaſt, weſt, north, and ſouth, I ſpread my conquering

* My 'ſcutcheon plain declares, that I am *Aliſander*; —

Boy. Your nose ſays, no, you are not; for it ſtands too right.

Bir. Your nose ſmells, no, in his, moſt tender-ſmelling knight. [*ſander.*

Pri. The conqueror is diſmay'd:—Proceed, good *Ali-*

* *Nat.* When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander; —

Boy. Moſt true, 'tis right; you were ſo, *Aliſander*.

Bir. *Pompey* the great,—

Cos. Your ſervant, and *Coſtard*. [*advancing.*

Bir. Take away the conqueror, take away *Aliſander*.

Cos. O, ſir, [*to* Nath.] you have overthrown *Aliſander* the conqueror! You will be ſcrap'd out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his polax ſitting on a cloſe-ſtool, will be given to *A-jax*; he will be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to ſpeak! run away for ſhame, *Aliſander*.—[Nath. *retires.*] There, an't ſhall please you! a fooliſh mild man; an honeſt man, look you, and ſoon daſh'd! He is a marvelous good neighbour, in ſooth; and a very good bowler: but, for *Aliſander*,—alas! you ſee, how 'tis; a little o'er-parted: But there are worthies a

coming, will ſpeak their mind in ſome other ſort. [*Flouriſh.*

Pri. Stand aſide, good *Pompey.*

Enter, arm'd &c. HOLOFERNES *for* Judas, *and* MOTH *for* Hercules.

* *HOL.* Great *Hercules* is presented by this imp,
[*presenting* Moth.
* Whose club kill'd *Cerberus*, that three-headed *canus*;
* And, when he was a babe, a child, a ſhrimp,
* Thus did he ſtrangle ſerpents in his *manus:*
* *Quoniam* he ſeemeth in minority,
* *Ergo* I come with this apology.—
Keep ſome ſtate in thy *exit*, and vaniſh.
[Moth *does his Obeiſance, and retires.*

* *Judas* I am,—

DUM. A *Judas!*

HOL. Not *Iſcariot*, ſir.—

* *Judas* I am, ycleped *Machabeus*; —

DUM. *Judas Machabeus* clipt, is plain *Judas.*

BIR. A kiſſing traitor:—How art thou prov'd *Judas?*

* *HOL.* *Judas* I am,—

DUM. The more ſhame for you, *Judas.*

HOL. What mean you, ſir?

BOY. To make *Judas* hang himſelf.

HOL. Begin, ſir; you are my elder.

BIR. Well follow'd; *Judas* was hang'd on an elder.

HOL. I will not be put out of countenance.

BIR. Because thou haſt no face.

HOL. What is this?

BOY. A cithern head.

DUM. The head of a bodkin.

BIR. A death's face in a ring.

LON. The face of an old *Roman* coin, ſcarce ſeen.

Boy. The pummel of *Cæsar*'s faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flaſk.

Bir. Saint *George*'s half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Bir. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer: And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of contenance.

Bir. Falſe; we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Bir. An thou wert a lion, we would do ſo.

Boy. Therefore, as he is, an aſs, let him go.—And ſo, adieu, ſweet *Jude!* Nay, why doſt thou ſtay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Bir. For the aſs to the *Jude*; give it him:—*Jud-as*, [away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boy. A light for monſieur *Judas*; it grows dark, he may ſtumble. [Holofernes *retires*.

Pri. Alas, poor *Machabeus*; how hath he been baited!

Flouriſh. Enter, arm'd &c. Armado *for* Hector.

Bir. Hide thy head, *Achilles*; here comes *Hector* in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

Kin. *Hector* was but a *Trojan* in reſpect of this.

Boy. But is this *Hector?*

Kin. I think, *Hector* was not ſo clean-timber'd.

Lon. His leg is too big for *Hector*'s.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boy. No, he is beſt endu'd in the ſmall.

Bir. This cannot be *Hector*.

Dum. He's a god, or a painter; for he makes faces.

* *Arm.* The armipotent *Mars*, of lances the almighty,

* Gave *Hector* a gift,—

Dum. Gift! a nutmeg.
Bir. A lemon.
Lon. Stuck with cloves.
Dum. No, cloven.
Arm. Peace! —
* The armipotent *Mars*, of lances the almighty,
* Gave *Hector* a gift, the heir of *Ilion*;
* A man ſo breath'd, that, certain, he would fight, yea,
* From morn 'till night, out of his pavilion.
* I am that flower,—
Dum. That mint.
Lon. That columbine.
Arm. Sweet lord *Longaville*, rein thy tongue.
Lon. I muſt rather give it the rein; for it runs againſt *Hector*.
Dum. Ay, and *Hector*'s a grey-hound.
Arm. The ſweet war-man is dead and rotten; ſweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breath'd, he was a man — But I will forward with my device; — ſweet royalty, beſtow on me the ſenſe of hearing. [Biron *ſteps to* Coſtard, *and whiſpers him.*
Pri. Speak, brave *Hector*; we are much delighted.
Arm. I do adore thy ſweet grace's ſlipper.
Boy. "Loves her by the foot."
Dum. "He may not by the yard."
* *Arm.* This *Hector* far ſurmounted *Hannibal*,—
Cos. The party is gone, fellow *Hector*, ſhe is gone; ſhe is two months on her way.
Arm. What meaneſt thou?
Cos. 'Faith, unleſs you play the honeſt *Trojan*, the poor wench is caſt away: ſhe's quick; the child brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.

[1] A gift [27] v. *Note.*

Arm. Doſt thou infamonize me among potentates? thou ſhalt die.

Cos. Then ſhall *Hector* be whip'd, for *Jaquenetta* that is quick by him; and hang'd, for *Pompey* that is dead by him.

Dum. Moſt rare *Pompey!*

Boy. Renown'd *Pompey!*

Bir. Greater than great, great, great, great *Pompey*; *Pompey* the huge!

Dum. *Hector* trembles.

Bir. *Pompey* is mov'd:—More *Ates*, more *Ates*; ſtir them on, ſtir them on!

Dum. *Hector* will challenge him.

Bir. Ay, if a' have no more man's blood in his belly than will ſup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cos. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man; I'll ſlaſh, I'll do it by the ſword:—I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incenſ'd worthies.

Cos. I'll do it in my ſhirt. [*ſtripping.*

Dum. Moſt resolute *Pompey!*

Mot. Maſter, [*coming up to* Arm. *and whiſpering him.*] let me take you a button-hole lower: Do you not ſee, *Pompey* is uncaſing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen and ſoldiers, pardon me, I will not combat in my ſhirt. [challenge.

Dum. You may not deny it; *Pompey* hath made the

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Bir. What reason have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no ſhirt; I go woolward for penance.

11 them, or ſtirre

Mot. True, [*to the Lords, aſide.*] and it was enjoin'd him in *Rome* for want of linnen: ſince when, I'll be ſworn, he wore none, but a diſh-clout of *Jaquenetta*'s; and that a' wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter MERCADE.

Mer. God ſave you, madam!

Pri. Welcome, good *Mercade*;
But that thou interrupt'ſt our merriment.

Mer. I am ſorry, madam, for the news I bring;
'Tis heavy on my tongue: The king your father —

Pri. Dead, for my life.

Mer. Even ſo: my tale is told.

Bir. Worthies, away; the ſcene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breath free breath: I have ſeen the day of wrong through the little hole of diſcretion, and I will right myſelf like a ſoldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies, their Trumpets, and Retinue.*

Kin. How fares your majeſty?

Pri. *Boyet*, prepare; I will away to-night.

Kin. Madam, not ſo; I do beſeech you, ſtay.

Pri. Prepare, I ſay. — I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and intreat,
Out of a new-ſad ſoul, that you vouchſafe,
In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our ſpirits:
If over-boldly we have born ourſelves
In the converſe of breath, your gentleneſs
Was guilty of it. — Farewel, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue:
Excuse me ſo, coming too ſhort of thanks
For my great ſuit ſo easily obtain'd.

Kin. The extream parts of time extreamly forms

All causes to the purpose of his ſpeed;
And often, at his very looſe, decides
That which long proceſs could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the ſmiling courteſy of love
The holy ſuit which fain it would convince;
Yet, ſince love's argument was firſt on foot,
Let not the cloud of ſorrow juſtle it
From what it purpos'd; ſince, to wail friends loſt,
Is not by much ſo wholeſome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Pri. I underſtand you not, my griefs are deaf.

Bir. Honeſt plain words beſt pierce the ear of grief;—
And by these badges underſtand the king.
For your fair ſakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, faſhioning our humours
Even to the opposed end of our intents:
And what in us hath ſeem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbefitting ſtrains;
All wanton as a child, ſkipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
Full of ſtrange ſhapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in ſubjects as the eye doth rowl
To every vary'd object in his glance:
Which party-coated presence of looſe love,
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
'T hath miſbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggeſted us to make them: Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourſelves prove falſe,

12 are double. 23 ſtraying 28 Have miſ-

By being once falſe for ever to be true
To those that make us both, fair ladies, you;
And even that falſhood, in itſelf a ſin,
Thus purifies itſelf, and turns to grace.

Pri. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love;
Your favours, the embaſſadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtſhip, pleasant jeſt, and courteſy,
As bombaſt and as lining to the time:
But more devout than this, in our reſpects,
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own faſhion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, ſhew'd much more than jeſt.

Lon. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote them ſo.

Kin. Now, at the lateſt minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Pri. A time, methinks, too ſhort
To make a world-without-end bargain in:
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltineſs; and, therefore, this,—
If for my love (as there is no ſuch cause)
You will do ought, this ſhall you do for me:
Your oath I will not truſt: but go with ſpeed
To ſome forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There ſtay, until the twelve celeſtial ſigns
Have brought about their annual reckoning:
If this auſtere inſociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If froſts, and faſts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy bloſſoms of your love,

But that it bear this trial, and laſt love;
Then, at the expiratiou of the year,
Come challenge me, challenge by these deserts,
And, by this virgin palm, now kiſſing thine,
I will be thine: and, 'till that inſtant, ſhut
My woeful ſelf up in a mourning houſe;
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither intitl'd in the other's heart.

Kin. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with reſt,
The ſudden hand of death close up mine eye!
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breaſt.

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

Cat. A wife! A beard, fair health, and honeſty;
With threefold love I wiſh you all these three.

Dum. O, ſhall I ſay, I thank you, gentle wife?

Cat. Not ſo, my lord; a twelvemonth and a day
I'll mark no words that ſmooth-fac'd wooers ſay:
Come when the king doth to my lady come,
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you ſome.

Dum. I'll ſerve thee true and faithfully 'till then.

Cat. Yet ſwear not, leſt you be forſworn again.

Lon. What ſays *Maria?*

Mar. At the twelvemonth's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Lon. I'll ſtay with patience; but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you; few taller are ſo young.

Bir. Studies my lady? miſtreſs, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble ſuit attends thy anſwer there;

3 challenge me by 14 v. *Note.*

Impose ſome ſervice on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord *Biron*,
Before I ſaw you: and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of compariſons, and wounding flouts;
Which you on all eſtates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won)
You ſhall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the ſpeechleſs ſick, and ſtill converſe
With groaning wretches; and your taſk ſhall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to ſmile.

Bir. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impoſſible:
Mirth cannot move a ſoul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choak a gibing ſpirit,
Whoſe influence is begot of that looſe grace
Which ſhallow laughing hearers give to fools;
A jeſt's proſperity lives in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if ſickly ears,
Deaft with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle ſcorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But, if they will not, throw away that ſpirit,
And I ſhall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Bir. A twelvemonth? well, befall what will befall,
I'll jeſt a twelvemonth in an hoſpital.

Pri. Ay, ſweet my lord; and ſo I take my leave.
[*breaking Converſe with the King, and curtſying.*
Kin. No, madam; we will bring you on your way.
Bir. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not *Gill:* these ladies' courteſy
Might well have made our ſport a comedy.
Kin. Come, ſir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 'twill end.
Bir. That's too long for a play.
Enter Armado.
Arm. Sweet majeſty, vouchſafe me. [*to the King.*
Pri. Was not that *Hector?*
Dum. The worthy knight of *Troy.*
Arm. I will kiſs thy royal finger, and take leave: I am a votary; I have vow'd to *Jaquenetta*, to hold the plough for her ſweet love three year. But, moſt eſteemed greatneſs, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it ſhould have followed in the end of our ſhew.
Kin. Call them forth quickly, we will do ſo.
Arm. Hola, approach!— [*Muſick.*
Enter Holo. Nath. Moth, Coſt. *and Others.*
This † ſide [*forming them in two Bands.*] is *Hiems*, winter; this † *Ver*, the ſpring; the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo.— *Ver*, begin.

Song.

Spr. *When daizies py'd, and violets blue,*
and lady-ſmocks all ſilver-white,
and cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
do paint the meadows with delight,
the cuckoo then, on every tree,

29 v. *Note.*

mocks marry'd men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckoo;
cuckoo, cuckoo,— O *word of fear,*
unpleaſing to a marry'd ear!

2.

When ſhepherds pipe on oaten ſtraws,
and merry larks are plowmen's clocks,
when turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
and maidens bleach their ſummer ſmocks,
the cuckoo then, on every tree, &c.

Win. *When iſicles hang by the wall,*
and Dick *the ſhepherd blows his nail,*
and Tom *bears logs into the hall,*
and milk comes frozen home in pail,
when blood is nipt, and ways be fowl,
then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl,
To-whoo;
tu-whit, to-who, a merry note;
while greaſy Joan *doth keel the pot.*

2.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
and coughing drowns the parſon's ſaw,
and birds ſit brooding in the ſnow,
and Marrian's *noſe looks red and raw,*
when roaſted crabs hiſs in the bowl,
then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl, &c.

Arm. The words of *Mercury* are harſh after the ſongs of *Apollo*. You, that † way; we, this † way. [*Exeunt.*